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VOLUME 2.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY

SEVERAL HANDS.

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Isaac Taylor del. et sculp.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

ECLOGUE I.

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

SCENE, A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT.

TIME, THE MORNING.

YE Perſian maids, attend your Poet's lays,
And hear how ſhepherds paſs their golden days:
Not all are bleſt, whom Fortune's hand ſuſtains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains;
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliſs where'er we dwell.

12958

Thus Selim ſung, by ſacred Truth inſpir'd;
Nor praiſe, but ſuch as Truth beſtow'd, deſir'd:
Wiſe in himſelf, his meaning ſongs convey'd
Informing morals to the ſhepherd maid;
Or taught the ſwains that ſureſt bliſs to find,
What groves nor ſtreams beſtow, a virtuous mind.
When ſweet and bluſhing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn reſum'd her orient pride,
When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their ſweets away;
By Tygris' wandering waves he ſat, and ſung
This uſeful leſſon for the fair and young.
Ye Perſian dames, he ſaid, to you belong,
Well may they pleaſe, the morals of my ſong:
No fairer maids, I truſt, than you are found,
Grac'd with ſoft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your loves ſupplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you thoſe flowers her fragrant hands beſtow,
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not theſe, all beauteous as they are,
The beſt kind bleſſings heaven can grant the fair!
Who truſt alone in Beauty's feeble ray,
Boaſt but the worth [a] Balſora's pearls diſplay;
Drawn from the deep we own their ſurface bright,
But, dark within, they drink no luſtrous light:

a The gulph of that name, famous for the pearl fiſhery.

Such

Such are the maids, and ſuch the charms they boaſt,
By ſenſe unaided, or to virtue loſt.
Self-flattering ſex! your hearts believe in vain
That Love ſhall blind, when once he fires the ſwain;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As ſpots on ermin beautify the ſkin:
Who ſeeks ſecure to rule, be firſt her care
Each ſofter virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender paſſion man delights to find
The lov'd perfection of a female mind!
  Bleſt were the days, when Wiſdom held her reign,
And ſhepherds ſought her on the ſilent plain;
With Truth ſhe wedded in the ſecret grove,
Immortal Truth, and daughters bleſs'd their love.
  O haſte, fair maids! ye Virtues come away,
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy ſhrub for you ſhall love our ſhore,
By Ind excell'd or Araby no more.
  Loſt to our fields, for ſo the Fates ordain,
The dear deſerters ſhall return again.
Come thou, whoſe thoughts as limpid ſprings are clear,
To lead the train, ſweet Modeſty, appear:
Here make thy court amidſt our rural ſcene,
And ſhepherd-girls ſhall own thee for their queen.
With thee be Chaſtity, of all afraid,
Diſtruſting all, a wiſe ſuſpicious maid;
But man the moſt—not more the mountain doe
Holds the ſwift falcon for her deadly foe.

Cold is her breaſt, like flowers that drink the dew;
A ſilken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild deſires amidſt thy train be known,
But Faith, whoſe heart is fix'd on one alone:
Deſponding Meekneſs, with her down-caſt eyes,
And friendly Pity, full of tender ſighs;
And Love the laſt: by theſe your hearts approve,
Theſe are the virtues that muſt lead to love.
Thus ſung the ſwain; and ancient legends ſay,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
The ſhepherds lov'd, and Selim bleſs'd his ſong.

ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

SCENE, THE DESERT.

TIME, MID-DAY.

IN ſilent horror o'er the boundleſs waſte
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt:
One cruiſe of water on his back he bore,
And his light ſcrip contain'd a ſcanty ſtore;

A ſan

A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his ſhaded face from ſcorching ſand.
The ſultry ſun had gain'd the middle ſky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh ;
The beaſts, with pain, their duſty way purſue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view !
With deſperate ſorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice ſigh'd, thrice ſtruck his breaſt, and thus began :
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way."
Ah ! little thought I of the blaſting wind,
The thirſt or pinching hunger that I find !
Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall thirſt aſſwage,
When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage ?
Soon ſhall this ſcrip its precious load reſign ;
Then what but tears and hunger ſhall be thine ?
Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare !
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more bleſt, or verdant vales beſtow :
Here rocks alone, and taſteleſs ſands are found,
And faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around.
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way."
Curſt be the gold and ſilver which perſuade
Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade !

The lilly peace outſhines the ſilver ſtore,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the defert brown,
To every diſtant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the ſea;
And are we only yet repay'd by thee?
Ah! why this ruin ſo attractive made,
Or why fond man ſo eaſily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haſte along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleaſure's ſong?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's ſide,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold
Than dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
O ceaſe, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd ſcenes of woe.
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the duſt I view his printed feet:
And fearful! oft, when Day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
By hunger rous'd, he ſcours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and ſullen tygers in his train;
Before them Death with ſhrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

At

At that dead hour the ſilent aſp ſhall creep,
If aught of reſt I find, upon my ſleep:
Or ſome ſwoln ſerpent twiſt his ſcales around,
And wake to anguiſh with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wiſe contented poor,
From luſt of wealth, and dread of death ſecure!
They tempt no deſerts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reaſon rules the mind.
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
O hapleſs youth! for ſhe thy love hath won,
The tender Zara will be moſt undone;
Big ſwell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When faſt ſhe dropt her tears, as thus ſhe ſaid;
"Farewell the youth whom ſighs could not detain,
"Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
"Yet as thou go'ſt, may every blaſt ariſe,
"Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs!
"Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'ſt thou ſee,
"No griefs endure, nor weep, falſe youth, like me."
O let me ſafely to the fair return,
Say with a kiſs, ſhe muſt not, ſhall not, mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to loſe its fears,
Recall'd by Wiſdom's voice, and Zara's tears.
He ſaid, and call'd on heaven to bleſs the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

SCENE, A FOREST.

TIME, THE EVENING.

IN Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are ſeen,
In diſtant view along the level green,
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall foreſts caſt a longer ſhade,
What time 'tis ſweet o'er fields of rice to ſtray,
Or ſcent the breathing maize at ſetting day;
Amidſt the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra ſung the pleaſing cares of love.
Of Abra firſt began the tender ſtrain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn ſhe came, thoſe willing flocks to lead
Where lillies rear them in the watery mead:
From early dawn the live-long hours ſhe told,
'Till late at ſilent eve ſhe penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the ſecret ſhade,
A various wreathe of odorous flowers ſhe made:

Gay

[b] Gay-motley'd pinks and ſweet jonquils ſhe choſe,
The violet blue that on the moſs-bank grows;
All-ſweet to ſenſe, the flaunting roſe was there:
The finiſh'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.
Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to ſtray,
By love conducted from the chace away:
Among the vocal vales he heard her ſong,
And ſought the vales and echoing groves among:
At length he found, and wooed the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd."
The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet ſtill her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as ſhe went, ſhe backward turn'd her view,
And bad that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other ſcenes remove,
To richer ſcenes of golden power and love!
Go leave the ſimple pipe, and ſhepherd's ſtrain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd."
Yet midſt the blaze of courts ſhe fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the ſhady grove;

b That theſe flowers are found in very great abundance in ſome of the provinces of Perſia; ſee the Modern Hiſtory of the ingenious Mr. Salmon.

Still

Still with the ſhepherd's innocence her mind
To the ſweet vale, and flowery mead inclin'd;
And oft as Spring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breath'd his ſoft gales, and led the fragrant Hours,
With ſure return ſhe ſought the ſylvan ſcene,
The breezy mountains, and the foreſts green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand:
Some ſimple lay, of flocks and herds, they ſung;
With joy the mountain and the foreſt rung.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of ſtate, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the ſhades and low roof'd cots retir'd,
Or ſought the vale where firſt his heart was fir'd:
A ruſſet mantle, like a ſwain, he wore,
And thought of crowns and buſy courts no more.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
Bleſt was the life that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
The ſimple ſhepherd girl can love as well.
Let thoſe who rule on Perſia's jewell'd throne,
Be fam'd for love, and gentleſt love alone;
Or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.

O happy

O happy days! the maids around her ſay;
O haſte, profuſe of bleſſings, haſte away!
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE, A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA.

TIME, MIDNIGHT.

IN fair Circaſſia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each ſwain was bleſt, for every maid was kind;
At that ſtill hour, when awful midnight reigns,
And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And paſt in radiance thro' the cloudleſs ſky;
Sad o'er the dews, two brother ſhepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and deſperate ſorrow led:
Faſt as they preſt their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravag'd plains, and vallies ſtole away.
Along the mountain's bending ſides they ran,
'Till faint and weak, Secander thus began:

SECANDER.

SECANDER.

O ſtay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and ſurvey,
Trace our ſad flight thro' all its length of way!
And firſt review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already paſt with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whoſe dangerous path we tried!
And laſt this loſty mountain's weary ſide!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet haplefs muſt thou know
The toils of flight, or ſome ſeverer woe!
Still as I haſte, the Tartar ſhouts behind,
And ſhrieks and ſorrows load the ſaddening wind:
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blaſts our harveſts, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence firſt in fear we came,
Drops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
Far fly the ſwains, like us, in deep deſpair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whoſe bleſſings tempt the ſword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'ſt thy Perſian lord!
In vain thou court'ſt him, helpleſs, to thine aid,
To ſhield the ſhepherd, and protect the maid!

Far

Far off, in thoughtleſs indolence reſign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleaſure ſoothe his mind:
'Midſt fair ſultanas loſt in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet theſe green hills, in ſummer's ſultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the ſight is Zabra's flowery plain,
And once by maids and ſhepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins ſhall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's ſhady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the ſweets of Aly's flowery vale:
Fair ſcenes! but, ah! no more with peace poſſeſt,
With eaſe alluring, and with plenty bleſt.
No more the ſhepherds whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date, with ſnowy bloſſoms crown'd
But Ruin ſpreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circaſſia boaſts her ſpicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain ſhe boaſts her faireſt of the fair,
Their eyes blue languiſh, and their golden hair;
Thoſe eyes in tears their fruitleſs grief muſt ſend;
Thoſe hairs the Tartar's cruel hand ſhall rend.

AGIB.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian ſwains, that piteous learn from far
Circaſſia's ruin, and the waſte of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and ſtaffs prepare,
To ſhield your harveſts, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like deſigns purſue,
Fix'd to deſtroy, and ſtedfaſt to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deſerts bred,
By luſt incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and waſting flames the way;
Yet none ſo cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurs'd in ſcenes of woe.
He ſaid; when loud along the vale was heard
A ſhriller ſhriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
Th' affrighted ſhepherds thro' the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JAMES THOMSON.

BY THE SAME.

IN yonder [c] grove a Druid lies
Where ſlowly winds the ſtealing wave!
The year's beſt ſweets ſhall duteous riſe
To deck its Poet's ſylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whiſpering reeds
His airy harp [d] ſhall now be laid,
That he, whoſe heart in ſorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the ſoothing ſhade.

Then maids and youths ſhall linger here,
And while its ſounds at diſtance ſwell,
Shall ſadly ſeem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

c The ſcene of the following ſtanzas is ſuppoſed to lie on the Thames near Richmond.

d The harp of Æolus, of which ſee a deſcription in the Caſtle of Indolence.

Remem-

Remembrance oft ſhall haunt the ſhore,
When Thames in ſummer wreaths is dreſt,
And oft ſuſpend the daſhing oar
To bid his gentle ſpirit reſt!

And oft as Eaſe and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or foreſt deep,
The friend ſhall view yon whitening [c] ſpire,
And mid the varied landſcape weep.

But thou, who own'ſt that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity ſhed,
That mourn beneath the gliding ſail!

Yet lives there one, whoſe heedleſs eye
Shall ſcorn thy pale ſhrine glimmering near!
With him, ſweet Bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy deſert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn ſtream, whoſe ſullen tide
No ſedge-crown'd Siſters now attend,
Now waſt me from the green-hill's ſide
Whoſe cold turf hides the buried friend!

c Richmond church.

And

And ſee, the fairy valleys fade,
  Dun Night has veil'd the ſolemn view!
—Yet once again, dear parted ſhade,
  Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads aſſign'd to bleſs
  Thy life, ſhall mourn thy early doom,
Their hinds, and ſhepherd-girls ſhall dreſs
  With ſimple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy ſtone and pointed clay
  Shall melt the muſing Briton's eyes;
O! vales, and wild woods, ſhall he ſay,
  In yonder grave your Druid lies!

ODE TO PITY.

BY THE SAME.

O Thou, the friend of man aſſign'd,
  With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
  And charm his frantic woe:
When firſt Diſtreſs, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waſte his deſtin'd ſcene,
  His wild unfated foe!

By Pella's [f] bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
  Receive my humble rite :
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy ſky-worn robes of tendereſt blue,
  And eyes of dewy light !

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Iliſſus' diſtant ſide,
  Deſerted ſtream, and mute ?
Wild Arun [g] too has heard thy ſtrains,
And Echo, 'midſt my native plains,
  Been ſooth'd by Pity's lute.

There firſt the wren thy myrtles ſhed
On gentleſt Otway's infant head,
  To him thy cell was ſhown ;
And while he ſung, the female heart,
With youth's ſoft notes unſpoil'd by art,
  Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by Fancy's aid,
Even now my thoughts, relenting maid,
  Thy temple's pride deſign :
Its ſouthern ſite, its truth compleat,
Shall raiſe a wild enthuſiaſt heat
  In all who view the ſhrine.

[f] Euripides. [g] A river in Suſſex.

There

There Picture's toils ſhall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliſs prevail:
The buſkin'd Muſe ſhall near her ſtand,
And ſighing prompt her tender hand,
With each diſaſtrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of paſſion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waſte the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a Britiſh ſhell!

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

BY THE SAME.

O Thou by Nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and ſweetly ſtrong:
Who firſt on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, or Pleaſure's, nurs'd the powers of ſong!

Thou, who with hermit heart
Diſdain'ſt the wealth of Art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:
But com'ſt a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,
O chaſte, unboaſtful nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd ſtore
On Hybla's thymy ſhore,
By all her blooms and mingled murmurs dear;
By her, whoſe love-lorn woe,
In evening muſings flow,
Sooth'd ſweetly ſad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephiſus deep,
Who ſpread his wavy ſweep
In warbled wanderings round the green retreat,
On whoſe enamel'd ſide,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O ſiſter meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy ſober aid and native charms infuſe!
The flowers that ſweeteſt breathe,
Tho' Beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still aſk thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none eſteem,
But Virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led the laureat band:
But ſtaid to ſing alone
To one diſtinguiſh'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The paſſions own thy power,
Love, only love, her forceleſs numbers mean:
For thou haſt left her ſhrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bleſs the ſervile ſcene.

Tho' Taſte, tho' Genius bleſs
To ſome divine exceſs,
Faint's the cold work till thou inſpire the whole;
What each, what all ſupply,
May court, may charm your eye,
Thou, only thou, canſt raiſe the meeting ſoul!

Of theſe let others aſk,
To aid ſome mighty taſk,
I only ſeek to find thy temperate vale:
Where oft my reed might ſound
To maids and ſhepherds round,
And all thy ſons, O Nature, learn my tale.

ODE TO PEACE,

BY THE SAME.

O Thou, who bad'ſt thy turtles bear
Swift from his graſp thy golden hair,
And ſought'ſt thy native ſkies:
When War, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bad his ſtorms ariſe!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic ſway,
Our youth ſhall fix ſome feſtive day,
His ſullen ſhrines to burn:
But thou, who hear'ſt the turning ſpheres,
What ſounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy bleſt return!

O Peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind,
O riſe, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train:
The Britiſh lion, goddeſs ſweet,
Lies ſtretch'd on earth to kiſs thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let

Let others court thy tranſient ſmile,
But come to grace thy weſtern iſle,
By warlike Honour led!
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her ſons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

ODE TO MERCY.

BY THE SAME.

STROPHE.

O Thou, who ſit'ſt a ſmiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful ſide,
Gentleſt of ſky-born forms, and beſt ador'd:
Who oft with ſongs, divine to hear,
Win'ſt from his fatal graſp the ſpear,
And hid'ſt in wreaths of flowers his bloodleſs ſword!
Thou who, amidſt the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy boſom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who ſinks to ground;
See, Mercy, ſee, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy ſhrine my country's Genius ſtands,
And decks thy altar ſtill, tho' pierc'd with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom even our joys provoke,
The Fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopp'd his wheels and look'd his rage away.
I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O Maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's throne!

ODE TO LIBERTY.

BY THE SAME.

STROPHE.

WHO shall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in solemn sounds to life
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,

At once the breath of fear and virtue ſhedding,
  Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?
What new Alcæus[h], fancy-bleſt,
Shall ſing the ſword in myrtles dreſt,
  At Wiſdom's ſhrine awhile its flame concealing,
(What place ſo fit to ſeal a deed renown'd?)
  Till ſhe her brighteſt lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!
    O Goddeſs, in that feeling hour,
  When moſt its ſounds would court thy ears,
    Let not my ſhell's miſguided power
  E'er draw thy ſad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
How Rome, before thy weeping face,
With heavieſt ſound, a giant-ſtatue, fell,
Puſh'd by a wild and artleſs race
From off its wide ambitious baſe,
When Time his northern ſons of ſpoil awoke,
  And all the blended work of ſtrength and grace,
  With many a rude repeated ſtroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thouſand fragments broke.

EPODE.

Yet even, where'er the leaſt appear'd,
Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;

[h] Alluding to a beautiful fragment of Alcæus.

Still,

Still, 'midſt the ſcatter'd ſtates around,
Some remnants of her ſtrength were found;
They ſaw, by what eſcap'd the ſtorm,
How wonderous roſe her perfect form;
How in the great, the labour'd whole,
Each mighty maſter pour'd his ſoul!
For ſunny Florence, ſeat of art,
Beneath her vines preſerv'd a part,
Till they [i], whom Science lov'd to name,
(O who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.
And lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Piſa's olive ſhade!
See ſmall Marino [k] joins the theme,
Tho' leaſt, not laſt in thy eſteem:
Strike, louder ſtrike th' ennobling ſtrings
To thoſe [l], whoſe merchant ſons were kings;
To him [m], who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride.
Hail port of glory, wealth, and pleaſure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian meaſure:
Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To ſad Liguria's [n] bleeding ſtate.

[i] The family of the Medici.
[k] The little republic of San Marino.
[l] The Venetians.
[m] The Doge of Venice.
[n] Genoa.

Ah

Ah no! more pleas'd thy haunts I ſeek,
On wild Helvetia's [o] mountains bleak:
(Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice;
Forth from his eyrie rous'd in dread,
The ravening eagle northward fled.)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With thoſe [p] to whom thy ſtork is dear:
Thoſe whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whoſe crown a Britiſh queen [q] refus'd!
The magic works, thou feel'ſt the ſtrains,
One holier name alone remains;
The perfect ſpell ſhall then avail,
Hail nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the meaſure vaſt of thought,
The works, the wizzard Time has wrought!

o Switzerland.

p The Dutch, among whom there are very ſevere penalties for thoſe who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almoſt all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are ſaid to entertain a ſuperſtitious ſentiment, that if the whole ſpecies of them ſhould become extinct, they ſhould loſe their liberties.

q Queen Elizabeth.

The

The Gaul, 'tis held of antique ſtory,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverſe ſtrand [r],
No ſea between, nor cliff ſublime and hoary,
He paſs'd with unwet feet thro' all our land.
To the blown Baltic then, they ſay,
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls, his wolfiſh mountains rounding;
Till all the banded Weſt at once 'gan riſe,
A wide wild ſtorm even Nature's ſelf confounding;
Withering her giant ſons with ſtrange uncouth ſurpriſe.
This pillar'd earth ſo firm and wide,
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dread was puſh'd aſide,
And down the ſhould'ring billows born.
And ſee, like gems her laughing train,
The little iſles on every ſide,
Mona [s], once hid from thoſe who ſearch the main,
Where thouſand elfin ſhapes abide,

And

[r] This tradition is mentioned by ſeveral of our old hiſtorians. Some naturaliſts too have endeavoured to ſupport the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correſpondent diſpoſition of the two oppoſite coaſts. I do not remember that any poetical uſe has been hitherto made of it.

[s] There is a tradition in the iſle of Man, that a mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the ſhore, and opened her paſſion to him, but was received with a coldneſs, occaſioned by his horror and ſurpriſe at her appearance. This however was ſo miſconſtrued by the ſea-lady, that in revenge for his treatment of her, ſhe puniſh'd the whole iſland,

And Wight who checks the weſtering tide,
For thee conſenting heaven has each beſtow'd,
A fair attendant on her ſovereign pride :
To thee this bleſt divorce ſhe ow'd,
For thou haſt made her vales thy lov'd, thy laſt abode !

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis ſaid, an hoary pile,
'Midſt the green navel of our iſle,
Thy ſhrine in ſome religious wood,
O ſoul-enforcing goddeſs, ſtood !
There oft the painted native's feet
Were wont thy form celeſtial meet :
Tho' now with hopeleſs toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place ;
Whether the fiery-treſſed Dane,
Or Roman's ſelf o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
'Twere hard for modern ſong to tell.
Yet ſtill, if Truth thoſe beams infuſe,
Which guide at once, and charm the Muſe,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
Paving the light-embroider'd ſky :
Amidſt the bright pavillion'd plains,
The beauteous model ſtill remains.

iſland, by covering it with a miſt, ſo that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the ſea, or were on a ſudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

There

There happier than in iſlands bleſt,
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe dreſt,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's ſtory,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Hear their conſorted Druids ſing
Their triumphs to th' immortal ſtring.
How may the poet now unfold,
What never tongue or numbers told ?
How learn delighted, and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd !
Even now, before his favour'd eyes,
In Gothic pride it ſeems to riſe !
Yet Græcia's graceful orders join,
Majeſtic thro' the mix'd deſign ;
The ſecret builder knew to chuſe,
Each ſphere-found gem of richeſt hues :
Whate'er heaven's purer mould contains,
When nearer ſuns emblaze its veins ;
There on the walls the patriot's ſight
May ever hang with freſh delight,
And, grav'd with ſome prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame thro' every age.
Ye forms divine, ye laureat band,
That near her inmoſt altar ſtand !
Now ſooth her, to her bliſsful train
Blythe Concord's ſocial form to gain :
Concord, whoſe myrtle wand can ſteep
Even Anger's blood-ſhot eyes in ſleep :

Befor

Before whoſe breathing boſom's balm,
Rage drops his ſteel, and ſtorms grow calm;
Her let our ſires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd ſhore,
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair,
Till, in one loud applauding ſound,
The nations ſhout to her around,
O how ſupremely art thou bleſt,
Thou, Lady, thou ſhalt rule the weſt!

ODE TO FEAR.

BY THE SAME.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
With all its ſhadowy ſhapes is ſhown;
Who ſeeſt appall'd th' unreal ſcene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
I ſee, I ſee thee near.
I know thy hurried ſtep, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I ſtart, like thee diſorder'd fly.
For lo what monſters in thy train appear!
Danger, whoſe limbs of giant mold
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?

Who

Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm.
Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
Of ſome looſe hanging rock to ſleep.
And with him thouſand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And thoſe, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds, and wrecks preſide;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of Fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghaſtly train can ſee,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

In earlieſt Greece to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muſe addreſt her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the Bard [t] who firſt invok'd thy name,
Diſdain'd in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's ſteel.

[t] Æſchylus.

But who is he whom later garlands grace,
  Who left a-while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
  Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove ?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous Queen [u]
  Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
When once alone it broke the silent scene,
  And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
  Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful line;
Tho' gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
  Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine !

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last ?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell ?
Or in some hallow'd seat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat ?
Hear drowning seamens cries in tempests brought !
Dark Power, with shuddering meek submitted thought,
Be mine, to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told :
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true ;

[u] Jocasta.

Ne'er be I found by thee o'er-aw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
When ghoſts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
O thou, whoſe ſpirit moſt poſſeſt
The ſacred ſeat of Shakeſpear's breaſt!
By all that from thy Prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions ſpoke:
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypreſs wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

BY THE SAME.

AS once, if not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted Bard,
(Him whoſe ſchool above the reſt
His loveliest Elfin queen has bleſt)
One, only one, unrivall'd fair *
Might hope the magic girdle wear,

* Florimel. See Spenſer, Leg. 4th.

At

At ſolemn turney hung on high,
The wiſh of each love-darting eye.

Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if, in air unſeen, ſome hovering hand,
Some chaſte and angel-friend to virgin fame,
With whiſper'd ſpell had burſt the ſtarting band,
It left unbleſt her loath'd diſhonour'd ſide;
Happier, hopeleſs fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!
Young Fancy thus, to me divineſt name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The ceſt of ampleſt power is given:
To few the god like gift aſſigns,
To gird their bleſt prophetic loins,
And gaze her viſions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.
The band, as fairy legends ſay,
Was wove on that creating day,
When he, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented ſky, this laughing earth,
And dreſt with ſprings, and foreſts tall,
And pour'd the main engirting all,
Long by the lov'd enthuſiaſt woo'd,
Himſelf in ſome diviner mood,
Retiring, ſat with her alone,
And plac'd her on his ſaphire throne,

The whiles, the vaulted ſhrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to ſound!
Now ſublimeſt triumph ſwelling,
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And ſhe, from out the veiling cloud,
Breath'd her magic notes aloud:
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy ſubject life was born!
The dangerous paſſions kept aloof,
Far from the fainted growing woof:
But near it ſat ecſtatic Wonder,
Liſtening the deep applauding thunder:
And Truth, in ſunny veſt array'd,
By whoſe the Tarſol's eyes were made:
All the ſhadowy tribes of Mind,
In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted Powers,
Who feed on heaven's ambroſial flowers.
Where is the Bard, whoſe ſoul can now
Its high preſuming hopes avow?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him deſign'd?

High on ſome cliff, to heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude acceſs, of proſpect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous ſteep,
Strange ſhades o'erbrow the vallies deep,

And

And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its ſprings unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head,
An Eden, like his own, lies ſpread.
I view that oak, the fancy'd glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh ſpher'd in heaven its native ſtrains could hear:
On which that antient trump he reach'd was hung;
Thither oft his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle ſhades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aſpiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding ſteps purſue;
In vain—Such bliſs to one alone,
Of all the ſons of ſoul was known,
And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'erturn'd th' inſpiring bowers,
Or curtain'd cloſe ſuch ſcene from every future view.

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

FArewell, for clearer ken design'd,
The dim-discover'd tracts of mind:
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My silent search in vain requir'd!
No more my sail that deep explores,
No more I search those magic shores,
What regions part the world of soul,
Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll:
If e'er I round such fairy field,
Some Power impart the spear and shield,
At which the wizzard Passions fly,
By which the giant Follies die!
Farewell the porch, whose roof is seen,
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green:
Where Science prank'd in tissu'd vest,
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade!
Youth of the quick uncheated sight,
Thy walks, Observance, more invite!

O thou,

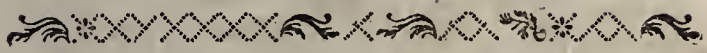
O thou, who lov'ſt that ampler range,
Where life's wide proſpects round thee change,
And, with her mingling ſons allied,
Throw'ſt the prattling page aſide:
To me in converſe ſweet impart,
To read in man the native heart,
To learn, where Science ſure is found,
From Nature as ſhe lives around:
And gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each ſhifting image view!
Till meddling Art's officious lore
Reverſe the leſſons taught before,
Alluring from a ſafer rule,
To dream in her enchanted ſchool;
Thou heaven, whate'er of great we boaſt,
Haſt bleſt this ſocial ſcience moſt.
Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent ſpell,
Not vain ſhe finds the charmful taſk,
In pageant quaint, in motley maſk,
Behold, before her muſing eyes,
The countleſs Manners round her riſe;
While ever varying as they paſs,
To ſome Contempt applies her glaſs:
With theſe the white-rob'd Maids combine,
And thoſe the laughing Satyrs join!
But who is he whom now ſhe views,
In robe of wild contending hues?

Thou, by the Paſſions nurs'd; I greet
The comic ſock that binds thy feet!
O Humour, thou whoſe name is known
To Britain's favour'd iſle alone;
Me too amid t thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
(Whoſe jewels in his criſped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to ſhare,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy ſide!
By old Miletus [y], who ſo long
Has ceas'd his love-inwoven ſong:
By all you taught the Tuſcan maids,
In chang'd Italia's modern ſhades:
By him [z] whoſe knight's diſtinguiſh'd name
Refin'd a nation's luſt of fame;
Whoſe tales even now, with echoes ſweet,
Caſtilia's Mooriſh h lls repeat:
Or him [a], whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
In watchet weeds on Gallia's ſhore,
Who drew the ſad Sicilian maid,
By virtues in her ſire betray'd:

y Alluding to the Mileſian tales, ſome of the earlieſt romances.
z Cervantes.
a Monſieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

O Nature

O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy ſeal!
Let ſome retreating Cynic find
Thoſe oft-turn'd ſcrolls I leave behind,
The Sports and I this hour agree,
To rove thy ſcene-full world with thee!



THE PASSIONS. AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN Muſic, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece ſhe ſung,
The Paſſions oft, to hear her ſhell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Poſſeſt beyond the Muſe's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Diſturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis ſaid, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inſpir'd,
From the ſupporting myrtles round
They ſnatch'd her inſtruments of ſound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet leſſons of her forceful art,

Each

Each, for madneſs rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expreſſive power.

Firſt Fear his hand, its ſkill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Even at the ſound himſelf had made.

Next Anger ruſh'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his ſecret ſtings,
In one rude claſh he ſtruck the lyre,
And ſwept with hurried hand the ſtrings.

With woeful meaſures wan Deſpair
Low ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd,
A ſolemn, ſtrange, and mingled air,
'Twas ſad by fits, by ſtarts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delighted meaſure?
Still it whiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
And bade the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſtrain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo ſtill thro' all the ſong;
And where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every cloſe,
And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And

And longer had ſhe ſung,—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient roſe,
He threw his blood-ſtain'd ſword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blaſt ſo loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic ſounds ſo full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat:
And tho' ſometimes, each dreary pauſe between,
Dejected Pity at his ſide,
Her ſoul-ſubduing voice applied,
Yet ſtill he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each ſtrain'd ball of ſight ſeem'd burſting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealouſy, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy diſtreſsful ſtate,
Of differing themes the veering ſong was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inſpir'd,
Pale Melancholy ſat retir'd,
And from her wild ſequeſter'd ſeat,
In notes by diſtance made more ſweet,
Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her penſive ſoul:
And daſhing ſoft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the ſound;

Thro'

Thro' glades and glooms the mingled meaſure ſtole,
Or o'er ſome haunted ſtreams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffuſing,
Love of peace, and lonely muſing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how alter'd was its ſprightlier tone!
When Chearfulneſs, a nymph of healthieſt hue,
Her bow acroſs her ſhoulder flung,
Her buſkins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inſpiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crown'd Siſters, and their chaſte-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and Sylvan boys were ſeen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exerciſe rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and ſeiz'd his beechen ſpear.

Laſt came Joy's ecſtatic trial,
He with viny crown advancing,
Firſt to the lively pipe his hand addreſt,
But ſoon he ſaw the briſk awakening viol,
Whoſe ſweet entrancing voice he lov'd the beſt.
They would have thought, who heard the ſtrain,
They ſaw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidſt the feſtal ſounding ſhades,
To ſome unwearied minſtrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiſs'd the ſtrings,
Love fram'd with Mirth, a gay fantaſtic round,
Looſe were her treſſes ſeen, her zone unbound,

And

And he, amidſt his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thouſand odours from his dewy wings.

O Muſic, ſphere-deſcended maid,
Friend of pleaſure, wiſdom's aid,
Why, Goddeſs, why to us denied?
Lay'ſt thou thy antient lyre aſide?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic ſoul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native ſimple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Ariſe, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaſte, ſublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Siſter's page——
'Tis ſaid, and I believe the tale,
Thy humbleſt reed could more prevail,
Had more of ſtrength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Even all at once together found
Cæcilia's mingled world of ſound—
O bid our vain endeavours ceaſe,
Revive the juſt deſigns of Greece,
Return in all thy ſimple ſtate!
Confirm the tales her ſons relate!

WRITTEN

WRITTEN ON A PAPER, WHICH CONTAINED A PIECE OF BRIDE CAKE: GIVEN TO THE AUTHOR BY A LADY.

BY THE SAME.

YE curious hands, that hid from vulgar eyes,
By ſearch profane ſhall find this hallow'd cake,
With Virtue's awe forbear the ſacred prize,
Nor dare a theft for Love and Pity's ſake!

This precious relick, form'd by magic power
Beneath the ſhepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by Love to charm the ſilent hour,
The ſecret preſent of a matchleſs maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond requeſt,
Each nice ingredient choſe with happieſt art;
Fears, ſighs, and wiſhes of th' enamour'd breaſt,
And pains that pleaſe are mixt in every part.

With roſy hand the ſpicy fruit ſhe brought
From Paphian hills, and fair Cythera's iſle;
And temper'd ſweet with theſe the melting thought,
The kiſs ambroſial and the yielding ſmile.

Ambiguous

Ambiguous looks, that ſcorn and yet relent,
  Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth,
Reluctant pride, and amorous faint conſent,
  And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward God! hath ſworn while theſe remain,
  With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear,
And chearful Hope, ſo oft invok'd in vain,
  With fairy ſongs ſhall ſooth his penſive ear.

If bound by vows to Friendſhip's gentle ſide,
  And fond of ſoul, thou hop'ſt an equal grace,
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
  O much intreated, leave this fatal place.

Sweet Peace, who long hath ſhunn'd my plaintive day,
  Conſents at length to bring me ſhort delight,
Thy careleſs ſteps may ſcare her doves away,
  And Grief with raven note uſurp the night.

LONDON:

OR, THE

PROGRESS OF COMMERCE.

BY MR. GLOVER.

YE northern blaſts, and [b] Eurus, wont to ſweep
With rudeſt pinions o'er the furrow'd waves,
Awhile ſuſpend your violence, and waſt
From ſandy [c] Weſer and the broad-mouth'd Elb
My freighted veſſels to the deſtin'd ſhore,
Safe o'er th' unruffled main; let every thought,
Which may diſquiet, and alarm my breaſt,
Be abſent now; that, diſpoſſeſs'd of care,
And free from every tumult of the mind,
With each diſturbing paſſion huſh'd to peace,
I may pour all my ſpirit on the theme,
Which opens now before me, and demands
The loftieſt ſtrain. The eagle, when he tow'rs
Beyond the clouds, the fleecy robes of heaven,

[b] The eaſt wind.

[c] Bremen is ſituated on the Weſer, and Hamburg on the Elb.

Diſdains

Diſdains all objects but the golden ſun,
Full on th' effulgent orb directs his eye,
And ſails exulting through the blaze of day;
So, while her wing attempts the boldeſt flight,
Rejecting each inferior theme of praiſe,
Thee, ornament of Europe, Albion's pride,
Fair ſeat of wealth and freedom, thee my Muſe
Shall celebrate, O London: thee ſhe hails.
Thou lov'd abode of Commerce, laſt retreat,
Whence ſhe contemplates with a tranquil mind
Her various wanderings from the fated hour
That ſhe abandon'd her maternal clime;
Neptunian Commerce, whom Phœnice bore,
Illuſtrious nymph, that nam'd the fertile plains
Along the ſounding main extended far,
Which flowery Carmel with its ſweet perfumes,
And with its cedars Libanus o'erſhades:
Her from the bottom of the watry world,
As once ſhe ſtood, in radiant beauties grac'd,
To mark the heaving tide, the piercing eye
Of Neptune view'd enamour'd: from the deep
The God aſcending ruſhes to the beach,
And claſps th' affrighted virgin. From that day,
Soon as the paly regent of the night
Nine times her monthly progreſs had renew'd
Thro' heaven's illumin'd vault, Phœnice, led
By ſhame, once more the ſea-worn margin ſought:
There pac'd with painful ſteps the barren ſands,

[h] Clos'd by a tow'ring cliff, whoſe forehead glows
With azure, purple, and ten thouſand dyes,
From its reſplendent fragments beaming round;
Nor leſs irradiate colours from beneath
On every ſide an ample grot reflects,
As down the perforated rock the ſun
Pours his meridian blaze! rever'd abode
Of Nyſa's nymphs, with every plant attir'd,
That wears undying green, refreſh'd with rills
From ever-living fountains, and enrich'd
With all Pomona's bloom: unfading flowers
Glow on the mead, and ſpicy ſhrubs perfume
With inexhauſted ſweets the cooling gale,
Which breathes inceſſant there; while every bird
Of tuneful note his gay or plaintive ſong
Blends with the warble of meandring ſtreams,
Which o'er their pebbled channels murm'ring lave
The fruit-inveſted hills, that riſe around.
The gentle Nereids to this calm receſs
Phœnice bear; nor Dapſiléa bland,
Nor good Eucarpé, ſtudious to obey
Great Neptune's will, their hoſpitable care
Refuſe; nor long Lucina is invok'd.
Soon as the wondrous infant ſprung to day,
Earth rock'd around; with all their nodding woods,

h This whole deſcription of the rock and grotto is taken from Diod. Siculus, lib. 3. pag. 202.

And

And ſtreams reverting to their troubled ſource,
The mountain ſhook, while Lybia's neighb'ring god,
Myſterious Ammon, from his hollow cell
With deep-reſounding accent thus to heaven,
To earth, and ſea, the mighty birth proclaim'd.
A new-born power behold! whom Fate hath call'd
The Gods' imperfect labour to complete
This wide creation. She in lonely ſands
Shall bid the tower-encircled city riſe,
The barren ſea ſhall people, and the wilds
Of dreary nature ſhall with plenty cloath;
She ſhall enlighten man's unletter'd race,
And with endearing intercourſe unite
Remoteſt nations, ſcorch'd by ſultry ſuns,
Or freezing near the ſnow-encruſted pole:
Where'er the joyous vine diſdains to grow,
The fruitful olive, or the golden ear;
Her hand divine, with interpoſing aid
To every climate ſhall the gifts ſupply
Of Ceres, Bacchus, and [i] the Athenian maid:
The graces, joys, emoluments of life
From her exhauſtleſs bounty all ſhall flow.
The heavenly prophet ceas'd. Olympus heard.
Streight from their ſtar-beſpangled thrones deſcend
On blooming Nyſa a celeſtial band

[i] Minerva, the tutelary goddeſs of the Athenians, to whom ſhe gave the olive.

The ocean's lord to honour in his child;
When o'er his offspring ſmiling thus began
The trident-ruler. Commerce be thy name:
To thee I give the empire of the main,
From where the morning breathes its eaſtern gale,
To th' undiſcover'd limits of the Weſt,
From chilling Boreas to extremeſt South
Thy ſire's obſequious billows ſhall extend
Thy univerſal reign. Minerva next
With wiſdom bleſs'd her, Mercury with art,
[k] The Lemnian god with induſtry, and laſt
Majeſtic Phœbus, o'er the infant long
In contemplation pauſing, thus declar'd
From his enraptur'd lip his matchleſs boon.
Thee with divine invention I endow,
That ſecret wonder, Goddeſs, to diſcloſe,
By which the wiſe, the virtuous, and the brave,
The heaven-taught Poet and exploring Sage
Shall paſs recorded to the verge of time.
Her years of childhood now were number'd o'er,
When to her mother's natal ſoil repair'd
The new divinity, whoſe parting ſtep
Her ſacred nurſes follow'd, ever now
To her alone inſeparably join'd;
Then firſt deſerting their Nyſeian ſhore
To ſpread their hoarded bleſſings round the world;

k Vulcan, the tutelary deity of Lemnos.

Who

Who with them bore the inexhauſted horn
Of ever-ſmiling Plenty. Thus adorn'd,
Attended thus, great Goddeſs, thou beganſt
Thy all-enlivening progreſs o'er the globe,
Then rude and joyleſs, deſtin'd to repair
The various ills, which earlieſt ages ru'd
From one, like thee, diſtinguiſh'd by the gifts
Of heaven, Pandora, whoſe pernicious hand
From the dire vaſe releas'd th' impriſon'd woes.
  Thou, gracious Commerce, from his cheerleſs caves
In horrid rocks, and ſolitary woods,
The helpleſs wand'rer man forlorn and wild
Didſt charm to ſweet ſociety; didſt caſt
The deep foundations, where the future pride
Of mightieſt cities roſe, and o'er the main
Before the wond'ring Nereids didſt preſent
The ſurge-dividing keel, and ſtately maſt,
Whoſe canvas wings, diſtending with the gale,
The bold Phœnician through Alcides' ſtraits
To northern Albion's tin-embowel'd fields,
And oft beneath the ſea-obſcuring brow
Of cloud-envelop'd Teneriff convey'd,
Next in ſagacious thought th' ethereal plains
Thou trodſt, exploring each propitious ſtar
The danger-braving mariner to guide;
Then all the latent and myſterious powers
Of number didſt unravel; laſt to crown
Thy bounties, Goddeſs, thy unrival'd toils

For man, ſtill urging thy inventive mind,
Thou gav'ſt him[1] letters; there imparting all,
Which lifts th' ennobled ſpirit near to heaven,
Laws, learning, wiſdom, nature's works reveal'd
By god-like Sages, all Minerva's arts,
Apollo's muſic, and th' eternal voice
Of Virtue ſounding from the hiſtoric roll,
The philoſophic page, and poet's ſong.
  Now ſolitude and ſilence from the ſhores
Retreat on pathleſs mountains to reſide,
Barbarity is poliſh'd, infant arts
Bloom in the deſart, and benignant peace
With hoſpitality begin to ſooth
Unſocial rapine, and the thirſt of blood;
As from his tumid urn when Nilus ſpreads
His genial tides abroad, the favour'd ſoil
That joins his fruitful border, firſt imbibes
The kindly ſtream; anon the bounteous God
His waves extends, embracing Egypt round,
Dwells on the teeming champain, and endows
The ſleeping grain with vigour to attire
In one bright harveſt all the Pharian plains:
Thus, when Pygmalion from Phœnician Tyre
Had baniſh'd freedom, with diſdainful ſteps
Indignant Commerce, turning from the walls

[1] Here the opinion of Sir Iſaac Newton is followed, that letters were firſt invented amongſt the trading parts of the world.

Herſelf

Herſelf had rais'd, her welcome ſway enlarg'd
Among the nations, ſpreading round the globe
The fruits of all its climes ; [m] Cecropian oil,
The Thracian vintage, and Panchaian gums,
Arabia's ſpices, and the golden grain,
Which old Oſiris to his Ægypt gave,
And Ceres to [n] Sicania. Thou didſt raiſe
Th' Ionian name, O Commerce, thou the domes
Of ſumptuous Corinth, and the ample round
Of Syracuſe didſt people.——All the wealth
Now thou aſſembleſt from Iberia's mines,
And golden-channel'd Tagus, all the ſpoils
From fair [o] Trinacria waſted, all the powers
Of conquer'd Afric's tributary realms
To fix thy empire on the Lybian verge,
Thy native tract ; the nymphs of Nyſa hail
Thy glad return, and echoing joy reſounds
O'er Triton's ſacred waters, but in vain :
The irreverſible decrees of heaven
To far more northern regions had ordain'd
Thy laſting ſeat ; in vain th' imperial port
Receives the gather'd riches of the world ;
In vain whole climates bow beneath its rule ;

[m] Athenian. Athens was call'd Cecropia from Cecrops its firſt king.
[n] Sicily.
[o] Another name of Sicily, which was frequently ravag'd by the Carthaginians.

Behold

Behold the toil of centuries to Rome
Its glories yields, and mould'ring leaves no trace
Of its deep-rooted greatneſs; thou with tears
From thy extinguiſh'd Carthage didſt retire,
And theſe thy periſh'd honours long deplore.
What though rich [p] Gades, what though poliſh'd Rhodes,
With Alexandria, Ægypt's ſplendid mart,
The learn'd [q] Maſſylians, and [r] Ligurian towers,
What though the potent Hanſeatic league,
And Venice, miſtreſs of the Grecian iſles,
With all th' Ægean floods, awhile might ſooth
The ſad remembrance; what though, led through climes
And ſeas unknown, with thee th' advent'rous ſons
Of [s] Tagus paſs'd the ſtormy cape, which braves
The huge Atlanic; what though Antwerp grew
Beneath thy ſmiles, and thou propitious there
Didſt ſhower thy bleſſings with unſparing hands:
Still on thy grief-indented heart impreſs'd
The great Amilcar's valour, ſtill the deeds
Of Aſdrubal and Mago, ſtill the loſs
Of thy unequal Annibal remain'd:
Till from the ſandy mouths of echoing Rhine,

[p] Cadiz.

[q] Marſeilles, a Grecian colony, the moſt civilized, as well as the greateſt trading city of antient Gaul.

[r] Genoa.

[s] The Portugueſe diſcover'd the Cape of Good Hope in 1487.

And

And ſounding margin of the Scheld and Maeſe,
With ſudden roar the angry voice of war
Alarm'd thy languor; wonder turn'd thy eye.
Lo! in bright arms a bold militia ſtood,
Arrang'd for battle: from afar thou ſaw'ſt
The ſnowy ridge of Apennine, the fields
Of wild Calabria, and Pyrene's hills,
The Guadiana, and the Duro's banks,
And rapid Ebro gath'ring all their powers
To cruſh this daring populace. The pride
Of fierceſt kings with more inflam'd revenge
Ne'er menac'd freedom; nor ſince dauntleſs Greece,
And Rome's ſtern offspring none hath e'er ſurpaſs'd
The bold [t] Batavian in his glorious toil
For liberty, or death. At once the thought
Of long-lamented Carthage flies thy breaſt,
And ardent, Goddeſs, thou doſt ſpeed to ſave
The generous people. Not the vernal ſhowers,
Diſtilling copious from the morning clouds,
Deſcend more kindly on the tender flower,
New-born and opening on the lap of Spring,
Than on this riſing ſtate thy cheering ſmile,
And animating preſence; while on Spain,
Prophetic thus, thy indignation broke.

Infatiate race! the ſhame of poliſh'd lands!
Diſgrace of Europe! for inhuman deeds

[t] The Dutch.

And

And insolence renown'd! what demon led
Thee first to plough the undiscover'd surge,
Which lav'd an hidden world? whose malice taught
Thee first to taint with rapine, and with rage,
With more than savage thirst of blood the arts,
By me for gentlest intercourse ordain'd,
For mutual aids, and hospitable ties
From shore to shore? Or, that pernicious hour,
Was heaven disgusted with its wondrous works,
That to thy fell exterminating hand
Th' immense Peruvian empire it resign'd,
And all, which lordly [u] Montezuma sway'd?
And com'st thou, strengthen'd with the shining stores
Of that gold-teeming hemisphere, to waste
The smiling fields of Europe, and extend
Thy bloody shackles o'er these happy seats
Of liberty? Presumptuous nation, learn,
From this dire period shall thy glories fade,
Thy slaughter'd youth shall fatten Belgium's sands,
And Victory against her Albion's cliffs
Shall see the blood-empurpled ocean dash
Thy weltering hosts, and stain the chalky shore:
Ev'n those, whom now thy impious pride would bind
In servile chains, hereafter shall support
Thy weaken'd throne; when heaven's afflicting hand
Of all thy power despoils thee, when alone

[u] Montezuma, emperor of Mexico.

Of

Of all, which e'er hath ſignaliz'd thy name,
Thy inſolence and cruelty remain.
Thus with her clouded viſage, wrapt in frowns,
The Goddeſs threaten'd, and the daring train
Of her untam'd militia, torn with wounds,
Deſpiſing fortune, from repeated foils
More fierce, and braving Famine's keeneſt rage,
At length through deluges of blood ſhe led
To envied greatneſs; ev'n while clamorous Mars
With loudeſt clangor bade his trumpet ſhake
The Belgian champain, ſhe their ſtandard rear'd
On tributary Java, and the ſhores
Of huge Borneo; thou, Sumatra, heard'ſt
Her naval thunder, Ceylon's trembling ſons
Their fragrant ſtores of cinnamon reſign'd,
And odour-breathing Ternate and Tidore
Their ſpicy groves. And O whatever coaſt
The Belgians trace, where'er their power is ſpread,
To hoary Zembla, or to Indian ſuns,
Still thither be extended thy renown,
O William, pride of Orange, and ador'd
Thy virtues, which diſdaining life, or wealth,
Or empire, whether in thy dawn of youth,
Thy glorious noon of manhood, or the night,
[x] The fatal night of death, no other care

[x] He was aſſaſſinated at Delf. His dying words were, Lord have mercy upon this people. See Grot. de Bell. Belg.

Beſides

Beſides the public own'd. And dear to ſame
Be thou, harmonious [y] Douza; every Muſe,
Your laurel ſtrow around this hero's urn,
Whom fond Minerva grac'd with all her arts,
Alike in letters and in arms to ſhine,
A dauntleſs warrior, and a learned bard.
Him Spain's ſurrounding hoſt for ſlaughter mark'd,
With maſſacre yet reeking from the ſtreets
Of blood-ſtain'd Harlem: he on Leyden's tow'rs,
With Famine his companion, wan, ſubdu'd
In outward form, with patient virtue ſtood
Superior to deſpair; the heavenly Nine
His ſuffering ſoul with great examples cheer'd
Of memorable bards, by Mars adorn'd
With wreaths of fame; [z] Oeagrus tuneful ſon,
Who with melodious praiſe to nobleſt deeds
Charm'd the Iölchian heroes, and himſelf
Their danger ſhar'd; [a] Tyrtæus, who reviv'd
With animating verſe the Spartan hopes;

[y] Janus Douza, a famous poet, and the moſt learned man of his time. He commanded in Leyden when it was ſo obſtinately beſieged by the Spaniards in 1570. See Meurſii Athen. Bat.

[z] Orpheus, one of the Argonauts, who ſet ſail from Iölcos, a town in Theſſalia.

[a] When the Spartans were greatly diſtreſſed in the Meſſenian war, they applied to the Athenians for a general, who ſent them the poet Tyrtæus.

Brave

Brave [b] Æſchylus and [c] Sophocles, around
Whoſe ſacred brows the tragic ivy twin'd,
Mix'd with the warrior's laurel; all ſurpaſs'd
By Douza's valour: and the generous toil,
His and his country's labours ſoon receiv'd
Their high reward, when favouring Commerce rais'd
Th' invincible Batavians, till, rever'd
Among the mightieſt on the brighteſt roll
Of fame they ſhone, by ſplendid wealth and power
Grac'd and ſupported; thus a genial ſoil
Diffuſing vigour though the infant oak,
Affords it ſtrength to flouriſh, till at laſt
Its lofty head, in verdant honours clad,
It rears amidſt the proudeſt of the grove.
Yet here th' eternal fates thy laſt retreat
Deny, a mightier nation they prepare
For thy reception, ſufferers alike
By th' unremitted inſolence of power
From reign to reign, nor leſs than Belgium known
For bold contention oft on crimſon fields,
In free tongu'd ſenates oft with nervous laws
To circumſcribe, or conquering to depoſe
Their ſceptred tyrants: Albion ſea-embrac'd,

[b] Æſchylus, one of the moſt ancient tragic poets, who ſignalized himſelf in the battles of Marathon and Salamis.

[c] Sophocles commanded his countrymen the Athenians, in ſeveral expeditions.

The

The joy of freedom, dread of treacherous kings,
The deſtin'd miſtreſs of the ſubject main,
And arbitreſs of Europe, now demands
Thy preſence, Goddeſs. It was now the time,
Ere yet perfidious Cromwel dar'd profane
The ſacred ſenate, and with impious feet
Tread on the powers of magiſtrates and laws,
While every arm was chill'd with cold amaze,
Nor one in all that dauntleſs train was found
To pierce the ruffian's heart; and now thy name
Was heard in thunder through th' affrighted ſhores
Of pale Iberia, of ſubmiſſive Gaul,
And Tagus, trembling to his utmoſt ſource.
O ever faithful, vigilant, and brave,
Thou bold aſſertor of Britannia's fame,
Unconquerable Blake: propitious heaven
At this great æra, and [d] the ſage decree
Of Albion's ſenate, perfecting at once,
What by [e] Eliza was ſo well begun,
So deeply founded, to this favour'd ſhore
The Goddeſs drew, where grateful ſhe beſtow'd
Th' unbounded empire of her father's floods,
And choſe thee, London, for her chief abode,
Pleas'd with the ſilver Thames, its gentle ſtream,

[d] The act of navigation.

[e] Queen Elizabeth was the firſt of our princes, who gave any conſiderable encouragement to trade.

And

And ſmiling banks, its joy-diffuſing hills,
Which clad with ſplendour, and with beauty grac'd,
O'erlook his lucid boſom; pleas'd with thee,
Thou nurſe of arts, and thy induſtrious race;
Pleas'd with their candid manners, with their free
Sagacious converſe, to enquiry led,
And zeal for knowledge; hence the opening mind
Reſigns its errors, and unſeals the eye
Of blind Opinion; Merit hence is heard
Amidſt its bluſhes, dawning arts ariſe,
The gloomy clouds, which ignorance or fear
Spread o'er the paths of Virtue, are diſpell'd,
Servility retires, and every heart
With public cares is warm'd; thy merchants hence,
Illuſtrious city, thou doſt raiſe to fame:
How many names of glory may'ſt thou trace
From earlieſt annals down to [e] Barnard's times!
And, O! if like that eloquence divine,
Which forth for Commerce, for Britannia's rights,
And her inſulted majeſty he pour'd,
Theſe humble meaſures flow'd, then too thy walls
Might undiſgrac'd reſound thy poet's name,
Who now all-fearful to thy praiſe attunes
His lyre, and pays his grateful ſong to thee,
Thy votary, O Commerce! Gracious Power,
Continue ſtill to hear my vows, and bleſs
My honourable induſtry, which courts

[e] Sir John Barnard.

No other ſmile but thine; for thou alone
Can'ſt wealth beſtow with independance crown'd:
Nor yet exclude contemplative repoſe,
But to my dwelling grant the ſolemn calm
Of learned leiſure, never to reject
The viſitation of the tuneful Maids,
Who ſeldom deign to leave their ſacred haunts,
And grace a mortal manſion; thou divide
With them my labours; pleaſure I reſign,
And, all devoted to my midnight lamp,
Ev'n now, when Albion o'er the foaming breaſt
Of groaning Tethys ſpreads its threat'ning fleets,
I graſp the ſounding ſhell, prepar'd to ſing
That hero's valour, who ſhall beſt confound
His injur'd country's foes: ev'n now I feel
Celeſtial fires deſcending on my breaſt,
Which prompt thy daring ſuppliant to explore,
Why, though deriv'd from Neptune, though rever'd
Among the nations, by the Gods endow'd,
Thou never yet from eldeſt times haſt found
One permanent abode; why oft expell'd
Thy favour'd ſeats, from clime to clime haſt borne
Thy wandering ſteps; why London late hath ſeen
(Thy lov'd, thy laſt retreat) deſponding Care
O'ercloud thy brow: O liſten, while the Muſe,
Th' immortal progeny of Jove, unfolds
The fatal cauſe. What time in Nyſa's cave
Th' Ethereal Train, in honour to thy ſire,
Shower'd on thy birth their blended gifts, the Power

Of

Of War was abſent; hence, unbleſs'd by Mars,
Thy ſons relinquiſh'd arms, on other arts
Intent, and ſtill to mercenary hands
The ſword entruſting, vainly deem'd, that wealth
Could purchaſe laſting ſafety, and protect
Unwarlike Freedom; hence the Alps in vain
Were paſs'd, their long impenetrable ſnows
And dreary torrents; ſwoln with Roman dead,
Aſtoniſh'd [f] Trebia overflow'd its banks
In vain, and deep-dy'd Traſimenus roll'd
Its crimſon waters; Cannæ's ſignal day
The fame alone of great Amilcar's ſon
Enlarg'd, while ſtill undiſciplin'd, diſmay'd,
Her head commercial Carthage bow'd at laſt
To military Rome: th' unalter'd will
Of heaven in every climate hath ordain'd,
And every age, that empire ſhall attend
The ſword, and ſteel ſhall ever conquer gold.
Then from thy ſufferings learn; th' auſpicious hour
Now ſmiles; our wary magiſtrates have arm'd
Our hands; thou, Goddeſs, animate our breaſts
To caſt inglorious indolence aſide,
That once again, in bright battalions rang'd,
Our thouſands and ten thouſands may be ſeen
Their country's only rampart, and the dread
Of wild Ambition. Mark the Swediſh hind;
He, on his native ſoil ſhould danger lour,

[f] Trebia, Traſimenus lacus, and Cannæ, famous for the victories gained by Annibal over the Romans.

Soon from the entrails of the dusky mine
Would rise to arms; and other fields and chiefs
With Helsingburg [g] and Steinboch soon would share
The admiration of the northern world:
Helvetia's hills behold, th' aërial seat
Of long-supported Liberty, who thence,
Securely resting on her faithful shield,
The warrior's corselet flaming on her breast,
Looks down with scorn on spacious realms, which groan
In servitude around her, and, her sword
With dauntless skill high brandishing, defies
The Austrian eagle, and imperious Gaul:
And O could those ill-fated shades arise
Whose valiant ranks along th' ensanguin'd dust
Of [h] Newbury lay crouded, they could tell,

[g] Helsingburg, a small town in Schonen, celebrated for the victory, which Count Steinboch gain'd over the Danes with an army, for the most part composed of Swedish peasants, who had never seen an enemy before: it is remarkable, that the defeated troops were as compleat a body of regular forces as any in all Europe.

[h] The London train'd-bands, and auxiliary regiments, (of whose inexperience of danger, or any kind of service, beyond the easy practice of their postures in the Artillery-Ground, had till then too cheap an estimation) behaved themselves to wonder; and were, in truth, the preservation of that army that day. For they stood as a bulwark and rampire to defend the rest; and when their wings of horse were scattered and dispersed, kept their ground so steadily, that though Prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to charge them, and endured the storm of small shot, he could make no impression on their stand of pikes; but was forced to wheel about. Clarend. book 7. pag. 347.

How

How their long-matchleſs cavalry, ſo oft
O'er hills of ſlain by ardent Rupert led,
Whoſe dreaded ſtandard Victory had wav'd,
Till then triumphant, there with nobleſt blood
From their gor'd ſquadrons dy'd the reſtive ſpear
Of London's firm militia, and reſign'd
The well-diſputed field; then, Goddeſs, ſay,
Shall we be now more timid, when behold,
The blackning ſtorm now gathers round our heads,
And England's angry Genius ſounds to arms?
For thee, remember, is the banner ſpread;
The naval tower to vindicate thy rights
Will ſweep the curling foam; the thundring bomb
Will roar, and ſtartle in the deepeſt grots
Old Nereus' daughters; with combuſtion ſtor'd
For thee our dire volcano's of the main,
Impregnated with horror, ſoon will pour
Their flaming ruin round each hoſtile fleet:
Thou then, great Goddeſs, ſummon all thy powers,
Arm all thy ſons, thy vaſſals, every heart
Inflame: and you, ye fear-diſclaiming race,
Ye mariners of Britain, choſen train
Of Liberty and Commerce, now no more
Secrete your generous valour; hear the call
Of injur'd Albion; to her foes preſent
Thoſe daring boſoms, which alike diſdain
The death-diſploding cannon, and the rage
Of warring tempeſts, mingling in their ſtrife

The ſeas and clouds: though long in ſilence huſh'd
Hath ſlept the Britiſh thunder; though the pride
Of weak Iberia hath forgot the roar;
Soon ſhall her ancient terrors be recall'd,
When your victorious ſhouts affright her ſhores:
None now ignobly will your warmth reſtrain,
Nor hazard more indignant Valour's curſe,
Their country's wrath, and Time's eternal ſcorn;
Then bid the Furies of Bellona wake,
And ſilver-mantled Peace with welcome ſteps
Anon ſhall viſit your triumphant iſle.
And that perpetual ſafety may poſſeſs
Our joyous fields, thou, Genius, who preſid'ſt
O'er this illuſtrious city, teach her ſons
To wield the noble inſtruments of war;
And let the great example ſoon extend
Through every province, till Britannia ſees
Her docile millions fill the martial plain.
Then, whatſoe'er our terrors now ſuggeſt
Of deſolation and th' invading ſword;
Though with his maſſy trident Neptune heav'd
A new-born iſthmus from the Britiſh deep,
And to its parent continent rejoin'd
Our chalky ſhore; though Mahomet could league
His powerful creſcent with the hoſtile Gaul,
And that new Cyrus of the conquer'd Eaſt,
Who now in trembling vaſſalage unites
The Ganges and Euphrates, could advance
With his auxiliar hoſt; our warlike youth

With

With [i] equal numbers, and with keener zeal
For children, parents, friends, for England fir'd,
Her fertile glebe, her wealthy towns, her laws,
Her liberty, her honour, ſhould ſuſtain
The dreadful onſet, and reſiſtleſs break
Th' immenſe array; thus ev'n the lighteſt thought
E'er to invade Britannia's calm repoſe
Muſt die the moment, that auſpicious Mars
Her ſons ſhall bleſs with diſcipline and arms;
That exil'd race, in ſuperſtition nurs'd,
The ſervile pupils of tyrannic Rome,
With diſtant gaze deſpairing ſhall behold
The guarded ſplendors of Britannia's crown;
Still from their abdicated ſway eſtrang'd,
With all th' attendance on deſpotic thrones,
Prieſts, ignorance, and bonds; with watchful ſtep
Gigantic Terror, ſtriding round our coaſt,
Shall ſhake his gorgon ægis, and the hearts
Of proudeſt kings appal; to other ſhores
Our angry fleets, when inſolence and wrongs
To arms awaken our vindictive power,
Shall bear the hideous waſte of ruthleſs war;
But liberty, ſecurity, and fame
Shall dwell for ever on our choſen plains.

[i] If the computation, which allots near two millions of fighting men to this kingdom may be relied on; it is not eaſy to conceive, how the united force of the whole world could aſſemble together, and ſubſiſt in an enemy's country greater numbers, than they would find oppoſed to them here.

MODERN VIRTUE. A SATIRE.

" LET venal annals boaſt a Cæſar's reign,
" When Rome's great genius hugg'd th' imperial chain,
" Freedom, gay Goddeſs, glads our happier iſle,
" Peace ſmooths her brow, as Plenty decks her ſmile;
" In every ſon th' inſpirer lives confeſs'd,
" And lights up all the patriot in his breaſt,
" Breathes the ſame ſocial warmth from ſoul to ſoul,
" Till widening Nature pants but for a whole.
" Shines he in life's meridian beam diſplay'd,
" Or gives his milder virtues to the ſhade;
" Glares the proud ribbon, nods the martial creſt,
" Or flaunt the tatters on his motly veſt;
" The godlike Briton fills his every ſphere
" Without a frailty, and without a fear.
" If rich: Bright image of the Eternal Mind,
" His opening boſom takes in all mankind;
" Where'er he comes, Health triumphs o'er Diſeaſe,
" Hope glads Deſpair, and Anguiſh melts to eaſe.
" Is Knowledge his? He lends his every art,
" To rear the genius, and to mould the heart;

" Fondly

"Fondly purſues with Boyle's auſpicious blaze
"Truth thro' her maſques, and Nature thro' her maze;
"To heedleſs Juſtice gives the well-poiz'd ſcale,
"And raiſes Commerce as he guides the ſail.
"Is power his orb? He lives but to defend;
"The ſtateſman only dignifies the friend:
"Diſarms Oppreſſion, prunes Ambition's wing,
"And ſtifles Faction ere ſhe darts her ſting;
"Enriches every coffer but his own,
"And ſhields the cottage while he guards the throne;
"Sees at his nod our plunder'd rights reſtor'd,
"And Europe trembling when he graſps the ſword."
Thus ſung the Muſe when Fancy vigorous ran,
And warm'd the youth, ere Reaſon form'd the man;
Life thro' Opinion's falſe perſpective ſeen,
With mimic beauty glow'd in every ſcene;
Dreſs'd in an angel's viſionary form,
Vice aim'd to pleaſe, and Madneſs learn'd to charm:
Rebellion ſoften'd into public love,
And each enormous villain ſeem'd a Jove,
Doubly deceiv'd, what Lelius could I find
To chaſe the phantoms, or to free the mind?
No Lelius came, no Seraph lent his aid,
No pitying Genius whiſper'd in the glade.
It chanc'd that Virtue heard th' untutor'd lays,
Still madly liſping with the voice of praiſe;
She heard, as thro' the mall the Goddeſs ſtray'd,
When the gay world had peopled all the ſhade,

Mild

Mild as the ſoftneſs of a vernal ſky,
Youth fluſh'd her cheek, while caution arm'd her eye;
Half looſe majeſtic flow'd her azure veſt,
A ſpotleſs ruby bled upon her breaſt,
At every ſtep kind Nature felt her power,
Soft blew the zephyr, and ſoft ſprung the flower;
A brighter freſhneſs hung on every green,
And a new Eden ſtole upon the ſcene,
  Awhile ſhe paus'd, and with a frown ſurvey'd
The mingling ſwarm of tatters and brocade.
When, as the Goddeſs wav'd th' ethereal ſpear,
Pride dropt her ſmile, and Artifice her tear;
Luſt threw aſide Religion's borrow'd grace,
A leering Satyr gloated in her face;
The prude, who fainted at the name of vice,
Now hugg'd the bottle, and now graſp'd the dice;
While tortur'd with the town's obſcener ail,
A Saint ſtood melting o'er a luſcious tale.
Here, the bribe glitter'd in a Courtier's hand;
There, the grave Patriot bellow'd——for a wand:
Full in his eye th' enchanting object hung,
And dying Freedom gaſp'd upon his tongue.
All who to Drury's deadly ſtews reſort,
Rob at the Change, or plunder in the Court,
Stripp'd of their maſques in wild diſorder roſe,
One with a halter, one without a noſe;
So oddly mix'd, ſo excellently ill,
Such motly ſpectres of Quevedo's hell;

They'd

They'd make a Jeſuit quit the abſolving chair,
A brothel tremble, and a conclave ſtare.
So when, where Bedlam's air-dreſs'd viſions dwell,
Tom ſtalks a ſtraw-crown'd monarch in his cell;
Juſt as he ſoars tremendous to a God,
And the wing'd thunder only waits his nod;
Shudd'ring, he hears his keeper's ſurly tone,
He hears, and horror wraps his tott'ring throne;
Crowns drop their luſtre, ſcepters loſe their awe,
Robes fly to rags, and empires ſink to ſtraw.
"Learn hence, fair Virtue cry'd, miſtaken youth,
"What various monſters wear the guiſe of Truth.
"Deck'd with each grace, immortal Merit ſhews
"The cheek that reddens, and the ſoul that glows;
"With heaven's own image beaming in his eye,
"Man ſmiles a dagger, and he looks a lie."
She ſpoke, and lo! the long-miſguided fire,
With every number, ſlept along the lyre.
Say then, my friend! whoſe virtues are my pride,
Whoſe candour ſoothes me, while thy precepts guide;
Thou whoſe quick eye has look'd thro' every age,
View'd every ſcene, and ſtudied every ſage;
Say, ſhall I praiſe th' eſcutcheon's proud record,
When a loſt Brutus ſinks into a lord?
With fulſome ſing-ſong after ſhadows run,
And ſtill miſtake a meteor for a ſun?
Shall I be ſilent, while from day to day
Bellville in bagnios revels life away;

Flagitious

Flagitious drops the majeſty of power
In the mad miſchiefs of the midnight hour;
No flatterer left to daub, no friend to aid,
By ſtrumpets plunder'd, and by wits betray'd?
Rous'd at the thought, keen Satire ſpurns her chain,
Springs with new life, and pants in every vein,
On Vice, impatient, wreaks her gathering rage,
And bids the tyrant bleed thro' all the page.
Broods ſhe in purple o'er the venal bar,
Struts in a gown, or blazes in a ſtar?
My pen ſhall trace her out from ſlave to ſlave,
Nor dares Oblivion ſcreen her in the grave.
Come then, ye ſelf-curs'd atheiſts! who degrade
Truth to a ſound, and ſcripture to a trade;
Ye bearded ſycophants! who life ſupply
With the warm ſun-ſhine of a minion's eye;
Ye French editions of a Britiſh fool;
Abroad a cypher, and at home a fool;
Ye———

FRIEND.

Are you mad? or have you loſt all grace?
What, write a ſatire when you want a place!
Hold, hold, for God's ſake, ere your friends beſtow
A few ſtout cords; and ſend you to Monro [k].
Would you avoid the pedant's learned ſneer?
Awe the pert fop? or ſooth a doctor's ear?

[k] Phyſician to Bethlem hoſpital.

Heedleſs

Heedleſs of all the phantom Siſters play'd,
From cloud-topt Pindus to the Latian ſhade,
Purſue deep Science thro' her mazy road,
Hunt every page, and crawl from code to code;
Where muſty ſyſtems ſolid joy diſpenſe,
And wiſe Smiglecius fills the void of ſenſe;
Or proud ſome more important truths to learn,
Dream o'er the labour'd gloſſaries of Hearn:
So you may live, approv'd, perhaps preferr'd,
Your wiſdom gravely meaſur'd by your beard.
But ſoft——Your aim's to civilize mankind,
To wake each ſocial virtue of the mind;
To ſtrip from Vice the gay diſguiſe of art,
And bare the villain lurking in the heart;
For this you graſp the ſalchion, ſpread the ſhield,
A pigmy Quixot in the 'liſted field.
Time was, when ſatire delicately nice
Cou'd rouze each virtue, and cou'd blaſt each vice;
Truth learn'd to pleaſe from Æſop's fabling tongue,
And Rome grew virtuous when her Ennius ſung.
Once loſt to goodneſs, but now loſt to ſhame,
We court diſhonour, as we laugh'd at fame;
With the ſame raptures plunge in every crime,
Tho' fifty Oldhams ſtab in every rhime.
A native ſin each vigorous Frenchman hails,
Politely partial to his own Verſailles.
There, toujours gai, he loves a looſer rein;
His Miſs, la Conteſſe, and his wine Champagne.

Britain,

Britain, more generous, every vice provides,
That Europe ripens, and that Aſia hides.
Th' enormous harveſt to our ports conſign'd
Loads every ſhip, and buſies every wind.
Soon a vaſt group of follies croud the ſhore,
As ſoon they cloy.—Fly hence, and fetch us more,
Quick ſpread th' impatient ſail from pole to pole,
Ye zephyrs, waft her! and ye oceans, roll!

Strike whom you pleaſe, and write whate'er you will,
Harpax will cheat, and Phillis hide ſpadille:
Hircus in brothels impotently toil,
And Verres murder merit with a ſmile:
Murder, ſecure of fame, for vulgar eyes
Will ſtill adore him, tho' the good deſpiſe;
At his rich coat and gorgeous chariot gaze,
And loſe at once th' aſſaſſin in the blaze.

E'en Young himſelf, diſtinguiſh'd, lov'd, careſt,
Mark'd by each eye, and hugg'd to every breaſt,
Sees he among this vicious race of men
One raſcal mended when he graſps the pen?
Still at the levee ſwarms the venal tribe,
And ſtill Corruption longs for every bribe.

AUTHOR.

What then? If Vice unbluſhing hears the ſage,
Shall Reaſon ſtruggle in the check of age?
Shall Truth ſhut up in complaiſance her heart,
Young lend a ſmile, and Satire drop her dart?

No,

No, let the fiend-like heads of Hydra grow,
Rife as he ftrikes, and double from the blow;
One honeft drudge our Hercules has found,
To fear the monfter fprouting in the wound.
Come, come, my friend; throw off this rifing frown,
Nor curb my paffions while you loofe your own.
Oft have you bid proud Thrafo mend his life,
Who kick'd a fifter, and who ftarv'd a wife;
Nay, infolently dar'd to tell her grace,
That virtue made a Goddefs, not the face.

FRIEND.

When brifker fpirits thro' the bofom roll,
And life's mad tumult rufhes on the foul;
Each beardlefs Cato wings with awkward zeal
His little arrow ere he learns to feel;
Fierce as old Appius, apes th' infulting air,
Th' uplifted eye-brow, and the lordly ftare.
So I——But now that age with fmooth career
Wafts cooler notions on my fixtieth year;
Loft to each hope, each vifionary joy,
Pomps that difturb, and vanities that cloy;
Heedlefs what wit's cafhier'd, what fool's careft,
Who lives an hero, or who lives a jeft,
I view the world's romantic fcene pafs by,
And ftifle all my anger in a figh.
While thus my days fteal on the wing of time,
Uuftain'd by wit, and guiltlefs of a rhyme,

Unnumber'd

Unnumber'd ills the dreaded Satirift wait,
Stand faft, Olympus! and fupport him, Fate!
See! frantic Dulnefs panting for the war,
Grafps the keen fpear, and mounts th' imperial car,
Shrill clarions found, attending Furies yell,
The length'ning echo howls thro' every cell;
Rous'd by th' infpiring clang, each mighty fon,
Congenial offfpring of his fire, the Hun,
Slides from his garret formidably gay,
An human vulture darting on his prey.
All they whofe fcience loads th' incumber'd ftall,
Who wound the wainfcot, and who daub the wall,
Luxurious rogues, that revel once a week
On the rich feaft of vifto's and ox-cheek;
From the foft lyric to the wretch who fqualls
The Mint-born ballad at the end of Paul's,
Around the flag in martial pomp appear,
Curl in the van, and Ofborne in the rear.
Th' impatient battle joins, and lo! at once
The fame wild phrenzy fpreads from dunce to dunce,
Fir'd with one foul, the fhirtlefs legions run,
One hurls a journal, and one darts a pun,
In fnip-fnap profe vindictive lightnings play,
And loud hoarfe thunders rattle thro' the lay.
Quick and more quick, the dire difcordant din
Rolls thro' each hall, and roars from inn to inn;
Wakes the loud horrors of the wrangling fchool,
Where Prifcian bawls, and fool re-echoes fool.

But ſhould you all the mighty mad defeat;
Who howl in Bedlam, and who ſtun the Fleet,
See the pert critic tremble to engage,
Wit blunt her ſting; and Envy drop her rage;
Yet can poor Innocence to mercy awe
Thoſe deadlier peſts, the harpies of the law?
Another P—n ſhields each worthleſs lord,
Arms the dread ſcourge, and whets th' avenging ſword,
Where he, great genius! throws his letter'd eye,
Truth ſtares a libel, Honeſty a lye,
Young embryo treaſons in each period ſhine,
And fancy'd poiſons kill thro' every line.
He ſure will curb you, tho' my precepts fail,
No ſtoic bullies when he ſmells a jail,
Conſcious that Wiſdom mounts her throne too late,
When doom'd to warble ethics thro' a grate.

AUTHOR.

Speak you of Claudius? Let the minion rave,
Say Pitt's a fool, and Lyttelton's a knave,
Call wit a libel, and yet never ſee
Swords in a brief, or poiſons in a fee.
But from my ſoul all ſcandal I deteſt,
Truth forms my numbers, as ſhe warms my breaſt,
Learns me to triumph o'er a pimp's diſdain,
And bids me laugh when Claudius threats the chain.
What, ſhall I ſtrive to dignify diſgrace?
And hail a patriot leſs'ning in a place?

Rear the proud trophy on a ſoldier's grave,
Who liv'd a coward, and who dy'd a ſlave?
Shall I on Vice's pageantry attend,
Croud to her car, and at her altars bend?
Rather, where Indian ſuns their rays unfold,
And ripen half Potoſi into gold,
Let me beneath a Spaniard's inſult pine,
Crouch to the ſcourge, and drudge from mine to mine.
Yet is there one, my friend! who ſhines confeſt
With all that heaven ſtamps upon the breaſt,
Who, nobly conſcious of paternal fire,
Feeds the bright blaze, and beams upon his ſire.
Mine be the taſk to ſwell from day to day
Th' applauding pæan, and the loud huzza;
To bid our ſons with filial fondneſs warm,
Eye every grace, and copy every charm;
Explore his purpoſe, catch his God-like rage,
And be the Maltons of another age.
My verſe, you ſay, will certainly offend.
Who? Not the man whom Virtue calls her friend.
Virtue, like gold, of genuine worth poſſeſs'd,
Shines out more radiant when ſhe dares the teſt.
Swords arm her boſom, racks her vigour raiſe,
And all hell's fires but give her ſtrength to blaze.
Can truth than hurt her? wound her ſacred ear?
Wake the keen pang? or rouze th' impaſſion'd tear?
'Tis true, the ſelfiſh mercenary train,
Whom honours libel, and whom titles ſtain,

Struck

Struck with the face in Satire's mirror ſhown,
Perhaps may tremble, and perhaps may frown.
Thanks to their rage, my days will happier flow,
And my joys brighten when a knave's my foe.

Yet think not that the Muſe, to ſpleen reſign'd,
Aims monſter-like to ſwallow up mankind,
Bids her keen ſhafts with baleful vengeance fly,
Taint the pure breeze, and poiſon half the ſky,
Or fond to ſpread deſtruction thro' the land,
Exults with Nero as ſhe lights the brand;
With honeſt warmth ſhe wiſhes to controul
Each deadly weed that bloſſoms on the ſoil,
That wildly vigorous mocks at Virtue's toil,
That choaks the ſcion, and that robs the ſoil;
But ſadly conſcious that juſt heaven has made
Each grace to border on its kindred ſhade;
That in the gem ſome ſullying vein will run,
And the diſk darken while there ſhines a ſun;
The melting image gains upon her heart,
And ſpite of juſtice half diſarms the dart.

Oh! let me then in Fable's empire rove,
Where talks the foreſt, and where laughs the grove;
Attend the Goddeſs thro' her airy ſcene,
Her pictures borrow, and her morals glean;
From wolves and lions draw th' inſtructive tale,
And hide the glare of reaſon in a veil.

Bleſt be the thought. Here guiltleſs of offence,
Diſpaſſion'd Truth may ſneer you into ſenſe;

On vicious men her whole artillery play,
Sublimely grave or whimſically gay;
Thro' the wide world in moral viſion range,
Glide thro' the Court, and ſteal upon the Change;
Luſt's rampant empreſs keenly-ey'd purſue,
Or opening in her Paphos, or the ſtew;
Lethargic Juſtice on the bench aſſail,
Edge the dull ſword, and poiſe th' unequal ſcale:
With Rabelais' jeſt diſplay th' officious knave,
In life's mad vortex whirling to the grave;
Point at Opinion's ſelf-embroider'd veſt,
Folly's gay plume, and Pride's enormous creſt,
Each frenzy mortify, each vice confound,
And Self-conviction only feel the wound.

A MONODY

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. MARGARET WOFFINGTON*.

BY JOHN HOOLE.

Flebilis indignos elegia ſolve capillos,
Ah! nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit. OVID.

THERE fled the fair, that all beholders charm'd,
Whoſe beauty fir'd us, and whoſe ſpirit warm'd!
In that ſad ſigh th' unwilling breath retir'd;
The grace, the glory of our ſcene expir'd!
And ſhall ſhe die, the Muſe's rites unpaid,
No grateful lays to deck her parting ſhade?
While on her bier the ſiſter Graces mourn,
And weeping Tragedy bedews her urn?
While Comedy her chearful vein foregoes,
And learns to melt with unaccuſtom'd woes?
Accept (O once admir'd) theſe artleſs lays;
Accept this mite of tributary praiſe.
Oh! could I paint thee with a maſter's hand,
And give thee all thy merits could demand;
Theſe lines ſhould glow with true poetic flame,
Bright as thy eyes, and faultleſs as thy frame!

* She died the 28th of March, 1760.

We mourn'd thy abſence, from our ſcene retir'd,
Each longing heart again thy charms deſir'd.
Yet ſtill, alas! we hop'd again to view
Our wiſh, our pleaſure, every joy in you!
Again thy looks might grace the tragic rage;
Again thy ſpirit fill the comic ſtage.
But lo! Diſeaſe hangs hovering o'er thy head;
Dire Danger ſtalks around thy frighted bed!
Thoſe ſtarry eyes have loſt each beamy ray,
And ghaſtly Sickneſs makes the fair her prey!
Death ſhuts the ſcene!—and all our hopes are o'er!
Thoſe beauties now muſt glad the ſight no more!
Say ye, whoſe features youthful luſtre bloom,
Whoſe lips exhale Arabia's ſoft perfume,
Muſt every gift in ſilent duſt be loſt,
No more the wiſh of man, or female boaſt?
Ah me! with time muſt every grace be fled!
She once the pride of all our ſtage, is dead!
Clos'd are thoſe eyes that every boſom fir'd!
Pale are thoſe charms that every heart inſpir'd!
Where now the mien with majeſty endu'd,
Which oft ſurpriz'd a raviſh'd audience view'd?
What forms too oft the tragic ſcene diſgrace?
What taſteleſs airs the comic ſcene deface?
Tho' tuneful Cibber ſtill the Muſe ſuſtains,
By nature fram'd to pour the moving ſtrains,
Tho' from her eye each heart-felt paſſion breaks,
And more than muſic warbles when ſhe ſpeaks;

When

When ſhall we view again, like thine, conjoin'd,
A form angelic, and a piercing mind?
Alike in every mimic ſcene to ſteer,
The gay, the grave, the lively, and ſevere.
Thy judgment ſaw, thy taſte each beauty caught,
No ſenſeleſs parrot of the poet's thought!
Thy boſom well cou'd heave with fancy'd woe,
And, from thy own, our tears were taught to flow.
Whene'er we view'd the Roman's ſullied fame,
Thy beauty juſtify'd the hero's ſhame.
What heart but then muſt Anthony approve,
And own the world was nobly loſt for love?
What ears cou'd hear in vain thy cauſe implor'd,
When ſoothing arts appeas'd thy angry lord?
Each tender breaſt the rough Ventidius blam'd,
And Egypt gain'd the ſigh Octavia claim'd.
Thy eloquence each huſh'd attention drew,
While Love uſurp'd the tears to Virtue due.
  See! Phædra riſe majeſtic o'er the ſcene,
What raging pangs diſtract the hapleſs Queen!
How does thy ſenſe the poet's thought refine,
Beam thro' each word, and brighten every line!
What nerve, what vigour glows in every part,
While claſſic lays appear with claſſic art!
  Who now can bid the proud Roxana riſe,
With love and anger ſparkling in her eyes?
Who now ſhall bid her breaſt in fury glow,
With all the ſemblance of imperial woe?

While the big paſſion, raging in her veins,
Would hold the maſter of the world in chains:
But Alexander now forſakes our coaſt:—
And, ah! Roxana is for ever loſt!

Nor leſs thy power when rigid Virtue fir'd
The chaſter bard, and purer thoughts inſpir'd:
What kneeling form appears with ſtedfaſt eyes,
Her boſom heaving with Devotion's ſighs!
Tis ſhe! In thee we own the mournful ſcene,
The fair reſemblance of a martyr[1] queen!
Here Guido's ſkill might mark thy ſpeaking frame,
And catch from thee the painter's magic flame!

Bleſt in each art! by nature form'd to pleaſe,
With beauty, ſenſe, with elegance and eaſe!
Whoſe piercing genius ſtudy'd all mankind,
All Shakeſpear opening to thy vigorous mind.
In every ſcene of comic humour known;
In ſprightly ſallies wit was all thy own.
Whether you ſeem'd the cit's more humble wife;
Or ſhone in Townly's higher ſphere of life:
Alike thy ſpirit knew each turn of wit;
And gave new force to all the poet writ.

Nor was thy worth to public ſcenes confin'd,
Thou knew'ſt the nobleſt feelings of the mind.
Thy ears were ever open to diſtreſs;
Thy ready hand was ever ſtretch'd to bleſs.

[1] Lady Jane Grey, Act V.

Thy

The breaſt humane for each unhappy felt ;
Thy heart for other's ſorrows prone to melt.
In vain did Envy point her ſcorpion ſting ;
In vain did Malice ſhake her blaſting wing :
Each generous breaſt diſdain'd th' unpleaſing tale,
And caſt o'er every fault Oblivion's veil :
Confeſs'd, thro' every cloud, thy deeds to ſhine,
And own'd the virtues of Compaſſion thine !
Saw mild Benevolence her wand diſcloſe,
And touch thy heart at every ſufferer's woes :
Saw meek-ey'd Charity thy ſteps attend,
And guide thy hand the wretched to befriend :
Go, aſk the breaſt that teems with mournful ſighs,
Who wip'd the ſorrows from Affliction's eyes :
Go, aſk the wretch, in want and ſickneſs laid,
Whoſe goodneſs brighten'd once Misfortune's ſhade.
O ! ſnatch me hence to lone ſequeſter'd ſcenes,
To arching grottoes and embowering greens !
Where ſcarce a ray can pierce the duſky ſhade,
Where ſcarce a footſtep marks the dewy glade :
Where pale-hu'd Grief her ſecret dwelling keeps ;
Where the chill blood with lazy horror creeps :
Where awful Silence ſpreads her noiſeleſs wing ;
And Sorrow's harp may tune the diſmal ſtring.——
Or rather lead my ſteps to diſtant plains,
Where cloſing earth enfolds her laſt remains ;
What time the moon diſplays her ſilver beam,
And groves and floods reflect the milder gleam :

When

When Contemplation broods with thought profound,
And fairy viſions haunt the ſylvan ground.
Lo! Fancy now, on airy pinions ſpread,
With ſcenes ideal hovers o'er my head.
I ſee! I ſee! more pleaſing themes ariſe:
What myſtic ſhadows flit before my eyes!
Imagination paints the ſacred grove,
The place devote to poeſy and love.
Here grateful poets hail the actors' name,
And pay the rightful tribute to their fame:
Around their tomb in generous ſorrow mourn,
And twine the laurels o'er the favour'd urn.
Methinks I view the laſt ſepulchral frame,
That bears inſcrib'd her much lamented name,
See! to my view the Drama's ſons diſplay'd:
What laurell'd phantoms croud the awful ſhade!
Firſt of the choir immortal Shakeſpear ſtands,
Whoſe ſearching eye all Nature's ſcene commands:
Bright in his look celeſtial ſpirit blooms,
And Genius o'er him waves his eagle plumes!
Next tender Southern, ſkill'd the ſoul to move;
And gentle Rowe, who tunes the breaſt to love.
The witty Congreve near with ſprightly mien;
And eaſy Farquhar with his lighter ſcene.
A numerous train of bards the ſhrine ſurround,
In tragic ſtrains and comic lore renown'd.
See! on the tomb yon penſive form appear,
Heave the full ſigh, and drop the frequent tear:

The

The garments loose her throbbing bosom show;
Dispers'd in air her careless tresses flow:
Round her pale brows a myrtle wreath is spread,
A gloomy cypress nods above her head.
See! while her hand a solemn lyre sustains,
Her trembling fingers wake the languid strains:
Soft to the touch the vocal strings reply,
And tune the notes to answer every sigh.
She, (child of Grief!) at human misery weeps;
At every death her dismal vigil keeps.
But chief she mourns, when Fate's relentless doom
Gives Wit and Beauty victims to the tomb,
Her lays their merits and their loss proclaim,
(A mournful task!) and Elegy her name!
Now bending o'er the pile she vents her moan,
And pours these sorrows o'er the senseless stone.
Ah! lost, for ever lost! the breath that warm'd,
The wit that ravish'd, and the mien that charm'd!
Here sleeps beneath, the fairest of the fair,
The Graces' darling, and the Muses' care!
Who once could fix a thousand gazers eyes,
Now cold and lifeless unregarded lies!
Who once the soul in bonds of love detain'd,
Now lies, alas! in stronger bonds restrain'd.
Pale Death has rifled all her pleasing store,
And Nature loaths a form so lov'd before!
Is there a fair whose features point the dart,
Charm the fix'd eye, and fascinate the heart?

Behold

Behold what ſoon diſarms the childiſh ſting,
And plucks the wanton plume from Cupid's wing!
Then boaſt no longer Wit's fallacious ſtore;
The ſweets of ſprightly Converſe boaſt no more:
Thoſe lips ſo fram'd to each perſuaſive art,
No more ſhall touch the ear, and win the heart!
Let Beauty here her tranſient bleſſing weigh,
Let humbled Wit her pitying tribute pay:
Let Female Grace vouchſafe the kindly tear:
Wit, Grace, and Beauty, once were center'd here!
Ye ſacred Bards, who tun'd the drama's lays,
Here pay your incenſe of diſtinguiſh'd praiſe!
She gave your ſcenes with every grace to ſhine:
She gave new feeling to the nervous line;
Her beauties well ſupply'd each tragic lore,
And ſhew'd thoſe charms your Muſe but feign'd before!
Here round her ſhrine your votive wreaths beſtow,
Around her ſhrine eternal greens ſhall grow.
The liſtning groves ſhall learn her name to ſing,
And zephyrs waſt it on their downy wing;
Till every ſhade theſe doleful ſounds return,
And every gale in ſullen dirges mourn!
  The mourner ends with ſighs; her hand ſhe rears,
And with her veſture dries the guſhing tears.
Behold each Bard the ſoft contagion feels;
From every eye the trickling ſorrow ſteals.
See! Nature's ſon lament her hapleſs doom,
See! Shakeſpear bending o'er his favourite's tomb.

Each

Each ſhadowy form declines his awful head,
And ſcatters roſes on the funeral bed.
In ſlow proceſſion round the ſhrine they move,
And chant her praiſes thro' the tuneful grove.
  Farewel the glory of a wondering age,
The ſecond Oldfield of a ſinking ſtage!
Farewel the boaſt and envy of thy kind,
A female ſoftneſs, and a manly mind!
Long as the Muſes can record thy praiſe,
Thy fame ſhall laſt to far ſucceeding days:
While wit ſurvives, thy name ſhall ever bloom,
And wreaths unfading flouriſh round thy tomb!
  While thus I tune the plaintive notes in vain,
For her, whoſe worth demands a nobler ſtrain;
Lo! to my thought ſome warning Genius cries:
Attempt not, ſwain, beyond thy flight to riſe.
Shall thy weak ſkill attempt to raiſe our woes,
Or paint a loſs that every boſom knows?
'Tis not thy lays can teach us tears to ſhed;
What eye refrains!—for Woffington is dead!

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[illegible]

Spring

SPRING. A PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY MR. THO. BREREWOOD.

WHEN approach'd by the fair dewy fingers of Spring,
Swelling buds open firſt, and look gay,
When the birds on the boughs by their mates ſit and ſing,
And are danc'd by the breeze on each ſpray:

When gently deſcending, the rain in ſoft ſhowers,
With its moiſture refreſhes the ground,
And the drops, as they hang on the plants and the flowers,
Like rich gems beam a luſtre around:

When the wood-pigeons ſit on the branches and cooe,
And the cuckow proclaims with his voice,
That Nature marks this for the ſeaſon to wooe,
And for all that can love to rejoice:

In a cottage at night may I ſpend all my time,
In the fields and the meadows all day,
With a maiden whoſe charms are as yet in their prime,
Young as April, and blooming as May:

When

When the lark with ſhrill notes ſings aloft in the morn,
May my faireſt and I ſweetly wake,
View the far diſtant hills which the ſun beams adorn,
Then ariſe, and our cottage forſake.

When the ſun ſhines ſo warm, that my charmer and I
May recline on the turf without fear,
Let us there all vain thoughts and ambition defy,
While we breathe the firſt ſweets of the year.

Be this ſpot on a hill, and a ſpring from its ſide
Bubble out and tranſparently flow,
Creep gently along in meanders, and glide
Thro' the vale ſtrow'd with daiſies below.

While the bee flies from bloſſom to bloſſom and ſips,
And the violets their ſweetneſs impart,
Let me hang on her neck, and ſo taſte from her lips
The rich cordial that thrills to the heart.

While the dove ſits lamenting the loſs of its mate,
Which the fowler has caught in his ſnares,
May we think ourſelves bleſt that it is not our fate,
To endure ſuch an abſence as theirs.

May I liſten to all her ſoft, tender, ſweet notes
When ſhe ſings, and no ſounds interfere,
But the warbling of birds, which in ſtretching their throats
Are at ſtrife to be louder than her.

When

When the daiſies, and cowſlips, and primroſes blow,
  And checquer the meads, and the lawns,
May we ſee bounding there the ſwift light-footed doe,
  And purſue with our eye the young fawns.

When the lapwings juſt fledg'd o'er the turf take their run,
  And the firſtlings are all at their play,
And the harmleſs young lambs ſkip about in the ſun,
  Let us then be as frolic as they.

When I talk of my love, ſhould I chance to eſpy,
  That ſhe ſeems to miſtruſt what I ſay,
By a tear that is ready to fall from her eye,
  With my lips let me wipe it away.

If we ſit, or we walk, may I caſt round my eyes,
  And let no ſingle beauty eſcape,
But ſee none to create ſo much love, and ſurprize,
  As her eyes, and her face, and her ſhape.

Thus each day let us paſs, till the buds turn to leaves,
  And the meadows around us are mown,
When the laſs on the ſweet-ſmelling haycock receives,
  What ſhe afterwards bluſhes to own.

When evenings grow cool, and the flowers hang their heads
  With the dew, then no longer we'll roam,
With my arm round her waiſt, in a path thro' the meads,
  Let us haſten to find our way home.

When

When the birds are at rooſt, with their heads in their wings,
Each one by the ſide of its mate;
When a miſt that ariſes a drowſineſs brings
Upon all but the owl and the bat:

When ſoft reſt is requir'd, and the ſtars lend their light;
And all Nature lies quiet and ſtill;
When no ſound breaks the ſacred repoſe of the night,
But, at diſtance, the clack of a mill:

With peace for our pillow, and free from all noiſe,
So that voices in whiſpers are known,
Let us give and receive all the nameleſs ſoft joys,
That are mus'd on by lovers alone.

S U M M E R.

BY THE SAME.

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees,
With my fair one as blooming as May,
Undiſturb'dby all ſound, but the ſighs of the breeze,
Let me paſs the hot noon of the day.

When the ſun leſs intenſe to the weſtward inclines,
  For the meadows the groves we'll forſake,
And ſee the rays dance as inverted he ſhines,
  On the face of ſome river or lake.

Where my faireſt and I, on its verge as we paſs,
  For 'tis ſhe that muſt ſtill be my theme,
Our two ſhadows may view on the watery glaſs,
  While the fiſh are at play in the ſtream.

May the herds ceaſe to lowe, and the lambkins to bleat,
  When ſhe ſings me ſome amorous ſtrain;
All be ſilent, and huſht, unleſs Echo repeat
  The kind words, and ſweet ſounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
  Hand in hand as we ſauntering ſtray,
Let the moon's ſilver beams thro' the leaves give us light,
  Juſt direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the Nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
  As thus gently and ſlowly we move;
And let no ſingle thought be expreſs'd in our talk,
  But of friendſhip improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with theſe rural delights,
  And ſecure from Ambition's alarms,
Soft love and repoſe ſhall divide all our nights,
  And each morning ſhall riſe with new charms.

AUTUMN.

A U T U M N.

BY THE SAME.

THO' the ſeaſons muſt alter, ah! yet let me find,
What all muſt confeſs to be rare,
A female ſtill chearful, and faithful and kind,
The bleſſings of Autumn to ſhare.

Let one ſide of our cottage, a flouriſhing vine
Overſpread with its branches, and ſhade;
Whoſe cluſters appear more tranſparent and fine,
As its leaves are beginning to fade.

When the fruit makes the branches bend down with its load,
In our orchard ſurrounded with pales;
In a bed of clean ſtraw let our apples be ſtow'd,
For a tart that in Winter regales.

When the vapours that riſe from the earth in the morn
Seem to hang on its ſurface like ſmoak,
'Till diſpers'd by the ſun that gilds over the corn,
Within doors let us prattle and joke.

But when we ſee clear all the hues of the leaves,
  And at work in the fields are all hands,
Some in reaping the wheat, others binding the ſheaves,
  Let us careleſly ſtroll o'er the lands.

How pleaſing the ſight of the toiling they make,
  To collect what kind Nature has ſent!
Heaven grant we may not of their labour partake;
  But, oh! give us their happy content.

And ſometimes on a bank, under ſhade, by a brook,
  Let us ſilently ſit at our eaſe,
And there gaze on the ſtream, till the fiſh on the hook
  Struggles hard to procure its releaſe.

And now when the huſbandman ſings harveſt home,
  And the corn's all got into the houſe;
When the long wiſh'd-for time of their meeting is come,
  To frolic, and feaſt, and carouſe;

When the leaves from the trees are begun to be ſhed,
  And are leaving the branches all bare,
Either ſtrew'd at the roots, ſhrivell'd, wither'd, and dead,
  Or elſe blown to and fro in the air;

When the ways are ſo miry, that bogs they might ſeem,
  And the axle-tree's ready to break,
While the waggoner whiſtles in ſtopping his team,
  And then claps the poor jades on the neck;

In the morning let's follow the cry of the hounds,
  Or the fearful young covey beſet;
Which tho' ſkulking in ſtubble, and weeds on the grounds,
  Are becoming a prey to the net.

Let's enjoy all the pleaſure retirement affords,
  Still amus'd with theſe innocent ſports,
Nor once envy the pomp of fine ladies and lords,
  With their grand entertainments in courts.

In the evening when lovers are leaning on ſtiles,
  Deep engag'd in ſome amorous chat,
And 'tis very well known by his grin, and her ſmiles,
  What they both have a mind to be at;

To our dwelling, tho' homely, well-pleas'd to repair,
  Let our mutual endearments revive,
And let no ſingle action, or look, but declare,
  How contented and happy we live.

Should ideas ariſe that may ruffle the ſoul,
  Let ſoft muſic the phantoms remove,
For 'tis harmony only has force to controul,
  And unite all the paſſions in love.

With her eyes but half open, her cap all awry,
  When the laſs is preparing for bed,
And the ſleepy dull clown, who ſits nodding juſt by,
  Sometimes rouzes and ſcratches his head.

In the night when 'tis cloudy, and rainy, and dark,
  And the labourers ſnore as they lie,
Not a noiſe to diſturb us, unleſs a dog bark
  In the farm, or the village hard by.

At the time of ſweet reſt, and of quiet like this,
  Ere our eyes are clos'd up in their lids,
Let us welcome the ſeaſon, and taſte of that bliſs,
  Which the ſun-ſhine and daylight forbids.

W I N T E R.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be ſeen,
  And the meadows their beauty have loſt;
When Nature's diſrob'd of her mantle of green,
  And the ſtreams are faſt bound with the froſt.

While the peaſant inactive ſtands ſhivering with cold,
  As bleak the winds northerly blow;
And the innocent flocks run for warmth to the fold,
  With their fleeces beſprinkled with ſnow.

In

In the yard, when the cattle are fodder'd with ſtraw,
  And they ſend forth their breath like a ſteam:
And the neat looking dairy-maid ſees ſhe muſt thaw
  Flakes of ice that ſhe finds in the cream.

When the ſweet country-maiden, as freſh as a roſe,
  As ſhe careleſsly trips often ſlides,
And the ruſtics laugh loud, if by falling ſhe ſhews
  All the charms that her modeſty hides.

When the lads and the laſſes for company join'd,
  In a croud round the embers are met;
Talk of fairies, and witches, that ride on the wind,
  And of ghoſts, till they're all in a ſweat.

Heaven grant in this ſeaſon it may be my lot,
  With the nymph whom I love and admire;
While the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,
  I may thither in ſafety retire:

Where in neatneſs and quiet——and free from ſurprize,
  We may live and no hardſhips endure;
Nor feel any turbulent paſſions ariſe,
  But ſuch as each other may cure.

THE CURE OF SAUL.

A SACRED ODE.

BY DR. BROWN.

"VENGEANCE, arise from thy infernal bed;
"And pour thy tempest on his guilty head!"
Thus heaven's decree, in thunder's sound,
Shook the dark abyss profound.—
The unchain'd Furies come!
Pale Melancholy stalks from hell:
Th' abortive offspring of her womb,
Despair and Anguish, round her yell.
By sleepless terror Saul possess'd,
Deep feels the fiend within his tortur'd breast.
Midnight spectres round him howl:
Before his eyes
In troops they rise;
And seas of horror overwhelm his soul.

Haste! to Jesse's son repair:
He best can sweep the lyre,
Wake the solemn-sounding air,
And lead the vocal choir:

On

On every ſtring ſoft-breathing raptures dwell,
To ſooth the throbbings of the troubled breaſt;
Whoſe magic voice can bid the tides of paſſion ſwell,
Or lull the raging ſtorm to reſt.

Sunk on his couch, and loathing day,
The heaven-forſaken monarch lay:
To the ſad couch the ſhepherd now drew near;
And, while th' obedient choir ſtood round,
Prepar'd to catch the ſoul-commanding ſound,
He dropp'd a generous tear.——
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart!
For lo, thy poiſon'd arrows drink his heart!

The mighty ſong from chaos roſe.—
Around his throne the formleſs atoms ſleep,
And drowzy Darkneſs broods upon the deep.—
Confuſion, wake!
Bid the realms of Chaos ſhake!
Rouſe him from his dread repoſe!
Hark! loud Diſcord breaks her chain:
The hoſtile atoms claſh with deafning roar:
Her hoarſe voice thunders thro' the drear domain;
And kindles every element to war.—
"Tumult ceaſe!
"Sink to peace!
"Let there be light!"—th' Almighty ſaid:
And lo, the radiant Sun,
Flaming from his orient bed,
His endleſs courſe begun.

See,

See, the twinkling Pleiads rise:
Thy ſtar, Orion, reddens in the ſkies:
While ſlow around the northern plain,
Arcturus wheels his nightly wane.

Thy glories, too, refulgent moon, he ſung;
Thy myſtic mazes, and thy changeful ray:
O faireſt of the ſtarry throng!
Thy ſolemn orb of light
Guides the triumphant carr of Night
O'er ſilver clouds, and ſheds a ſofter day!

Ye planets, and each circling conſtellation,
In ſongs harmonious tell your generation!
Oh, while yon radiant Seraph turns the ſpheres,
And on the ſtedfaſt pole-ſtar ſtands ſublime;
Wheel your rounds
To heavenly ſounds;
And ſooth his ſong-enchanted ears
With your celeſtial chime.

In dumb ſurprize the liſtning monarch lay;
(His woe ſuſpended by ſweet Muſic's ſway;)
And awe ſtruck, with upliſted eye
Mus'd on the new-born wonders of the ſky.

Lead the ſoothing verſe along:
He feels, he feels the power of ſong —
Ocean haſtens to his bed:
The lab'ring mountain rears his rock-encumber'd head:

Down

Down his ſteep and ſhaggy ſide
The torrent rolls his thundering tide ;
Then ſmooth and clear, along the fertile plain
Winds his majeſtic waters to the diſtant main.
Flocks and herds the hills adorn :
The lark, high-ſoaring, hails the morn.
And while along yon crimſon-clouded ſteep
The ſlow ſun ſteals into the golden deep,
Hark ! the ſolemn Nightingale
Warbles to the woodland dale.
See, deſcending angels ſhower
Heaven's own bliſs on Eden's bower :
Peace on Nature's lap repoſes ;
Pleaſure ſtrews her guiltleſs roſes :
Joys divine in circles move,
Link'd with Innocence and Love.
Hail, happy Love, with Innocence combin'd !
All hail, ye ſinleſs parents of mankind !

They paus'd :—the monarch, proſtrate on his bed,
Submiſſive, bow'd his head ;
Ador'd the works of boundleſs power divine :
Then, anguiſh-ſtruck, he cry'd (and ſmote his breaſt),
Why, why is peace the welcome gueſt
Of every heart but mine !

Now let the ſolemn numbers flow,
'Till he feel that guilt is woe.

Heaven!

Heavenly harp, in mournful ſtrain
O'er yon weeping bower complain :
What ſounds of bitter pangs I hear !
What lamentations wound mine ear !
In vain, devoted pair, theſe tears ye ſhed :
Peace with Innocence is fled.
The meſſengers of Grace depart :
Death glares, and ſhakes the dreadful dart !
Ah, whither fly ye, by yourſelves abhorr'd,
To ſhun that frowning cherub's fiery ſword ?—
Lo !
Haplefs, haplefs pair,
Goaded by deſpair,
Forlorn, thro' deſart climes they go !
Wake, my lyre ! can Pity ſleep,
When heaven is mov'd, and angels weep !
Flow, ye melting numbers, flow ;
Till he feel, that guilt is woe.—

The king, with pride, and ſhame, and anguiſh torn,
Shot fury from his eyes, and ſcorn.
The glowing youth,
Bold in truth,
(So ſtill ſhould Virtue guilty power engage)
With brow undaunted met his rage.
See, his cheek kindles into generous fire :
Stern, he bends him o'er his lyre ;
And, while the doom of guilt he ſings,
Shakes horror from the tortur'd ſtrings.

What

What ſounds of terror and diſtreſs
Rend yon howling wilderneſs!
The dreadful thunders ſound;
The forked lightnings flaſh along the ground.
Why yawns that deep'ning gulph below?—
'Tis for heaven's rebellious foe:—
Fly, ye ſons of Iſrael, fly,
Who dwells in Korah's guilty tents muſt die!—
They ſink!—Have mercy, Lord!—Their cries
In dreadful tumult riſe!
Hark, from the deep their loud laments I hear!
They leſſen now, and leſſen on the ear!
Now, deſtruction's ſtrife is o'er!
The countleſs hoſt
For ever loſt!
The gulph is clos'd!—Their cries are heard no more!—

But oh, my lyre, what accents can relate
Sinful man's appointed fate!
He comes, he comes! th' avenging God!
Clouds and darkneſs round him roll:
Tremble, earth! Ye mountains, nod!
He bows the ſkies, and ſhakes the pole.
The gloomy banners of his wrath unfurl'd,
He calls the floods, to drown a guilty world:
"Ruin, lift thy baleful head;
"Rouze the guilty world from ſleep:
"Lead up thy billows from their cavern'd bed,
"And burſt the rocks that chain thee in the deep.—

Now,

Now, th' impetuous torrents rise;
The hoarse-ascending deluge roars:
Down rush the cataracts from the skies;
The swelling waves o'erwhelm the shores.
Just, O God, is thy decree!
Shall guilty man contend with thee!
Lo, Hate and Envy, sea-entomb'd,
And Rage with Lust in ruin sleep;
And scoffing Luxury is doom'd
To glut the vast and ravenous deep!—
In vain from Fate th' astonish'd remnant flies:—
"Shrink, ye rocks! Ye oceans, rise!"—
The tottering cliffs no more the floods controul;
Sea following sea ingulphs the ball:
O'er the sunk hills the watry mountains roll,
And wide Destruction swallows all:
Now fiercer let th' impassion'd numbers glow:
Swell the song, ye mighty choir!
Wing your dreadful darts with fire!
Hear me, monarch!—Guilt is woe!—

Thus while the frowning shepherd pour'd along
The deep impetuous torrent of his song;
Saul, stung by dire despair,
Gnash'd his teeth, and tore his hair:
From his blood, by horror chill'd,
A cold and agonizing sweat distill'd:
Then, foaming with unutterable smart.
He aim'd a dagger at his heart.
His watchful train prevent the blow;
And call each lenient balm to sooth his frantic woe:

But pleas'd, the ſhepherd now beheld
His pride by heaven's own terrors quell'd:
Then bade his potent lyre controul
The mighty ſtorm that rent his ſoul.

Ceaſe your cares: the body's pain
A ſweet relief may find:
But gums and lenient balms are vain,
To heal the wounded mind.
Come, fair Repentance, from the ſkies,
O ſainted maid, with upcaſt eyes!
Deſcend, in thy celeſtial ſhrowd,
Veſted in a weeping cloud!
Holy guide, deſcend, and bring
Mercy from th' Eternal King!
To his ſoul your beams impart,
And whiſper comfort to his heart!—

They come: O King, thine ear incline!
Liſten to their voice divine:
Their voice ſhall every pang compoſe,
To gentle ſorrow ſooth thy woes;
Till each pure wiſh to heaven ſhall ſoar,
And Peace return, to part no more!

Behold, obedient to their great command,
The lifted dagger quits his trembling hand:
Smooth'd is his brow, where ſullen Care
And furrow'd Horror couch'd with fell Deſpair:

No

No more his eyes with fury glow ;
But heavenly grief ſucceeds to hell-born woe.—
See, the ſigns of grace appear :
See the ſoft relenting tear,
Trickling at ſweet Mercy's call !
Catch it, angels, ere it fall !
And let the heart-ſent offering riſe,
Heaven's beſt-accepted ſacrifice !—

Yet, yet again ?—Ah ſee, the pang returns !
Again with inward fire his heaving boſom burns !
Now, ſhepherd, wake a mightier ſtrain ;
Search the deep, heart-rending pain ;
Till the large floods of ſorrow roll,
And quench the tortures of his ſoul.
Almighty Lord, accept his pang ſincere !
Let heavenly hope diſpel each dark temptation !
And, while he pours the penitential tear,
O viſit him with thy ſalvation !——

Stoop from heaven, ye raptur'd throng :
Sink, ye ſwelling tides of ſong !
For lo ! diſſolv'd by Muſic's melting power,
Celeſtial Sorrow rolls her plenteous ſhower,
O'er his wan cheek the colours riſe ;
And beams of comfort brighten in his eyes.
Happy king, thy woes are o'er !
Thy God ſhall wound thy ſoul no more :
The pitying Father of mankind
Meets the pure-returning mind.

No more ſhall black Deſpair afflict his ſoul:
Each gentler ſound, ye ſhepherds, now combine:
Sweetly let the numbers roll:
Sooth him into hope divine.
Now lowly let the ruſtic meaſure glide,
To quell the dark remains of ſelf-conſuming Pride;
Till Nature's home-ſprung bleſſings he confeſs,
And own that calm content is happineſs.——
Ye woods and lakes, ye cliffs and mountains!
Haunted grots, and living fountains!
Liſten to your ſhepherd's lay,
Whoſe artleſs carols cloſe the day.
Bounding kids around him throng;
The ſteep rock echoes back his ſong:
While all unſeen to mortal eye,
Sliding down the evening ſky,
Holy Peace, tho' born above,
Daughter of Innocence and Love,
Quits her throne and manſion bright,
Her crown of ſtars, and robe of light,
Serene, in gentle ſmiles array'd,
To dwell beneath his palm-tree ſhade.
Hail, meek angel! awful gueſt!
Still pour thy radiance o'er my breaſt!
Pride and Hate in courts may ſhine:
The ſhepherd's calm and blameleſs tent is thine!—

Softly, ſoftly breathe your numbers;
And wrap his weary'd ſoul in ſlumbers!

Gentle Sleep, becalm his breaſt,
And cloſe his eyes in healing reſt !
Deſcend, celeſtial viſions, ye who wait,
God's miniſtring powers, at heaven's eternal gate !
Ye, who nightly vigils keep,
And rule the ſilent realms of Sleep,
Exalt the juſt to joys refin'd,
And plunge in woe the guilty mind ;
Deſcend !—Oh, waft him to the ſkies,
And open all heaven's glories to his eyes !
Beyond yon ſtarry roof, by ſeraphs trod,
Where Light's unclouded fountains blaze ;
Where choirs immortal hymn their God,
Intranc'd in extaſy of ceaſeleſs praiſe.
Angels, heal his anguiſh !
Your harps and voices join !
His grief to bliſs ſhall languiſh,
When ſooth'd by ſounds divine.

Behold, with dawning joy each feature glows !
See, the bliſsful tear o'erflows !—
The fiend is fled !—Let muſic's rapture riſe :
Now Harmony, thy every nerve employ :
Shake the dome, and pierce the ſkies :
Wake him, wake him into joy.—

What power can every Paſſion's throne controul ?
What power can boaſt the charm divine,
To ſtill the tempeſt of the ſoul ?
Celeſtial Harmony, that mighty charm is thine !

She,

She, heavenly-born, came down to viſit earth,
When from God's eternal throne
The beam of all-creative Wiſdom ſhone,
And ſpake fair Order into birth.
At Wiſdom's call ſhe robed yon glittering ſkies,
Attun'd the ſpheres, and taught conſenting orbs to riſe.
Angels wrapt in wonder ſtood,
And ſaw that all was fair, and all was good.
'Twas then, ye ſons of God, in bright array
Ye ſhouted o'er creation's day:
Then kindling into joy,
The morning ſtars together ſung:
And thro'the vaſt ethereal ſky
Seraphic hymns and loud hoſannahs rung.

AN INSCRIPTION WRITTEN AT A FAVOURITE RETIREMENT IN MAY MDCCLVIII.

BY THE SAME.

WHAT tho' nor glittering turret riſe,
Nor Splendor gild theſe mild retreats?
Yet Nature here, in modeſt guiſe,
Diſplays her unambitious ſweets:

Along each gentle ſwelling lawn
She ſtrays, with ruſtic garlands crown'd;
And wakes the flowers at early dawn,
To fling their boſom'd fragrance round.

Here teach thy votary, blameleſs guide,
To trace thy ſtep ſerene and free;
To ſhun the toilſome heights of Pride,
Thro' theſe calm ſcenes to follow thee.

His ſilent walk do thou adorn,
O'er theſe green ſlopes, from tumult far;
Whether he greet the bluſhing morn,
Or welcome up yon evening ſtar:

Intent, while thro' theſe tufted bowers
Thy generous whiſpers charm his ear,
To hail from heaven thy kindred powers,
And meet fair Peace and Freedom here.

Yet prompt to ſtay his country's fall,
The ſtormy city's war he'll join,
When thou, and Truth, and Freedom call:
For Freedom's voice, and Truth's, are thine.

AN ELEGY

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF AN ABBEY.

BY MR. JERNINGHAM.

WHERE ſighs the zephyr to yon lonely tree,
A ſolemn grove its leafy mantle ſpread;
Where bend yon mouldering turrets o'er the ſea,
A venerable dome once rear'd its head.

The ſolemn grove, the venerable dome,
Were erſt frequented by a numerous train,
Ev'n chaſte as they who Dian's mountain roam,
But not ſubjected to her gentle reign:

Far other Goddeſs did this train obey,
Far other temples, other altars rais'd,
Far other meaning breath'd their choral lay,
Far other incenſe on their altars blaz'd;

Veil'd Superſtition wak'd her magic ſound,
Bad Albion's ſons forſake the ſplendid court,
Forſake Amuſement's variegated round,
And to her ſable ſtandard here reſort:

Alas! obſequious to her ſtern command,
A ſullen-penſive brotherhood they came,
Refus'd to trace the paths by Nature plann'd,
And raz'd from Glory's page their ancient name.

Nor theſe alone were found incloiſter'd here,
Here alſo dwelt the ſimple-minded ſwain,
Who, wrapt in ſloth, dream'd out the lazy year,
While Induſtry ſat weeping on the plain!

The many temples riſing fair to view,
Which towering Superſtition call'd her own,
With hand unerring radiant Truth o'erthrew,
And ſnatch'd th' Impoſtor from her tinſell'd throne.

On yon duſt-levell'd ſpire the crafty maid,
With indignation brooding in her breaſt,
Sits gloomily.—Her votaries all are fled,
Her lamps extinguiſh'd, and her rites ſuppreſs'd:

Within her hand a vacant ſtring ſhe holds,
That once connected many a hallow'd bead:
The blotted ſcroll the other hand unfolds,
Contain'd the maxims of her ſlighted creed.

Couch'd at her feet, behold a mouldering ſhrine,
(Of various relics once the dread abode)
Where runs the ſpider o'er his treacherous line,
Where lurks the beetle, and the loathſome toad:

On

On Darkneſs' wing now ſails the midnight hour,
  When for the grateful ſound of choral prayer,
The ſhrieking owl from yon diſparted tower,
  With notes of horror wakes her trembling ear.

Of human grandeur mark the fleeting day,
  How frail each purpoſe, and each wiſh how vain!
The ſtrong-built domes, the cloiſter'd fanes decay,
  And ruin hovers round the deſert ſcene.

The path that leads to yonder ſhatter'd pile
  Is now perplex'd with many a ſordid brier:
No crowd is ſeen within the ſacred iſle,
  The Sabbath mourns its long-deſerted choir.

The golden crozier blended with the duſt
  In horrid folds the ſerpent claſps around:
The powerful image, and the ſainted buſt,
  Defam'd, unhallow'd, preſs the weedy ground.

Not diſtant far, her gold encircled tower
  Th' inviolable dame majeſtic rear'd,
On whoſe dread altar breath'd ſome hidden power,
  By Terror guarded, and by kings rever'd:

To which aſylum ev'n th' aſſaſſin came,
  (His hand audacious ſtill imbru'd with gore)
The boon of full impunity to claim,
  While feeble Juſtice wept her baffled lore.

So Truth at once diſſolv'd the mental chain,
  And baniſh'd Error from th' enlighten'd ſhore;
So clos'd at length the buſy-acted ſcene,
  The curtain dropp'd, and Folly's maſk was o'er.

The gladſome Ceres rais'd her drooping head,
  (While yellow harveſts gilt the ſmiling plain)
Beheld a youthful band around her ſpread,
  With ſickles arm'd to reap the bearded grain.

The warrior then beneath the trailing veſt,
  The peaceful caſſock, or the drowſy cowl,
No longer quench'd the flame within his breaſt,
  Or lull'd the purpoſe of his daring ſoul:

But ruſh'd undaunted to the doubtful war,
  Purſu'd where Glory led the radiant way,
Till Neptune riſing on his coral car,
  Reſign'd his watry world to Britain's ſway.

The virgin fair by venal guardians doom'd,
  By error prompted, or ſubdu'd by force,
No more in cloiſters drear their days conſum'd:
  Like flow'rets ſtrew'd around the ſenſeleſs corſe.

Triumphant Hymen hail'd the bliſsful hour,
  And ſaw a white-rob'd ſocial train approach,
For whom the Pleaſures dreſs'd the happy bower,
  And ſcatter'd roſes o'er the deſtin'd couch.

Still

Still other bleſſings from this change appear'd ;
No injur'd family did then behold
On loitering monks its native wealth conferr'd,
Nor ſpacious altars cover'd with its gold.

Full many trod that crooked path to Fame,
Yet from her hand receiv'd no laſting meed,
She from her annals rends their fading name,
And gives to Infamy the worthleſs deed :

But Vengeance ſome purſu'd with dire diſgrace,
Purſu'd beyond the circle of its ſphere,
Even to the cemetery's dark receſs,
Nor ſpar'd them ſleeping on the peaceful bier.

Beſide the ſpreading of that ſombrous yew,
Where yawns with hideous chaſm the vaulted cave,
Preſenting to the fix'd aſtoniſh'd view
The profanation of a rifled grave :

The large-endowing Rufus lay inurn'd,
With many a ſculptur'd image on his ſhrine,
That ſmit with ſorrow o'er his aſhes mourn'd,
The Siſter-Graces, and the tuneful Nine.

Imprinted on Tradition's ſtoried leaf
Is found (to this ſepulchral ſpot confin'd)
A terror-breathing tale that wins belief,
And oft repeated by the neighb'ring hind !

From

From where yon mountain ſhades the dreary plain,
  Attracted by the ſcent of human blood,
A troop of wolves voracious ſcour'd amain,
  And at this charnel-vault requir'd their ſood.

When, horrid to relate! they burſt the tomb,
  And ſwift deſcending to the deepeſt ſhade,
Up-tore the ſhrowded tenant from its womb,
  And o'er the mangled corſe relentleſs prey'd.

The paly ſtars with dim reluctant light,
  Like tapers glimmer'd on their orgies foul,
While gliding ſpectres ſcream'd with wild affright,
  Re-echo'd loud by their tremendous howl!

Ah! what avail'd the ſolemn-moving hearſe?
  The ſable mantled cars, the funeral throng?
Grav'd on his monument the ſoothing verſe?
  The prieſts, the torches, and the choral ſong?

Misjudging wretch! while thou with hand profuſe
  Thy treaſures on this manſion didſt entail,
And pour down riches on the vow'd recluſe,
  Thine orphan babes partook a ſcanty meal.

Thy widow'd fair, her cheek bedew'd with tears,
  Approach'd with ſuppliant knee the cloiſter-gate,
There oft diſclos'd in vain her poignant cares,
  Returning ſtill to weep her hapleſs fate.

IL LATTE: AN ELEGY.

BY THE SAME.

YE fair, for whom the hands of Hymen weave
The nuptial wreath to deck your virgin brow,
While pleaſing pains the conſcious boſom heave,
And on the kindling cheeks the bluſhes glow:

Whoſe ſpotleſs ſoul contains the better dower,
Whoſe life unſtain'd full many virtues vouch,
For whom now Venus frames the fragrant bower,
And ſcatters roſes o'er th' expecting couch:

To you I ſing.—Ah! ere the raptur'd youth
With trembling hand removes the jealous veil,
Where, long regardleſs of the vows of truth,
Unſocial coyneſs ſtamp'd th' ungrateful ſeal,

A low the Poet round your flowing hair,
Cull'd from an humble vale, a wreath to twine,
To Beauty's altar with the Loves repair,
And wake the lute beſide that living ſhrine:

That

That ſacred ſhrine! where female virtue glows,
  Where ev'n the Graces all their treaſures bring,
And where the lilly, temper'd with the roſe,
  Harmonious contraſt! breathes an Eden ſpring;

That ſhrine! where Nature with preſaging aim,
  What time her friendly aid Lucina brings,
The ſnowy nectar pours, delightful ſtream!
  Where fluttering Cupids dip their purple wings:

For you who bear a Mother's ſacred name,
  Whoſe cradled offſpring, in lamenting ſtrain,
With artleſs eloquence aſſerts his claim,
  The boon of Nature, but aſſerts in vain.

Say why, illuſtrious daughters of the great,
  Lives not the nurſling at your tender breaſt?
By you protected in his frail eſtate?
  By you attended, and by you careſs'd?

To foreign hands, alas! can you reſign
  The parent's taſk, the mother's pleaſing care?
To foreign hands the ſmiling babe conſign?
  While Nature ſtarts, and Hymen ſheds a tear.

When, 'mid the poliſh'd circle ye rejoice,
  Or roving join fantaſtic Pleaſure's train,
Unheard perchance the nurſling lifts his voice,
  His tears unnotic'd, and unſooth'd his pain.

Ah!

Ah! what avails the coral crown'd with gold?
  In heedleſs infancy the title vain?
The colours gay the purfled ſcarfs unfold?
  The ſplendid nurſery, and th' attendant train?

Far better hadſt thou firſt beheld the light,
  Beneath the rafter of ſome roof obſcure!
There in a mother's eye to read delight,
  And in her cradling arm repos'd ſecure.—

No wonder, ſhould Hygeia, bliſsful Queen!
  Her wonted ſalutary gifts recall,
While haggard Pain applies his dagger keen,
  And o'er the cradle Death unfolds his pall.

The flowret raviſh'd from its native air,
  And bid to flouriſh in a foreign vale,
Does it not oft elude the planter's care,
  And breathe its dying odours on the gale?

For you, ye plighted fair, when Hymen crowns
  With tender offspring your unſhaken love,
Behold them not with Rigour's chilling frowns,
  Nor from your ſight unfeelingly remove.

Unſway'd by Faſhion's dull unſeemly jeſt,
  Still to the boſom let your infant cling,
There banquet oft, an ever-welcome gueſt,
  Unblam'd inebriate at that healthful ſpring.

With

With fond ſolicitude each pain aſſwage,
  Explain the look, awake the ready ſmile,
Unfeign'd attachment ſo ſhall you engage,
  To crown with gratitude maternal toil:

So ſhall your daughters in affliction's day,
  When o'er your form the gloom of age ſhall ſpread,
With lenient converſe chaſe the hours away,
  And ſoothe with Duty's hand the widow'd bed:

Approach, compaſſionate, the voice of Grief,
  And whiſper patience to the cloſing ear;
From Comfort's chalice miniſter relief,
  And in the potion drop a filial tear.

So ſhall your ſons, when beauty is no more,
  When fades the languid luſtre in your eye,
When Flattery ſhuns her dulcet notes to pour,
  The want of beauty, and of praiſe, ſupply.

Ev'n from the wreathe that decks the warrior's brow,
  Some choſen leaves your peaceful walks ſhall ſtrew.
And ev'n the flowers on claſſic ground that blow,
  Shall all unfold their choiceſt ſweets for you.

When to th' embattled hoſt the trumpet blows,
  While at the call fair Albion's gallant train
Dare to the field their triple-number'd foes,
  And chaſe them ſpeeding o'er the frighten'd plain:

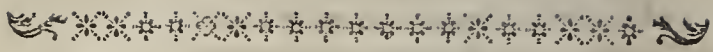
The

The mother kindles at the glorious thought,
And to her ſon's renown adjoins her name;
For, at the nurturing breaſt, the hero caught
The love of virtue, and the love of fame.

Or in the ſenate when Britannia's cauſe
With generous themes inſpires the glowing mind,
While liſtening Freedom grateful looks applauſe,
Pale Slavery drops her chain, and ſculks behind:

With conſcious joy the tender parent fraught,
Still to her ſon's renown adjoins her name;
For, at the nurturing breaſt, the patriot caught
The love of virtue, and the love of fame.

THE



THE TRANSFORMATION OF LYCON AND EUPHORMIUS.

BY WILLIAM MELMOTH, ESQ.

DEEM not, ye plaintive crew, that ſuffer wrong,
Ne thou, O man! who deal'ſt the tort, miſween
The equal gods, who heaven's ſky-manſions throng,
(Though viewleſs to the eyne they diſtant ſheen)
Spectators reckleſs of our actions been.
Turning the volumes of grave ſages old,
Where auncient ſaws in fable may be ſeen,
This truth I fond in paynim tale enroll'd;
Which for enſample drad my muſe ſhall here unfold.

What time Arcadia's flowret vallies fam'd,
Pelaſgus, firſt of monarchs old, obey'd,
There wonn'd a wight, and Lycon was he nam'd,
Unaw'd by conſcience, of no gods afraid,
Ne juſtice rul'd his heart, ne mercy ſway'd.
Some held him kin to that abhorred race,
Which heaven's high towers with mad emprize aſſay'd;
And ſome his cruel lynage did ytrace
From fell Erynnis join'd in Pluto's dire embrace.

But

But he, perdy, far other tale did feign,
And claim'd alliaunce with the Sifters nine;
And deem'd himfelf (what deems not pride fo vain?)
The peerlefs paragon of wit divine.
Vaunting that every foe fhould rue its tine.
Right doughty wight! yet, footh, withouten fmart,
All powerlefs fell the lofel's fhafts malign:
'Tis Vertue's arm to wield Wit's heavenly dart,
Point its keen barb with force, and fend it to the heart.

One only impe he had, Paftora hight,
Whofe fweet amenaunce pleas'd each fhepherd's eye:
Yet pleas'd fhe not bafe Lycon's evil fpright,
Tho blame in her not Malice moten fpy,
Clear, without fpot, as fummer's cloudlefs fky.
Hence poets feign'd, Lycean Pan array'd
In Lycon's form, enflam'd with paffion high,
Deceiv'd her mother in the covert glade,
And from the ftoln embrace yfprong the heavenly maid.

Thus fabling they: mean while the damfel fair
A fhepherd youth remark'd, as o'er the plain
She deffly pac'd elong fo debonair:
Seem'd fhe as one of Dian's chofen train.
Full many a fond excufe he knew to feign,
In fweet converfe to while with her the day,
'Till love unwares his heedlefs heart did gain.
Nor dempt he, fimple wight, no mortal may
The blinded god once harbour'd, when he lift, forefay.

Now much he meditates if yet to ſpeak,
And now reſolves his paſſion to conceal:
But ſure, quoth he, my ſeely heart will break,
If aye I ſmother what I aye muſt feel.
At length by hope embolden'd to reveal,
The labouring ſecret dropped from his tong.
Whiles frequent ſingults check'd his faltring tale,
In modeſt wiſe her head Paſtora hong:
For never maid more chaſte inſpired ſhepherd's ſong.

What needs me to recount in long detail
The tender parley which theſe lemans held:
How oft he vowed his love her ne'er ſhould fail;
How oft the ſtream from forth her eyne outwell'd,
Doubting if conſtancy yet ever dwell'd
In heart of youthful wight: ſuffice to know,
Each riſing doubt he in her boſome quell'd.
So parted they, more blithſome both, I trow:
For rankling love conceal'd, me ſeems, is deadly woe.

Eſtſoons to Lycon ſwiſt the youth did fare,
(Lagg'd ever youth when Cupid urg'd his way?)
And ſtraight his gentle purpoſe did declare,
And ſooth the mount'naunce of his herds diſplay.
Ne Lycon meant his ſuiten to foreſay:
"Be thine, Paſtora (quoth the maſker ſly)
"And twice two thouſand ſheep her dower ſhall pay."
Beat then the lover's heart with joyaunce high;
Ne dempt that aught his bliſs could now betray,
Ne gueſs'd that foul deceit in Lycon's boſome lay.

So

So forth he yode to ſeek his reverend ſire;
(The good Euphormius ſhepherds him did call)
How ſweet Paſtora did his boſome fire,
Her worth, her promis'd flocks, he tolden all.
Ah ! nere, my ſon, let Lycon thee enthrall,
(Reply'd the ſage, in wiſe experience old)
" Smooth is his tongue, but full of guile withal,
" In promiſe faithleſs, and in vaunting bold :
" Ne ever lamb of his will bleat within thy fold."

With words prophetick thus Euphormius ſpake :
And fact confirm'd what wiſdom thus foretold :
Full many a mean deviſe did Lycon make,
The hoped day of ſpouſal to with-hold,
Framing new trains when nought mote ſerve his old.
Nath'leſs he vow'd, Cyllene, cloud-topt hill,
Should ſooner down the lowly delve be roll'd,
Than he his plighted promiſe nould fulfill :
But when, perdy, or where, the caitive ſayen nill.

Whiles thus the tedious ſuns had journey'd round,
Ne ought mote now the lovers hearts divide,
Ne truſt was there, ne truth in Lycon ſound ;
The maid with matron Juno for her guide,
The youth by Concord led, in ſecret hy'd
To Hymen's ſacred fane : the honeſt deed
Each god approv'd, and cloſe the bands were ty'd.
Certes, till happier moments ſhould ſucceed,
No prying eyne they ween'd their emprize mote areed.

But prying eyne of Lycon 'twas in vain
(Right practick in diſguiſe) to hope beware.
He trac'd their covert ſteps to Hymen's fane,
And joy'd to find them in his long-laid ſnare.
Algates, in ſemblaunt ire, he 'gan to ſwear,
And roaren loud as in diſpleaſaunce high;
Then out he hurlen forth his daughter fair,
Forelore, the houſeleſs child of Miſery,
Expos'd to killing cold, and pinching penury.

Ah! whither now ſhall ſad Paſtora wend,
To want abandon'd and by wrongs oppreſt?
Who ſhall the wretched out-caſt's teen befriend?
Live's mercy then, if not in parent's breaſt?
At Jove's right hand, to Jove for ever dear,
Yes, MERCY lives, the gentle goddeſs bleſt,
Aye at his feet ſhe pleads the cauſe diſtreſt,
To Sorrow's plaints ſhe turns his equal ear,
And wafts to heaven's ſtar-throne fair Vertue's ſilent tear.

'Twas SHE that bade Euphormius quell each thought
That well mote riſe to check his generous aid.
Tho high the torts which Lycon him had wrought,
Tho few the flocks his humble paſtures fed,
When as he learn'd Paſtora's hapleſs ſted,
His breaſt humane with wonted pity flows.
He op'd his gates, the naked exile led
Beneath his roof: a decent drapet throws
O'er her cold limbs, and ſooths her undeſerved woes.

Now

Now loud-tongu'd Rumor bruited round the tale:
Th' aſtonied ſwains uneath could credence give,
That in Arcadia's unambitious vale
A faytor falſe as Lycon e'er did live.
But Jove (who in high heaven does mortals prive,
And every deed in golden ballance weighs)
To earth his flaming charret baden drive,
And down deſcends, enwrapt in peerleſs blaze,
To deal forth guerdon meet to good and evil ways.

Where Eurymmanthus, crown'd with many a wood,
His ſilver ſtream through daſy'd vales does lead,
Stretch'd on the flowery marge, in recklefs mood,
Proud Lycon ſought by charm of jocund reed
To lull the dire remoſe of tortious deed.
Him Jove accoſts, in reverend ſemblaunce dight
Of good Euphormius, and 'gan mild areed
Of compact oft confirm'd, of fay yplight,
Of nature's tender tye, of ſacred rule of right.

With loſty eyne, half loth to look ſo low,
Him Lycon view'd, and with ſwol'n ſurquedry
'Ganrudely treat his ſacred eld: When now
Forth ſtood the God confeſt that rules the ſky,
In ſudden ſheen of drad divinity:
"And know, falſe man," the lord of thunders ſaid,
"Not unobſerv'd by heaven's all-perſent eye
"Thy cruel deeds: nor ſhall be unappay'd:
"Go! be in form that beſt beſeems thy thews, array'd."

Whiles yet he ſpake th' affrayed trembling wight
Tranſmew'd to blatant beaſt, with hideous howl
Ruſh'd headlong forth, in well-deſerved plight,
Mid'ſt dragons, minotaurs, and fiends to prowl,
A wolf in form as erſt a wolf in ſoul!
To Pholoë, foreſt wild, he hy'd away,
The horrid haunt of ſavage monſters foul.
There helpleſs innocence is ſtill his prey,
Thief of the bleating fold, and ſhepherd's dire diſmay.

Tho Jove to good Euphormius' cot did wend,
Where peaceful dwelt the man of virtue high,
Each ſhepherd's praiſe and eke each ſhepherd's friend,
In every act of ſweet humanity.
Him Jove approaching in mild majeſty,
Greeted all hail! then bade him join the throng
Of glit'rand lights that gild the glowing ſky.
There ſhepherds nightly view his orb yhong,
Where bright he ſhines eterne, the brighteſt ſtars emong.

A TALE.

A TALE.

BY THE SAME.

ERE Saturn's ſons were yet diſgrac'd,
And heathen gods were all the taſte,
Full oft (we read) 'twas Jove's high will
To take the air on Ida's hill.
It chanc'd, as once with ſerious ken
He view'd from thence the ways of men,
He ſaw (and pity touch'd his breaſt)
The world by three foul fiends poſſeſt.
Pale Diſcord there, and Folly vain,
With haggard Vice, upheld their reign.
Then forth he ſent his ſummons high,
And call'd a ſenate of the ſky.
Round as the winged orders preſt,
Jove thus his ſacred mind expreſt:
" Say, which of all this ſhining train
" Will Virtue's conflict hard ſuſtain?
" For ſee! ſhe drooping takes her flight,
" While not a God ſupports her right."
He paus'd—when from amidſt the ſky,
Wit, Innocence, and Harmony,

With one united zeal arose,
The triple tyrants to oppose.
That instant from the realms of day,
With generous speed, they took their way:
To Britain's isle direct their car,
And enter'd with the evening star.
Beside the road a mansion stood,
Defended by a circling wood.
Hither, disguis'd, their steps they bend,
In hopes, perchance, to find a friend.
Nor vain their hope; for records say,
Worth ne'er from thence was turn'd away.
They urge the traveller's common chance,
And every piteous plea advance:
The artful tale that Wit had feign'd,
Admittance easy soon obtain'd.
The dame who own'd, adorn'd the place;
Three blooming daughters added grace.
The first, with gentlest manners blest
And temper sweet, each heart possest;
Who view'd her, catch'd the tender flame;
And soft Amasia was her name.
In sprightly sense and polish'd air,
What maid with Mira might compare?
While Lucia's eyes, and Lucia's lyre,
Did unresisted love inspire.
Imagine now the table clear,
And mirth in every face appear;

The

The ſong, the tale, the jeſt went round,
The riddle dark, the trick profound.
Thus each admiring and admir'd,
The hoſts and gueſts at length retir'd;
When Wit thus ſpake her ſiſter-train:
"Faith, friends, our errand is but vain—
"Quick let us meaſure back the ſky;
"Theſe nymphs alone may well ſupply
"Wit, Innocence, and Harmony."

EPISTLE TO SAPPHO[k].

BY THE SAME.

WHILE yet no amorous youths around thee bow,
Nor flattering verſe conveys the faithleſs vow;
To graver notes will Sappho's ſoul attend,
And ere ſhe hears the lover, hear the friend?
Let maids leſs bleſs'd employ their meaner arts
To reign proud tyrants o'er unnumber'd hearts;
May Sappho learn (for nobler triumphs born)
Thoſe little conqueſts of her ſex to ſcorn.
To form thy boſom to each generous deed;
To plant thy mind with every uſeful ſeed;

[k] A young lady of thirteen years of age.

Be

Be theſe thy arts: nor ſpare the grateful toil,
Where Nature's hand has bleſs'd the happy ſoil.
So ſhalt thou know, with pleaſing ſkill, to blend
The lovely miſtreſs, and inſtructive friend:
So ſhalt thou know, when unrelenting Time
Shall ſpoil thoſe charms yet opening to their prime,
To eaſe the loſs of Beauty's tranſient flower,
While reaſon keeps what rapture gave before,
And oh! while Wit, fair dawning, ſpreads its ray,
Serenely riſing to a glorious day,
To hail the growing luſtre oft be mine,
Thou early favourite of the ſacred Nine!
And ſhall the Muſe with blameleſs boaſt pretend,
In Youth's gay bloom that Sappho call'd me friend:
That urg'd by me ſhe ſhunn'd the dangerous way,
Where heedleſs maids in endleſs error ſtray;
That ſcorning ſoon her ſex's idler art,
Fair Praiſe inſpir'd and Virtue warm'd her heart;
That fond to reach the diſtant paths of Fame,
I taught her infant genius where to aim?
Thus when the feather'd choir firſt tempt the ſky,
And all unſkill'd their feeble pinions try,
Th' experienc'd ſire preſcribes th' adventurous height,
Guides the young wing, and pleas'd attends the flight.

VERSES

VERSES WRITTEN IN LONDON ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

EARLY the ſun his radiant axle guides,
Sloping his ſteep courſe with the Pleiades;
On every fragant briar the flowret blooms,
And the wild woodlark chaunts his early ſong
In heedleſs carol, to the ſmiling Hours,
Young Maia's feſtive train; their wavy dance
She jocund leads, and from her horn profuſe
Pours roſes, violets, woodbines, eglantine,
Fair Flora's dower, what time the youthful Spring
Claſp'd her all-bluſhing in a ſecret bower:
Thou the mild offspring of their warm embrace,
Oh lovely May, and theſe thine heritage,
Which bounteous thou with an unſparing hand
Scatterest to all, tho' chief thou lov'ſt to deck
The village Phæbe's brow, and fairer far
Is thy adorning, than the ſunny glow
Of eaſtern ruby, ill aſſorted grace
That decks not but deforms the faded cheek
Of the wan courtier.—Far more raptur'd greets
Fancy's fond ear, where'er ſhe muſing roves,
Thy minſtrelſy untutor'd, than the trill
And languid deſcant of Italian art.

Yet

Yet ſings the woodlark, and the hawthorn blooms,
Unheard the ſong, the fragrance unperceiv'd
By me; tho' not among the ſons of men
There lives, who liſtens with more raptur'd ear,
Or feels more lively, Nature's varied boon.
For tho' confined in the city walls
To dwell with buſy Care, and with him watch
The call of Intereſt, is my lot affix'd,
Far happier ſeems to me the peaſant's life,
Who treads the furrow labouring, yet his mind
Vacant of thought can muſe of what around
Strikes his rapt eye with beauty, or his ear
With pleaſing ſong, than if a golden mine
Diſclos'd its boundleſs treaſures, but condemn'd
My carking thought, to watch the gilded miſchief,
And cunningly deviſe t' increaſe the ſtore.
  Bereav'd of every pleaſure Nature gives
Each plain but heart-felt rapture, what is wealth?
In artful mazes we but toil for bliſs:
True Pleaſure dwells not in the arched roof,
She ſings no carol to the midnight ball;
The loaded board and Bacchus' fluſtering draughts
In vain are tryed, for ah ſhe dwells not there!
She dwells not with ſuch rude ill-manner'd mirth,
But ſeeks with her mild ſiſter Chearfulneſs
The ruſſet plain; there prompts the virgin's ſong,
Breathes the briſk carol from the cottage reed,
Strikes the quick tabor glad with echoing pulſe,

And

And animates the village holiday.
Nor then alone but when his honeſt labour
Calls the good ſwain, ſhe early joins his ſtep;
For the mild radiance of the opening dawn
Gives to her ſight the wide-extended view
Of hill and dale, hoar foreſt, flowering heath,
Rich harveſt, verdant meadow, where the ſtream
Rolls far its plenteous wave, and all around
To Pleaſure's ear moſt grateful, thouſand birds,
Lark, linnet, thruſh, and thou of all the grove
The ſweeteſt ſongſter, witching Philomel,
Art riſing to hymn out thy morning ſong.
Thou too at eve, when all his labour o'er,
He at the furrow's end unyokes the ſteer,
And ſeeks with weary ſtep his reſt at home,
Doſt with thy tranquil warble ſooth his ſoul;
Beſt prelude to the peace his cottage gives.
There at the door his numerous offspring watch
Their ſire's return, and eager run to tell
The tyding of his coming, while his dame
Plys her glad evening care, to deck the board
With food uncater'd by the baleful hand
Of Luxury, and fitteſt to refreſh
His toil-worn ſpirit, and her ſmiling welcome
Gives its due reliſh to the ſimple fare.
What are to this the proud luxurious feaſts,
The City's boaſt, where diſtant colonies
Of Eaſt and Weſtern worlds muſt be explor'd

To ſtrike the ſickly palate's feeble ſenſe
With faint delight? Oh what are all our joys,
Ev'n thoſe of monarchs, to the thouſand beauties
That ſtrike the rapt ſoul of the rudeſt hind?
Can Art's beſt mimicry their form expreſs?
Can rich Loraine mix up the glowing tint
Bright as Aurora? Can he form a ſhade
To ſtrike the fancy with a gloom ſo ſolemn
As every thicket, copſe, or ſecret grove
At twilight hour affords? Can ſavage Roſa
With aught ſo wildly noble fill the mind,
As where the ancient oak in the wood's depth
Has ſhed his leafy honours, and around
The woodman with fell axe has lower'd the pride
Of many a tall tree, he deſerted ſtands
A barren trunk, while rude winds howl around,
And dreary torrents laſh his naked limbs?
Mean time the rifting thunder dreadful roars,
The livid lightnings flaſh, and elements
Conjoin'd pour out their wrath, as if to rend
The lone, defenceleſs, aged, feeble oak.
Such ſcenes awake Imagination's powers
To ſacred thought; ſuch Roſa cannot paint;
'Tis his alone to ſhow the ſhatter'd trunk:
The winds keen howl, the thunder's aweful ſound,
The dreary rain, theſe mock the pencil's power.
Can aught of artful muſic ſooth the ſoul
To ſo ſerene a temper, as the flight

Of

Of ſongſters in the grove ? or can thy ſtrain,
(Tho' there Enchantment ſtrike the magic chord)
Oh matchleſs Purcell ! with ſo wild a charm
Tranſport the mind, as when at duſk of eve
From the hoar battlement the lone owl's cry
Pierces the awful ſilence, and the fall'n
And time-worn hollow towers convey the ſound
To the near wood, where in the devious path
Retired Fancy wanders, on her ear
The faint ſound murmurs, ſtrait the diſtant low
Of unyok'd heifer, ſtrait the cuckow's note
She hears, while oft the roving Zephyr's tread
Ruſtling alarms her, and the meaſur'd ſtep
Of the ſlow ſteer, who bruſhes thro' the thicket
To ſeek his food, beats duly regular.
As on he wanders, thro' the opening bower
He ſees the pale moon riſing ; clouds on clouds
Pil'd mountainous awhile obſtruct her beam,
Till labouring thence ſhe lifts her ſilver brow,
And pours her full ray on the ivy'd ſteeple.
And hark its bell now tolls the minute knell,
And thro' the churchway path the ſurplic'd prieſt
Walks ſlowly forward, while the ſnowy pall
Covering the relicks of ſome love-lorn virgin,
Paſſes with aweful pace along the glade.
Wrapt harmoniſt ! what tho' thy ſtudied chord
Can ſound the ſlow knell, echo to the note
The lone owl utters, breathe the heifer's low,

And

And mark the funeral ſtep with pauſing cadence,
And muſic can no more, where is the tower
O'er-hung with ivy, ſeen by the pale moon,
Whoſe faint beam glimmers on the ſnowy pall?
Where are the rocky clouds from whence ſhe breaks?
Yet do not theſe, does not the ruſtling breeze
And the ſlow-treading heifer add delight?
Do not accordant ſenſes join to fill
The muſing mind with calm and holy rapture?
And can the city by the utmoſt force
Of mimic art, with labour'd imitation
So ſoothe the ſoul, or give ſuch mild delight?
  Ye gay and ſportive votaries of Joy,
Forgive the thoughtleſs Muſe, for ſhe has led me
To talk of pleaſing horror, and the bliſs
Which melancholy gives; ye cannot form
Amid the circling follies, which urge on
Your laughing hours, perhaps ye cannot form
A notion of theſe joys, and with a taunt
Of high contempt, deſpiſe the wild enthuſiaſm.
Yet on the well-trod ſtage have ye not ſeen
Your Roſcius fired by the natural bard,
Immortal Shakeſpear, wander the bleak heath
A poor and outcaſt king, nor blame the winds
Whoſe keen tooth ſeiz'd his age, nor chide the elements
For their unkindneſs, while the ruffling ſtorm
Tore the proud garments from his ſhivering trunk,
And the fierce lightnings fir'd his maddening brain?

Have

Have you not then felt horror ? Would ye not
Change your rich pomp for Edgar's naked hovel,
And be the poor king's hoſt ?—Have ye not wiſh'd
To range with Roſaline the foreſt wild,
Or live beneath the ſhelter of ſome oak
With melancholy Jaques ? Tell me, why then
Ye look'd on wealth and greatneſs with a ſcorn ?
Why but becauſe the Muſe with native ſtrength
Pour'd truth on Fancy's eye ; and yet the Muſe
Can only boaſt in the moſt warm deſcription
A faint reſemblance, nor has ſhe ſuch force
To ſtrike as Nature has. Alas ! her voice
But wakes remembrance of our abſent bliſs ;
And when ſhe ſings of incenſe-breathing Spring,
She wafts no odours to the longing ſenſe,
But only prompts our ſigh, that we muſt dwell
Confin'd in the full city, diſtant far
From every ſcene of rural innocence,
Whoſe woods, whoſe ſhades, whoſe ſtorms, or funerals,
Ev'n raiſe a ſenſe of pleaſure. What can then
The brighter views, what can the happy hour
That gives the bluſhing bride to the true arms
Of faithful Damon ? Thenot pleas'd revives
To former youth, and gayeſt of the day
Provokes the village mirth, and from his ſoul
Enjoys the ſpouſal of his boy, who ſcarce
(O'ercome with rapture) can himſelf conduct
His feſtival ; and but for buſy Thenot,

Each due right were neglected, and the guests
Unbidden by the tabor's ſprightly ſound
To ſeek the green, and in the jocund dance
Each maiden with her youth breathe ſport and joy,
Save the ſtill happier pair : their greater bliſs
Fills the whole breaſt, nor leaves a vacant place
For lighter mirth. Unnotic'd ſpeaks the pipe :
They hear no ſound but the endearing voice
Of mutual love : they do not mark the joy
In every face around; for their attention,
Fix'd on each other, watches every glance
Diffuſed by the lovely languid eye.
Well may all elſe be unperceiv'd ; for who
Obſerves bright Heſper dart his pointed ray,
When riding high mild Cynthia pours ſerene
Her ſteady beam. Oh tell me, when compar'd
To theſe true raptures, what's the ſhadowy pomp
And artful ſplendour, when the golden ſhackles
Fetter two venal ſouls, by intereſt call'd
To proſtitute the ever-hallow'd rites
Of holy Hymen ?—On the village plain
Nought joins but mutual love ; no ſordid motive
Promotes unnatural union ; but the flame
That firſt united glows throughout their life
A ſteady fire, whoſe unabating light
Gilds Youth with rapture, and with foſtering warmth
Chears drooping Age, who ſmiling ſees his offspring
Step forth to claim the joys he celebrates

With

With annual hoſpitality, what time
The circling year brings round the happy day
That ſhower'd down bleſſings on him, when it gave
To his fond vow the willing Sylvia's charms,
Then blooming young, now hoary, but her heart
Unchang'd by time ; for ſtill the ſame deſire
To add to every joy, or fondly ſoothe
Each woe he feels, reigns unabated there.
His ſocial roof receives each welcome gueſt,
His open heart diffuſes round his pleaſure,
And each plain neighbour with unfeigning tongue
Congratulates his bliſs. Who would not leave
For theſe ſincere delights, the pageant pomp,
The rich array, the courtly formal ſpeech
Unutter'd by the heart, the birth-day wiſh
Of venal hirelings, who for intereſt croud
The glittering levee ? Happier (Reaſon deems
View'd in each light) the ſimple village life,
Than all that courtiers wiſh, or kings beſtow.
Kings cannot give a boon of ſo rich price
As are thy ſmiles, O lovely Health ! and thou
Shunning the tumult, to the rural green
Retireſt. There, not built by mortal hand,
Stands on the ſouthern ſlope of the freſh hill
Thy temple, from whoſe roof the eglantine
And vagrant woodbine hang ; and at the porch
Sits thy good-prieſteſs Eaſe, adminiſtring
To Exerciſe (who up the gentle ſlope

By moderate footing moves) the holy cup
Of Temperance, nymph of the cryſtal ſpring
That dwells beneath thy altar; and from thence
Warbling with gentle lapſe joins the full ſtream,
That winding wild delays its ſilver courſe
In the rich mead, whoſe bank the peaſant oft
Approaches to allay his thirſt, and quaffs
The ſimple beverage from the limpid fount.
Bright virgin, thee of all the Powers who range
The rural plain, I woo with conſtant vow
Moſt ardent! Deign around my temples bind
Thy fragrant wreath, and deck my purpled cheek
With thy rich glow. Then undiſturb'd the mind
Muſing purſues its holy meditation,
And rapt in trance, can trace a thouſand gifts
Shower'd by the gracious hand of Nature's King
To deck the various field. The wondering eye
Roams o'er the fair creation; then to heaven
Unbidden ſoars; for the full ſoul impreſt
With holy tranſport, there directs its view
From whence its bleſſings flow, and the rapt voice
Accordant hymns the grateful ſong of praiſe.
The rapid guſts of paſſion, which or pride,
Or folly, or the thouſand varying forms
Of courtly affectation ever raiſe,
Here all ſubſide, and the compoſed breaſt
Expands with love, and to its utmoſt power
Diffuſes bleſſings to mankind, nor fears

Ingratitude

Ingratitude ſhould check, or pride ſhould ſpurn
The offer'd bounties of the generous heart.
  Bleſs'd be the day, and doubly bleſs'd the hour,
When my Fidele with unfeigned vow
Gave her fond hand, and own'd her conſtant love:
Tho' ſince that hour already thrice the ſun
From every ſign has ſeen our growing bliſs;
And tho' thy ſmile of unaffected love
Adds joy to every joy, and charms to eaſe
The brow of Care; tho' thou art all that heaven
Could give in woman, tenderneſs, and truth,
And all my heart e'er wiſh'd, when warmeſt Fancy
Form'd the fond future view of houſhold bliſs;
Yet happier ſtill perhaps our lot had been,
Hadſt thou beneath the rural thatch receiv'd
My faithful vow, and we had never heard
Of town or city life; a Marian thou,
And ruſtic Corin I. Then on the plain
Contented we had paſs'd Life's little day.
While Youth with ſprightly beam illum'd her hours,
They would move on with joy; and when at noon
Firm Manhood call'd us forth to till the ſoil,
And with our labouring hand direct the plough,
We would be ready, nor refuſe the taſk,
Due tribute to the public; till at eve
Our vigour loſt, when Age came creeping on,
We would unyoke our heifers, and retire
To welcome eaſe, our beſt ſkill then employ'd

At our own home ; attentive there to thatch
The chinks which Time had made, and to root up
Each foul weed that deform'd our little plot.
This buſineſs over, calm we ſhould attend
Th' approaching hour of our eternal reſt ;
And when it came, borne to our peaceful grave
By the plain villager ; what tho' no tomb
Of ſculptur'd marble call'd the paſſing eye
To read our ſtory, yet the cottage tear
Should on our aſhes fall, and the good heart
O'erflow ſincerely for a neighbour loſt :
Upon our bier the virgin troop would hang
Freſh-woven chaplets of the ſweeteſt flowers :
Green turf ſhould deck our grave ; and every year
In ſpring-time would ſome friendly hand with care
Bind the freſh briar around, to guard the place
From the rude inſult of the careleſs ſtep ;
And faithful Memory to late time record,
We were the happieſt pair of human kind.

WOOD.

WOODSTOCK. AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLIX.

AH me! what is this mortal life? (I cry'd)
What changes croud the page of flitting Time!
What dire reverſe of Fate have numbers try'd!
What youth, what beauty, wither'd in the prime!

Inexorable Deſtiny purſues,
And levels in the chace with rapid wing:
Pity in vain, or Mirth, or Merit ſues,
Equally vain the beggar and the king!

Ah! what is Fame, the idol of the great?
No ſolid Pleaſure can ſhe e'er beſtow;
If juſt to Worth, that juſtice comes too late:
Prompt is her malice, but her mercy ſlow!—

Thus on the winding Iſis' willowed bank,
The varying ſcenes of Fortune I deplore;
Waſting in fruitleſs ſighs the evening dank,
Tears adding water to the river's ſtore.

A gloomy manſion open to the view,
  Diſcloſing horror heighten'd by the ſhade;
Where round the nodding walls the mournful yew
  Points to the vault where Roſamond was laid:

Where with her birds of night, haggard and ſoul,
  In ſullen fellowſhip together dwell,
The bat ambiguous, and ill-omen'd owl,
  Screaming to nighted ſwains a dreadful knell!

Intent I gaz'd, till Terror, ruling ſight,
  Rear'd a pale ſpectre from the yawning tomb,
A faint deluſion of the murky night,
  Begot and bred in Fancy's fruitful womb!

Semblance of virgin elegance and grace,
  The mimic ſhape in every part adorn'd;
But wan and languid ſeem'd the beauteous face,
  Which Elen envy'd, and which Henry mourn'd,

Now gently gliding o'er the hallow'd ground,
  Cloſe by my ſide the phantom made a ſtand,
Piercing the night-ſtill'd air. An awful ſound!
  And claim'd attention with uplifted hand.

"I once was bleſt with Love's deluding joy,
  "I alſo felt the worſt extreme of hate!
"And can no length of time (ſhe cry'd) deſtroy
  "Remembrance of my love, and of my fate?

"O had

" O had Oblivion in her peaceful cell,
" Shrouded from every eye my mouldering duſt !
" That on the chiſſel'd ſtone no verſe might tell,
" My crime how great ! my puniſhment how juſt !

" But Woodſtock's blooming bowers ſtill remain,
" The ſcenes, to me, of pleaſure and of woe ;
" And Godſtow's walls perpetuate the ſtain
" My name reproaching, whilſt my grave they ſhew.

" O Woodſtock, fated long to be the ſeat
" Of all the charms that Wit and Beauty boaſt,
" The hero's guerdon, and his ſoft retreat,
" Yielding content, in fields and ſenates loſt.

" Thy glories now are levell'd low in earth ;
" No longer Beauty doth thy bowers adorn ;
" No more thy woods reſound the voice of Mirth ;
" The laurel from thy victor brow is torn !

" But thou whoſe boſom foreign ſorrow heaves,
" Whoſe eyes can ſtream for anguiſh not thine own ;
" Whoſe heart the white-rob'd fugitive receives,
" When forc'd by awful Rigour from her throne ;

" The ſcourge of vice, the good man's deſtiny,
" The wreck of fortune, and the waſte of years ;
" The miſeries thou mourneſt thou ſhalt ſee,
" Sad conſolation granted to thy tears."

Now

Now on the ſummit of a cloud-built height
  Methought I ſtood: and from an opening glade
With faultering ray gleam'd forth a magic light,
  And round the plain in lambent circles play'd.

Sudden the ground with inbred motion ſhook,
  A ſolemn murmur ruſtled thro' the trees;
And on the pebbled ſhore the ſurging brook
  Daſh'd angry waves, unconſcious of a breeze!

Dædalian myſtery! from the parted ſoil,
  A labyrinth 'roſe to ſounds of melting note;
A moment's labour mocking all the toil
  Of nations old, and monarchs long forgot.

High over-arch'd in Summer's gayeſt weed,
  Meandering alleys form the wonderous maze,
And puzzle moſt when beſt they ſeem to lead
  The untaught foot, that in their precincts ſtrays.

Deep in a vale impervious to all tread,
  Save by a flower-hid path, a grotto ſtood!
And ancient oaks their foliage round it ſpread,
  O'erſhading with their tops the neighbouring wood.

And Nature ſporting, with a laviſh hand
  This little ſpot in gay profuſion grac'd,
With every wanton variation plann'd,
  Luxuriant Fancy yielding but to Taſte.

Here

Here on the brink of a pellucid ſtream,
  Circling in eddies o'er its moſs-grown bed,
Where ever and anon a quivering beam,
  Piercing the covert, on the ſurface play'd:

A Beauty lay, ſurpaſſing all the train
  Of virgin Delia, or Idalia's queen;
Or what of dryads poets ſweetly feign,
  On Ida, or Theſſalian Oeta ſeen.

And by her ſide a form imperial lay,
  With roſes, and with myrtle garlands crown'd;
The wither'd laurel caſt in ſcorn away,
  The pomp of war in Lydian meaſures drown'd.

The little Loves that flutter'd on the boughs,
  In grateful bondage did their limbs entwine,
And ſtrove to join them cloſer than their vows,
  With woodbine ſweet, and twiſted eglantine.

But weak all bonds when thoſe of Beauty fail;
  The monarch ſated left the flowery bed,
Nor griev'd to ſee the maid his loſs bewail,
  Nor mingled parting tears with thoſe ſhe ſhed.

Now ſwiſt advancing to the guilty bower,
  With frantic ſtep the injur'd queen drew nigh;
And arm'd for vengeance ſeiz'd the fatal hour,
  When all things ſlept but rage and jealouſy.

Each

Each eager hand a deadly weapon fill'd,
  A pointed dagger, and a poiſon'd bowl;
My ebbing blood her mad demeanor chill'd,
  And anguiſh unallay'd poſſeſs'd my ſoul.

Ah ſtop, inhuman! with a faultering tongue
  And inarticulate voice, as in a dream,
I cry'd; and ſtrait the rattling thunder rung,
  And livid lightnings in the welkin gleam!

No more the mazy grove, or bower appear'd,
  But all around a waſte and barren plain;
The ſcatter'd trees of leaves and branches bar'd,
  And blanch'd by frowning winds and beating rain.

And Murder ſhrieking hideous wander'd there:
  And ruthleſs Envy, and relentleſs Hate,
With ſnaky locks, and ſhrivell'd boſoms bare,
  Whilſt lurking felons on their motions wait.

And ſoon the landſcape ſhifting like a cloud,
  To leſs'ning diſtance bore the helliſh crew;
Now twang in fainter ſounds their yellings loud;
  Now vaniſh'd quite; a milder ſcene I view.

Of chequer'd light and ſhade, a ſober dawn,
  Faint thro' a lingering vapour did diſcloſe,
A hamlet ſeated on an open lawn,
  And from each roof the pillar'd ſmoke aroſe.

For

For now with frequent challenge, had the cock
  His rivals menacing, awak'd the ſwain;
Now in the pen impatient bleats the flock,
  And ruddy ſtreaks the horizon diſtain.

The crouching dog the moon no longer bays,
  But ſtretch'd ſupine upon the ſocial hearth
He lies, rejoicing in the crackling blaze,
  Whilſt ſlaunting ſun-beams dry the moiſten'd earth.

Whilſt to the ſtrain of rural minſtrelſy,
  A band forth iſſuing to a neighbouring hill
Welcom'd the morn with decent jollity,
  And all the air their youthful carrols fill.

With unſkill'd hands a ſimple crown they wove
  Of vervain, and the never-fading bay;
And rais'd a throne within a rude alcove;
  To grace the parent of the Britiſh lay:

Old Chaucer, who in rough, unequal verſe,
  Sung quaint-alluſion and facetious tale;
And ever as his jeſts he would rehearſe,
  Loud peals of laughter echo'd thro' the vale:

And eager gap'd the ruſtic liſtening throng,
  And ſtill their joy and laughter they renew;
And warlike barons, ſoften'd by the ſong,
  From loud alarms to mute attention drew.

But

But ſhort-liv'd pleaſure ſoon to ſorrow chang'd;
For melody a ſigh, for mirth a tear;
And now the ſwains in ſolemn order rang'd,
Surround the bard extended on his bier.

What tho' ſucceeding poets, as their ſire,
Revere his memory, and approve his wit;
Tho' Spenſer's elegance and Dryden's fire
His name to ages far remote tranſmit;

His tuneleſs numbers hardly now ſurvive,
As ruins of a dark and Gothic age;
And all his blithſome tales their praiſe derive
From Pope's immortal ſong, and Prior's page!

Again, quick riſing thro' the tuſted green,
Turrets and loſty battlements aſcend;
Trees half obſcuring columns, intervene,
And real boughs with ſculptur'd fruitage blend.

And arched windows ſhine with torches clear,
Soothing the wanderer. A deluſive home!
And buſy crouds of miniſters appear,
Decking with jocund haſte a feſtive room.

And now of ſprightly youths and damſels gay,
A wanton bevy at the board was ſet,
And all intent they ſeem'd on amorous play,
For kindling glances, kindling glances met.

Their

Their volant ſingers o'er the chorded lyre,
  With modulating touch the artiſts ply;
Purſuing ſtill to animate deſire,
  Strains that in thrilling undulations die.

And every cheek with deep ſuffuſion glow'd,
  Denoting thought inflam'd, and troubled breaſt,
And paſſion in ſeducing ſighs avow'd
  Mutual, yet ſtill by decency repreſt.

But ſoon exceſs to madding riot led,
  Enſuing meaning jeſt, and licence bold;
Till comely Order from the banquet fled,
  Aſham'd the luſtful orgies to behold.

A youth exalted high above the reſt,
  In bad pre-eminence conſpicuous ſhone!
And blind ſubmiſſion to his lewd beheſt,
  Unrivall'd lewdneſs from them all had won.

And deeply was he ſkill'd in wanton lore,
  With fertile thought ſuggeſting every art,
To make impurer, fires impure before,
  Tainting at once the manners and the heart.

Pleaſing proportion, youthful Beauty's aid,
  And bland complacency and winning ſmile,
And wit diffuſive tempting to perſuade,
  Maintain'd his power, and held him in the toil.

Ah!

Ah! why ſhould Nature in an angel dreſs,
  To lure with ſeeming worth unwary eyes,
Conceal rank thoughts and groſs voluptuouſneſs,
  Too apt to poiſon without Virtue's guiſe?

Pride of thy country, Wilmot, and her ſhame!
  By every grace adorn'd, and Muſe inſpir'd!
Thy early fall how pitied! and thy name,
  How much deteſted, and how much admir'd!

Yet muſt unbiaſs'd poſterity admit,
  For all thou wrot'ſt and acted'ſt to atone,
Thy failings were the age's, but thy wit,
  Thy parts and dying penitence, thine own.

But now prevailing o'er the hubbub wild,
  The clanging trumpet kindles great acclaim;
And all around are warlike trophies pil'd,
  And crouds triumphant echo Churchill's fame.

And thronging ſenates in the glorious cauſe,
  Repell'd oppreſſion, liberty maintain'd,
Accord with gratulant vote the loud applauſe;
  The faireſt prize by Britiſh valour gain'd.

Who erſt implor'd, and ſoon obtain'd relief,
  High-fated monarchs grateful homage pay,
And fulgent honours crown the matchleſs chief,
  And verſe harmonious, never to decay:

And

And humbled Gallia kneels with diſtant awe,
  Her generals baffled, and her warriors ſlain;
No more to dictate but receive the law,
  No longer to impoſe but wear the chain.

But venom'd Faction ſpreading o'er the land,
  Too ſoon forgets the mighty debt to owe;
And Envy ſtretches out her lurid hand,
  The victor's meed to blaſt and overthrow.

And yet unfiniſh'd ſtands the votive dome,
  By all his toil and all his danger bought:
When juſt reſentment calls him far from home,
  Reviſiting the fields where late he fought.

In vain auſpicious Brunſwick's happy reign,
  Blunting the rancorous point of party ſtrife,
Reſtores the hero to his friends again;
  Too late to chear the dregs of lengthen'd life!

The lofty column and the voice of praiſe
  In vain proclaim him great, and juſt, and brave;
Tardy repentance merit ill repays,
  Unheard, unheeded, in the ſilent grave!

In conqueſt equal, and alike in fate,
  Rome's mounting genius, godlike Scipio ſtood;
And propp'd by worth and dignity innate,
  Contemn'd the venal cenſure of the croud.

Yet once again the viſionary ſcene,
  Ductile, for ſorrow ſocial beauty yields;
A temperate ſunſhine and an air ſerene,
  Foſtering the upland downs and level fields.

And tepid ſhowers bedew the frolic herd,
  Bounding in gameſome meaſure o'er the lea,
With daiſies crimſon-tipt, and green parterr'd,
  And ſhadowing fragrance drops from every tree.

The wide expanded proſpect gently clos'd,
  On viſto'd walks leading to high arcades;
Each waving copſe in ſymmetry diſpos'd,
  Points to the terras capt with colonnades.

And more remote the cloiſter'd wings confine,
  In architecture elegant and juſt,
A portall'd front where niches deep inſhrine
  The marble ſtatue, and the gilded buſt.

Unfolding wide the hoſpitable port
  On ready hinges, to the ſearching eye
Reveals unblemiſh'd Childhood's harmleſs ſport,
  And placid parents ſtand delighted by.

For here unmindful of the call of State,
  The ſmile of Favour, or the voice of Power;
In tranquil pleaſure, even and ſedate,
  Great Churchill's heir enjoy'd the waſting hour.

And

And beaming rapture gliſten'd on his brow,
  And glad dependants ſhare their patron's joy;
No frowns their heart-bred tranſports diſallow,
  Debaſing worth in Servitude's alloy.

Such charms hath Innocence! ſuch virtues Pride!
  From ſtarry height her ſacred powers deſcend,
The gariſh pomp of Grandeur to deride,
  And giddy Fortune's raſh decrees amend.

A day he flouriſh'd in the peaceful ſoil,
  Another ſaw him on the hoſtile ſtrand,
Guiding the thunders of the white-cliff'd iſle,
  Ambition's waſteful rapine to withſtand.

To match his great progenitor in war,
  Elate with hope his generous boſom burns;
But inauſpicious twinkled every ſtar,
  And heaven averted all his wiſhes ſpurns.

Too high requeſt in every ſphere to ſhine,
  In peace a pattern, and a chief in blood;
The gods to each a ſeparate path aſſign,
  But he alone is great who's truly good.

ODE ON THE REBELLION IN THE YEAR MDCCXLV.

BY R. SCHOMBERG, M. D.

DO thou, fair Liberty, deſcend
To tune my harp, and guide my hand,
Thy ſacred Siſter with thee bring,
She too ſhall aid me, as I ſing,
And every Briton's breaſt engage
With well-becoming zeal, and kindle honeſt rage.

Daughter of royal Brunſwick's line,
Great Anna, [1] more than half divine,
Thou too, the happy theme inſpire,
So ſhall I ſtrike the golden lyre
With manly force, and raiſe my voice
Above a common ſtrain, if thou approv'ſt my choice.

Britannia hail! hail happy iſle,
Where joys inhabit, pleaſures ſmile;
Great nurſe of heroes, ſeat of charms,
Supreme in arts, and firſt in arms,
Queen of the ſeas, and diſtant trade,
Ariſe, majeſtic nymph, and ſhew thy awful head.

[1] Princeſs of Orange.

Ambitious

Ambitious Cæſar ſaw thee fair,
(What will not proud Ambition dare!)
And ſtrait he courts thee as his own,
Fond to poſſeſs thy ſplendid throne.
Albion ſubmits, tho' not to chains,
But ever uncontroul'd th' imperial virgin reigns.

The Roman eagle ſhrunk his head,
Before th' invited Saxons fled;
Aſpiring nations ſhook her ſtate,
(Dread conſequence of being great)
Wild Heptarchy began her reign,
Till overaw'd ſhe yields her ſcepter to the Dane.

Awhile in ignorance ſhe lay,
The pagan worlds obſcur'd her day:
The Goths, a wild barbarian train,
And ſavage Vandals, ſweep her plain:
Soon of herſelf thro' clouds ſhe ſhone,
And brighten'd once again a ſtrong meridian ſun.

The royal Alfred, greatly born,
Britain to govern and adorn,
His kingdom's honour, ſubjects' good,
This well preſerv'd, that underſtood,
Courted Aſtræa to his throne;
Oppreſſion ſunk diſarm'd, nor more his people groan.

The happy prince nor reſted here ;
His ſhips to different regions ſteer,
And in Britannia's lap unlade
The ſweet reward of gainful trade ;
Far diſtant India's burning ſhore
Beheld his floating ſtrength, and wonder'd at his power.

Commerce advance! by heaven deſign'd
To poliſh, and enrich mankind ;
Old Maja's daughter, Albion's care,
Advance, and breathe thy native air!
Here dwell, and fix thy ſweet reſort,
Nations ſhall hither flock, to pay their eager court.

Thou gaveſt to hidden knowledge birth ;
By thee, the limits of the earth
Greatly enlarg'd, ſhow'd worlds unknown,
The frigid and the torrid zone ;
Guided and influenc'd by thee,
We firſt were taught to learn divine Aſtronomy.

To thee her ſilk rich Perſia brings,
The proud magnificence of kings,
Arabia's ſpice and India's mine,
Peru's vaſt golden womb is thine ;
Behold the coſtly pillars riſe,
And ſwell thy lofty ſeats, and temples to the ſkies.

Seated along th' Aonian ſpring,
No more the vocal Siſters ſing:
Oxford, the ſeat of learning now,
Crowns with her bay Apollo's brow;
Again refreſhing Science ſtreams,
Pœonian Phœbus hence, ſends forth his warmer beams.

Next Cambridge rear'd her awful head,
Whence Arts from Daniſh arms had fled;
Virgil and Homer here retir'd,
And pleas'd her ſtudious ſons inſpir'd;
Philoſophy ſhone heavenly bright,
The thickening clouds diſpers'd, and all was wondrous light.

Favour'd of God, here Newton ſaw
Errors obſcuring Nature's law;
He ſaw, and clear'd the gloomy way,
And ſhew'd mankind eternal day:
He ſhew'd, and worlds beheld with joy
Labours which diſtant time nor envy ſhall deſtroy.

Innately bright the diamond ſhines,
Tho' deep conceal'd in Indian mines;
The lapidary's nicer art
Luxuriant flames on every part;
Till then, falſe jewels we admire,
Behold their tinſel blaze, and artificial fire.

Priefts thus with ſhew enſlav'd the mind,
To ſhew, the human eye inclin'd;
To papal power our princes bend,
Nor ſee the errors they defend,
While monkiſh artifices long
Dazzled implicit worlds, and led a bigot throng.

Religion trembled at their crimes,
But pleas'd, foreſaw ſucceeding times;
Succeeding times when ſhe alone
Shou'd govern Britain's royal throne;
With undiſturb'd and downy reſt
Baffled the ſons of Rome, but all her children bleſt.

Edward the happy theme began,
A glorious and immortal plan!
Skies azure-opening greet his day,
The Reformation points the way;
By Reaſon and by Virtue led,
Behold her beauteous form, and mark her ſolemn tread!

Not ſo imperious Mary ſways,
Blind zeal again obſcur'd her blaze.
Diſgrac'd, Religion mournful ſtood,
While Perſecution ſmil'd in blood:
Heaven ſaw, enrag'd, the horrid deed,
Shorten'd her tyrant reign, no more her ſubjects bleed.

Eliza ſhone ſerenely bright,
And on her throne reflected light;
Her royal brother's will maintain'd:
For this, the virgin princeſs reign'd,
Reign'd moſt ſupremely wiſe and great,
And neighb'ring realms preſerv'd, and ſav'd her ſinking ſtate.

When Spaniſh fleets her coaſts alarm,
Eliza rais'd her mighty arm,
Her people's darling, ſhe ſecure,
Smiling (of eaſy conqueſt ſure),
Quell'd like a Jove their giant rage,
Her thunders burſt aloud, nor dare the foe engage.

As when the ſun darts forth his beams,
Whence trembling light refulgent ſtreams,
And kindly gladdens for a while,
Alike adorns, and aids our toil,
A ſudden cloud o'erſpreads his rays,
Deſtroys our flattering hopes, and dims our golden days;

So when eclips'd Eliza's reign,
And heaven recall'd the ſaint again,
Too happy to be long admir'd,
With her our ſhort-liv'd bliſs retir'd:
Darkneſs returns, the light diſdains
To ſhine on a ſoul ſeries of inglorious reigns.

Thou

Thou awful ſhade of Pope, inſpire,
And give expreſſion to my lyre!
Lend harmony to every line,
And teach my verſe to flow like thine!
Maria's wonderous charms I'd ſing,
Would'ſt thou, lov'd poet, dictate to the ſilver ſtring.

Her William ſaw Britannia's grief,
And ſwift he flew to her relief,
With noble reſolution draws
The ſword vindictive in her cauſe;
The glorious cauſe demands his ſword,
Religion once again, and Liberty reſtor'd.

With horror he beheld the ſtate
Oppreſs'd beneath the papal weight;
He kindled not War's fiercer flame,
But like a guardian angel came,
(Britannia's beſt and ſureſt friend)
To ſave the fading honours of a groaning land.

The grand event, the bold deſign,
Th' immortal taſk, Naſſau, were thine;
The Britiſh lion, rous'd by thee,
Firſt broke his chain, and dar'd be free;
The royal line of great Naſſau
Was ſent mankind by heaven to keep the world in awe.

The dark horizon clear'd again,
And ſhone propitious on his reign;
Fair Liberty aſſum'd her ſeat,
And cruſh'd Oppreſſion at her feet:
Religion trumph'd, Albion ſmiles,
Once more the firſt of ſtates, again the queen of iſles.

Inſpir'd by heaven, the wiſe Naſſau
Her riſing greatneſs well foreſaw
Riſing from royal Brunſwick's care,
Brunſwick by ſenates mark'd his heir;
Britons rejoicing ſhout applauſe,
By him ſecur'd our faith, our property, our laws.

But firſt our powerful realms obey,
Illuſtrious Anne, thy eaſy ſway.
Check'd by thy power, inſulting Gaul
Beheld with grief his legions fall:
They fell, for Malbro' drew the ſword,
Pre-eminent in arms, victorious, and ador'd.

Gallia beholds with treacherous eyes
Sophia's high-born offſpring riſe
To glory, empire, and renown,
Deck'd with Britannia's glittering crown:
Again ſhe dar'd the iſle engage,
And ſtir inteſtine war, and raiſe ſeditious rage.

The

The rancorous hate of France in vain
Threatens Mavortian Brunſwick's reign;
Guardian of liberty and peace,
He bids rebellious Diſcord ceaſe;
The injur'd monarch ſoon forgives,
And by his nod, again th' offending rebel lives.

With diſtant conqueſts he extends
The throne his royal ſon aſcends;
Imperial dignity and grace
Serenely ſmile upon his face:
Brunſwick to martial honour bred,
Governs, by Virtue counſell'd, and by Glory led.

Trade, Arts, and Science, flouriſh here,
And bleſs each fair revolving year;
Gay-ſmiling Plenty reigns around,
And golden harveſts load the ground:
So Liberty, and George, and Britons ſhould be crown'd!

While Brunſwick Europe's rights maintains,
And fights her cauſe on Flandria's plains,
Proud Gallia, treacherouſly brave,
Calls coward Treaſon from her cave,
Tho' Agincourt and Blenheim tell,
How all her valour ſunk, and boaſting heroes fell.

Fam'd

Fam'd Dettingen ſtill recks with blood,
Where like a God great Brunſwick ſtood;
Triumphant Fame on ſilken wing
Rode ſmiling on before the king;
Like Mars he ſhook the pointed ſpear,
The Gauls retreat, and all their battle ſhrunk with fear.

Tremendous Death and Horror ſtride
Cloſe by intrepid William's ſide:
William, he bled, and ſoldiers griev'd;
"Revenge (they cry) the wound receiv'd!"
Bright Venus mourn'd her favourite care,
And quick ſhe bid her nymphs the healing drugs prepare.

The Cyprian goddeſs ſtood confeſt,
As when Æneas' wound ſhe dreſt:
Her weeping nymphs around her wait,
Impatient for the prince's fate;
With healing herbs, and balmy ſweets,
The Dionœan queen the cannons rage defeats.

Who are theſe baſe, theſe daſtard foes,
That dare their country's laws oppoſe!
Their lives and fortunes not their own,
But given in mercy from the throne:
Do they, ungrateful men, preſume
To act the ſcheme of France, or play the part of Rome?

Diſcord

Diſcord and Horror ſtalk along,
With pale Rebellion in the throng;
Bellona ſtains the purple field,
And Mars diſplays his brazen ſhield;
William his brother-god appears,
To curb the traitorous war, and eaſe Britannia's fears.

He comes, the hero comes, and ſtrait
Conſcious Rebellion knows her fate;
His troops, with manly rage inſpir'd,
Ruſh on, by his example fir'd;
His name ſtrikes terror to the foe,
Precipitate they fly, nor wait th' impending blow.

Brave Huſke and Hawley ſtrive in vain
To animate th' embattled plain;
Train'd up in arms, the warriors fly
From rank to rank, reſolv'd to die,
Or conquer, in their country's cauſe;
But heaven to Cumberland decrees the crown'd applauſe.

Hence worthleſs ſlaves, and wear the chain
Of punick France, and haughty Spain;
Blinded by Rome, your ruin court,
And be your very maſters' ſport;
Like Cain roam, of bliſs bereft,
No clime, no country yours, no friendly ſhelter left.

Shall

Shall Gauls insult the wide domain,
When Neptune views them with disdain?
Shall they with dark invasive schemes
(The mere result of idle dreams)
Threaten Britannia's guarded shore,
Nor dread the angry god, nor fear his cannons' roar?

Proud boasters hence, and learn to know,
Our Albion dreads no foreign foe;
Her fleets but ask propitious gales,
But ask, and Conquest swells her sails;
France strikes the flag, our colours near,
Whitens her golden flowers, and shrinks with coward fear.

Britons, united by their laws,
Can never swerve from Freedom's cause;
Blest in great George, we guard his reign,
And Gallic insolence disdain!
Well may we guard th' imperial throne,
Which every Briton's voice, and Virtue made his own.

Calm as a god, behold him there,
Express his soft paternal care;
Mercy sits mourning on his face,
To see severer Law take place;
And whilst rebellious subjects die,
Sighs swell his royal breast, and tears his pitying eye.

Such

Such Brunſwick is who rules our land !
Such is the monarch we defend !
Bleſſing and bleſs'd ! (a mutual good,
By Britons only underſtood)
Late may he England's ſcepter wield,
Protect our laws at home, and guard us in the field !

A long illuſtrious race of kings
From Frederick and Auguſta ſprings ;
This Brunſwick views with joyous eye,
And knows in them he ne'er ſhall die ;
He ſees his royal offspring ſmile,
The grace of future worlds, and honour of their iſle.

HEAVEN.

HEAVEN. A VISION.

BY MR. SCOTT.

FULL many a tedious hour, with care oppreſt,
Stretch'd on my weary bed, I wakeful lay,
Sad troublous thoughts, like hornets, ſtung my breaſt,
And bruſh'd the dews of balmy ſleep away.
Ah! what avails, I cry'd, with painful toil,
By Virtue's ſtedfaſt ſtar the bark to guide,
Far from [m] Acraſia's wily-wandering iſle,
Where eaſe and pleaſure the frail heart divide;
If Life's ſhort voyage undiſtinguiſh'd tends
To darkneſs, and the land where all forgotten ends?

Shall Worth lie hid in Sorrow's baleful ſhade?
And no reward ſhall ſuffering Goodneſs find,
While Vice triumphant lifts her pamper'd head,
[n] Nor hears the ſteps of Vengeance cloſe behind?—
Then take me, Power of Beauty, to thy arms,
And lull, ah lull to peace my troubled ſoul!
Diſcloſe, O God of Wine, thy purple charms,
I'll drown reflection in the mantling bowl!
'Gainſt wind, and tide, let Stoic dulneſs ſail,
Be mine the calmeſt ſea, and Pleaſure's briſkeſt gale.

[m] Spenſer's Faery Queen, Book II.

[n] Antecedentem ſceleſtum deſeruit pœna, Hor.

Penſive I mus'd, 'till roſe the bluſhing Morn,
And ſpread her ſaffron mantle o'er the ſkies;
When pitying Morpheus ſhook his opiate horn,
And ſlumbrous humours drown'd my weary'd eyes:
Yet Fancy ſtill awake, to ſooth my pain,
Sweet ſcenes of joy in livelieſt hue pourtray'd;
She call'd forth all her bright ideal train,
And pleaſing truths in myſtic dreams convey'd:
Oh fail me not, thou fair enchanting Power,
At Sorrow's grim approach, and Care's diſtreſsful hour!

Born thro' the yielding air, methought I flew
To ſome more bliſsful clime, ſequeſter'd far
From this frail world, that juſt appear'd to view,
Like the faint glimmering of a diſtant ſtar.
Deep in the ſea's encircling wave 'twas plac'd,
As gems in ſilver; hoary Ocean ſmil'd,
Chear'd with the pleaſing ſight; * and from his breaſt
Sent his ſweet children, breezes freſh and mild:
No clouds nor darkneſs veil'd the chearful ſcene,
Nor wintry blaſts deform'd the ground's eternal green.

Lo to the Weſt a large and ſpacious plain,
Where meet in concert, wood, and hill, and dale;
Brighter than all that muſe-led poets feign
Of Ida's grove, and Tempe's hallow'd vale:

* Ἐνθα μακαρων νασον ωκεανιδες αὔραι περιπνεουσι. Pind.

Tho'

Tho' Peneus there revolves his [p] amber ſtream,
And ſuppliant Daphne ſpreads her branching arms;
Still trembling leſt the ſun's prolific beam,
Too fiercely wanton, blaſt her virgin charms:
Would'ſt thou eſcape? Go, coy relentleſs maid,
Go chuſe ſome worſe retreat, ſome leſs luxurious ſhade!

There blooming groves, gay ſmiling with delight,
From her fair womb ſpontaneous Nature brings;
Where percht on every bough, all richly dight
With painted plumes, ſome [q] harmleſs ſiren ſings:
Pleas'd with the wild notes Zephyr flits unſeen,
And on his muſky wings the ſound conveys;
While trickling ſoft, each varying pauſe between,
The murmuring rivulets roll their ſilver baſe;
Winds, waters, birds in ſeemly ſort agree,
And amorous Echo blends the liquid melody.

Nor there alone was charm'd one ſcanty ſenſe:
The loaded trees ambroſial fruitage bear;
The [r] weeping ſhrubs their ſpicy gums diſpenſe,
Whoſe fragrance freſh imbalms the buxom air;

[p] Αλεκτρινον υδωρ.. CALLIM.—Amnis purior Electro. Virg.

[q] Nemoris ſiren, innoxia ſiren. Strada's Nightin.

[r] Flet tamen et tepidæ manant ex arbore guttæ. Ovid Met.

Thouſands of flowers their ſilken webs unfold,
Amaranths, immortal amaranths ariſe,
Theſe beaming bright with [s] vegetable gold,
And theſe with azure, theſe with Tyrian dies;
There laughing ſweetly red the roſes glow,
While from their breathing ſouls celeſtial odours flow.

But hark, a voice ſoft-warbling ſtrikes my ear!
" Behold, O man, fair Virtue's ample meed;
" Behold theſe radiant plains, this ſtar-girt ſphere,
" By righteous Jove her portion are decreed!
" Mould not, ah mould not then in idle cell,
" But ſtrive theſe rapturous manſions to attain;
" Here all the wiſe, the brave, the virtuous dwell,
" Eternal [t] ages free from care and pain;
" Here in Elyſian ſeats, their calm abodes,
" Live in communion bleſt [u], with heroes and with gods!

Eaſtward to this methought a different ſcene
Of equal beauty charm'd my raptur'd ſight:
Wide ſpacious lawns with ſwelling hills between,
And groves of bliſs, and gardens of delight.

[s] Αἰθεμα δε χρυσου φλεγει. Pind.

[t] Ἀδακρυν νεμονται αἰωνα. Ibid.

[u] Παρα μεν τιμιοις Θεων. Ibid.

There

There lotes and palms their copious branches twine,
And over-arching form delicious bowers;
There gush nectareous rills of dulcet wine,
And honey'd streams revolve their milky stores;
Fresh bleeding myrrh and cassia shed perfume,
Ananas swell with sweets, and wild pomegranates bloom,

Fast by a fount [x], whose spicy waters glide
In amorous mazes, on the velvet ground,
With blushing flowers all goodly beautify'd,
A smiling troop of virgins dance around;
Fairer than Delia's silver-buskin'd train,
When erst, Ladona, by thy lillied banks,
Or cool [y] Eurota's laurel-fringed plain,
To breathing lutes they tript in seemly ranks;
And fairer, Cypris, than thy wanton quire,
That melt the soul to love, and kindle fierce desire.

Their eyes [z], like pearls within their shells conceal'd,
Beauteous and black; their lips with rubies vye;
On their fair cheeks, with white and red anneal'd,
What thousand dimpling smiles in ambush lie!

[x] Called by the Arabic writers Zenzebil, and promised by Mahomet to all the faithful.

[y] —— In Eurotæ ripis
Exercet Diana choros —— Virg.

[z] See Sale's Koran, chapter the 56th.

See, ſee they point to yon embowering ſhade,
Where cool gales fan their odoriferous wings,
And Flora's freſheſt, ſofteſt couch is ſpread;
The whiles ſome one this lovely ditty ſings!
Thro' all my veins what thrilling tranſport flew
To hear the nectar'd words, dropping like honey'd dew!

"Haſte, gentle youth, for lo, the way is plain!
"Haſte, gentle youth, and hear the Prophet's call!
"Theſe are the joys that true believers gain,
"Immortal joys that never know to pall.
"Come then, ah come thy weary limbs recline
"On ſilken beds of roſes ſweetly ſtrow'd,
"Where to thy touch compliant bows the vine,
"All faint, and labouring with the luſcious load;
"Where Nymphs of Paradiſe their charms reveal,
"And with their amorous ſpoils thy greedy eyes regale!"

She ceas'd—and molten with exceſs of joy,
Voluptuous Hope was buſy in my breaſt:
When lo! ſwift-darting from th' extremeſt ſky,
With ſeraph-plumes, an Angel ſtood conſeſt!
A pure immortal crown adorn'd her head,
Of gold inwove with jewels; in her hand,
The book of life, and mercy was diſplay'd,
With ruddy drops of dying martyrs ſtain'd;
Her eagle-eyes were quick, and paſſing bright,
Yet beam'd ſerene, and mild, with heaven's celeſtial light.

"And

" And O fond foolish man," she cry'd, " forbear
" Idly to glote on forms so light, and vain!
" What are these jocund scenes, but empty air,
" The fleeting coinage of a phrenzy'd brain?——
" Yet ev'n in these, as [a] darkly thro' a glass,
" Some faint, some glimmering view the eye may gain
" Of those unmingled joys, that far surpass
" Whate'er of bliss the wit of man can feign;
" Those pure delights, that flow in streams divine,
" Where thy imperial towers, O heavenly Salem, shine!

" For know, my son, that they whose worth is try'd,
" As gold by fire, by great and virtuous deeds,
" Soon as the carnal fetters are unty'd,
" That chain the soul, and stript these mortal weeds;
" Haply shall soar, in robes of glory clad,
" To heavenly mansions, bright abodes, prepar'd
" [b] Ere the foundations of the deep were laid,
" Or the firm pillars of the earth were rear'd;
" Ere God his golden compasses employ'd,
" And markt this beauteous world on chaos dark, and void.

" There shall they live, O happy, happy spirits!
" There shall they live remov'd from all the cares,
" And thousand ills, that feeble flesh inherits:
" No greedy Want, nor wayard Lust, that tears

[a] 1 Cor. xiii. 12.
[b] Prov. viii. 6, 24, 25, 27, &c.

" With vipercus rage the breaſt from whence it ſprung,
" Their deep-emboſom'd peace ſhall e'er torment ;
" But hymning ſweet, the angel troops among,
" Their undiſturbed lays of pure content,
" The ſmiling hours immortal ſhall employ
" In trance of holy eaſe, or extacy of joy.

" Then ſhall their eyes, from cloudy films ſecure,
" With lightning-glance unmeaſur'd ſpace behold ;
" And all the thouſand ſtars, that pave the floor
" Of heaven, with orient pearl, or living gold ;
" Then floating thro' the boundleſs deep of air,
" An azure ſea, like gems of richeſt hue,
" Myriads of worlds thick-ſcatter'd ſhall appear,
" With all their bright inhabitants to view :
" Their active minds ſhall traverſe, quick as thought,
" Creation's ample fields, the range 'twixt God and nought.

" And oh what ſtreams of muſic ſweet, and clear,
" Shall drown in deep delight their raptur'd ſouls !
" Ay me, in vain to man's unpurged ear
" Their heavenly notes each tuneful planet rolls !
" Ay me, in vain with ſoftly-thrilling voice,
" [c] Thro' every land they hymn their Maker's praiſe,
" While choirs of young-ey'd cherubims rejoice,
" And to their golden harps mellifluous lays

[c] Pſal. xix. 3, 4.

" Attuning,

" Attuning, holy, holy, holy, ſing,
" O Lord, Almighty God, the ſaints' eternal king!

" But not in vain the tuneful planets raiſe
" To pure ethereal ſouls their voice divine;
" Nor yet in vain their great Creator's praiſe
" Do gladſome choirs of young-ey'd cherubs join:
" No bleſſed ſpirit but hears the ſacred ſong,
" And wakes his lyre melodious part to bear
" In the ſweet ſymphony; while all the throng
" Of angels, and arch-angels, nay, the ear
" Of God delighted liſtens to the ſtrains.——
" In heaven, and heaven-born minds ſuch rapturous concord
" reigns!

" But where, ah where can glowing tints be found
" To paint the charms of [d] Sion's ſacred place,
" [e] Where Chriſt the lamb in radiance ſits enthron'd,
" The [f] lively image of his Father's grace?
" O flower of love! O [g] glorious morning ſtar!
" O [h] ſun of righteouſneſs, whoſe healing wings
" Brought life, and peace, and mercy from afar!
" From thee the light, thou beaming fountain, ſprings,
" That guides poor mortals in their weary way,
" Thro' black Affliction's night, to Pleaſure's endleſs day!

d Heb. xii. 22. e Pſal. ii. 6. f Heb. i. 3.
g Rev. xxii, 16. h Mal. iv. 2.

Jeſus!

"Jeſus!— and didſt thou leave thy bowers of joy?
"And didſt thou leave thy Father's dear embrace,
"Content with agonizing pangs to die
"For man's forlorn, rebellious, ſinful race?
"What bliſs to hear the high myſterious ſtory;
"By all the prophets, all th' apoſtles ſung,
"And noble army of martyrs, crown'd with glory;
"Where bleſt, the ſix-wing'd ſeraphims among,
"They drink immortal, from thy rapturous ſight,
"Conceiveleſs draughts of Love's ineffable delight!

"Hail ſaints of light! who once the patient train
"Of ſilent Sorrow, thro' the thorny road
"Of Miſery toil'd, and unappall'd by pain,
"With pilgrim-feet the long, long journey trod!
"O taught by them, thou man of earth, ſuſtain
"With firm unweary'd arm the dangerous fight!
"The [i] prize of thy high-calling dare to gain,
"[k] Victorious palms, and robes of ſpotleſs white;
"So in [l] the book of life thy name ſhall ſhine,
"And heaven's eternal joys and tranſports all be thine."

Scarce had ſhe ſpoke, when that [m] cherubic car,
Inſtinct with ſoul, and thoſe ſelf-moving wheels,
That whirl'd the holy ſage from Chebar far,
Appear'd:—my breaſt the ruſhing impulſe feels!

[i] Phil. iii. 14. [k] Rev. vii. 9. [l] Rev. iii. 5.
[m] Ezek. i. 5.

I ſee,

I ſee, I ſee thy glittering turrets riſe,
Celeſtial Salem, all of [n] lucid gold,
Inlaid with gems of thouſand, thouſand dyes!
And lo, the everlaſting gates unfold
Their [o] doors of pearl, and o'er my aching ſight
Full tides of glory flow, and ſtreams of living light!

Of light ſurpaſſing far thy glimmering ray,
(More bright, more clear, more glorious, more divine)
Tho' dreſt by thee, [p] O golden eye of day,
In gaudy robes the ſparkling diamonds ſhine;
Tho' yon fair moon to thee her luſtre owes,
Gilding with borrow'd light the mountain's brow;
And Iris ſteals from thee each tint that glows
In the gay forehead of the ſhowery bow:
Faint is thy feeble blaze, O beauteous Sun!
Such peerleſs beams appear from Truth's eternal throne.

See thro' the ſtreets, [q] like liquid jaſper clear,
The fount of life in mazy error flows!
Thro' the bright [r] cryſtal ſands of gold appear,
And heaps of pearly grain; while blooming grows,
On either bank of dainty flowers profuſe,
The tree of life ſuperior o'er the reſt,
Whoſe teeming branches nectar'd fruits produce:
[s] Twelve various fruits of ſweetly-vary'd taſte,

[n] Rev. xxi. 18, 19. [o] Rev. xxi. 21.
[p] Ω χρυσεας αμερας βλεφαρον. Soph.
[q] Rev. xxi. 14. [r] Ibid. [s] Rev. xxii. 2.

From

From every leaf [t] ſalubrious dews exhale,
And pure elixirs breathe in every balmy gale.

Lo there, diffus'd along the ſacred brink,
Angelic choirs replete with love and joy,
Conceive their God, and from his preſence drink
Beatitude paſt utterance!—There they lie
On flowering beds of balſam, caſſia, nard,
And myrrh, a wilderneſs of rich perfumes;
Embalm'd they lie, like that Arabian bird,
'Midſt odorous ſhrubs, and incenſe-breathing gums,
Whoſe life ſprings recent from the ſun-born fire,
While clouds of ſpicy ſmoke in bluiſh wreaths aſpire.

But ſpare, O ſpare me, heaven!—My fainting ſoul
Sickens with bliſs too great for mortal ſenſe!
Come, o'er my limbs thy quickening waters roll,
Life giving ſtream, and all thy balm diſpenſe!
And thou, fair tree, the ſource of all our woes,
(That bloom'd ſo fatal erſt in Eden's glade,
Tranſplanted ſince to heaven) thy friendly boughs
Extend, and wrap me in the browneſt ſhade!
O veil me from the Lamb's too glorious ſight,
From majeſty's full blaze, inſufferably bright!

Trembling I wak'd with ſweet exceſs of joy,
And on the wings of ſleep, more ſwift than wind,
Away the fickle, fond deluſions fly;
Yet leave their fairy-ſteps the trace behind:

[t] Rev. xxii. 2.

Hear

Hear then, ye fainted myriads, from your ſpheres,
And gently beam your kindlieſt influence down ;
Lift, lift my thoughts above life's groveling cares,
To joys ſublime, and Virtue's glorious crown !
O guide my virgin-ſoul the high abode,
To reach, the heaven of heavens, where reigns th' eternal God!

ODE ON SLEEP.

BY THE SAME.

WHY, gentle God, this long delay,
Since night, and careleſs quiet reigns ?
O hither take thy ſilent way,
And ſooth, ah ſooth my wakeful pains !
So ſhall my hands for thee the wreath entwine,
And ſtrew freſh poppies at thy votive ſhrine.

When from the North, all wan and pale,
The ſun withdraws his chearful light,
And arm'd with whirlwind, froſt, and hail,
The big clouds bring the half-year's night,
Quick to their caves the ſhivering natives tend,
And hear without the rattling ſtorms deſcend.

Then

Then ſtretcht along the ſhaggy bed,
To thee, indulgent Power, they cry;
Born on thy wings, with happier ſpeed,
The leaden-footed moments fly;
While Fancy paints Spring's viſionary ſtores,
And calls the diſtant ſun to wake the ſlumbering flowers.

Nor yet is Sleep's ſupreme command
Confin'd to theſe cold dreary plains,
O'er ſultry Lybia's boiling ſand
This univerſal monarch reigns;
And where with heat the ſable Indians glow,
While ſtreams of light thro' pureſt æther flow.

Weary and faint the duſky ſlaves
From cold Potoſi's mines retire,
From rugged rocks, and darkling caves,
When ſcarce the panting lungs reſpire:
To citron-ſhades they take their penſive way,
Where bath'd in odorous winds their liſtleſs limbs they lay.

The tyrant's voice, the galling chain,
Th' uplifted ſcourge no more they fear,
Deep ſlumbers drown the ſenſe of pain;
And floating thro' the peopled air
Ideal forms in pleaſing order riſe,
And bright illuſions ſwim before their eyes.

Now

Now Orellana's foaming tide
With pliant arms they ſeem to cleave;
And now the light canoe to guide
Acroſs Muenca's glaſſy wave;
Or chaſe in jocund troops the ſavage prey,
Thro' woods impervious to the ſolar ray.

Some gentle youth, by love betray'd,
Recalls the joys he felt of old,
When wandering with his ſable maid
Thro' groves of vegetable gold,
He claſpt her yielding to his raptur'd breaſt,
And free from guile his honeſt ſoul expreſt.

Sleep on, much injur'd hapleſs ſwain,
Nor wake thy cruel fate to moan,
To curſe th' inſatiate thirſt of gain,
And proud Iberia's [u] bloody ſon!
Old India's Genius wept o'er millions ſlain,
And ſtreams of gore ran foaming to the main.

But why to tragic ſcenes like theſe,
Wilt thou, my reſtleſs Fancy, rove?
Bear me to climes of downy eaſe,
To climes that ſleep and ſilence love:
Whether the ſhades of Lemnos moſt invite,
Or dark Cimmerian caves the ſtill abode of night.

[u] Hernando Cortez. See the Hiſtory of the Conqueſt of Mexico and Peru by the Spaniards.

Fond

Fond fables all!—The partial God
Is flown to Belgia's drowzy plains,
There waves his Lethe-ſprinkled rod,
And linkt with kindred Dulneſs reigns;
Midſt ſtagnant pools, the bittern's ſafe retreat,
Beſet with oziers dank, behold his gloomy ſeat!

His dwelling is a ſtraw-built ſhed,
Safe from the ſun's too curious eye,
A yew-tree rears its blighted head,
And frogs and rooks are croaking nigh:
Thro' many a chink the hollow murmuring breeze
Sounds like the diſtant hum of ſwarming bees.

And more to feed his ſlumbers ſoft,
And lull him in his ſenſeleſs ſwoon,
The hard rain beats upon the loft,
And ſwiftly-trickling tumbles down:
All livelier, ruder ſounds are baniſh'd far,
The lute's ſhrill voice, and brazen throat of war.

Hence let me woo thee, God of Eaſe,
Ah leave thy favourite haunt awhile,
And bid the midnight hours to pleaſe,
And bid the midnight gloom to ſmile!
Oh come, and o'er my weary limbs diffuſe
The ſlumberous weight of ſweet oblivious dews!

At

Bring too thy ſoft, enchanting dreams,
Such as enamour'd Petrarch knew,
When ſtretcht by Sorgia's gentle ſtreams,
Fair Laura's form his fancy drew:
Oh ſee he woos the ſoul-diſſolving maid,
And graſps with eager arms the viſionary ſhade.
At morn he ſung the tender tale,
He ſung his Laura's matchleſs charms,
And every tree, in Clauſa's vale,
Attentive breath'd Love's ſoft alarms;
Even hoary monks full many a careleſs bead
Have dropt, and left their aves half unſaid.

ODE ON PLEASURE.

BY THE SAME.

I. 1.

HENCE from my ſight, unfeeling ſage,
Hence, to thy lonely hermitage!——
There far remov'd from joy, and pain,
Supinely ſlumber life away;
Act o'er dull yeſterday again,
And be thy morrow like to-day.

[f] Reſt to thy bones!—While to the gale
Happier I ſpread my feſtive wing,
And like the wandering bee exhale
Freſh odours from Life's honey'd ſpring;
From bloom to bloom in pleaſing rapture ſtray,
Where Mirth invites, and Pleaſure points the way.

I. 2.

Hail, heaven-born virgin, fair and free,
Of language mild, of aſpect gay,
Whoſe voice the ſullen family
Of Care and Diſcontent obey!
By thee inſpir'd, the ſimpleſt ſcenes,
The ruſſet cots, the lowly glens,
Mountains, on whoſe craggy brow
Nature's lawleſs tenants feed,
Buſhy dells, and ſtreams, that flow
Thro' the violet-purpled mead,
Delight; thy breath exalts the rich perfumes,
That brooding o'er embalm the bean-flower field,
Beyond Sabean ſweets, and all the gums
The ſpicy deſarts of Arabia yield.

I. 3.

When the Attic bird complains
From the ſtill, attentive grove,
Or the linnet breathes his ſtrains,
Taught by Nature and by Love;

f ——— ——— ——υ τιθημ' εγω
Ζην τελον, αλλ' εμφυχον ηγεμαι νεκρον. Soph.

Do

Do thou approve the dulcet airs,
And Harmony's ſoft, ſilken chain,
In willing bondage leads our cares,
And binds the giant-ſenſe of Pain :
Untun'd by thee, how coarſe the long drawn note,
Spun from the labouring Eunuch's tortur'd throat !
Harſh are the ſounds, tho' Farinelli ſings ;
Harſh are the ſounds, tho' Handel wakes the ſtrings :
Untouch'd by thee, ſee ſenſeleſs Florio ſits,
And ſtares, and gapes, and nods, and yawns by fits.

II. 1.

Oh Pleaſure come !—and far, far hence
Expel that nun, Indifference !—
Where'er ſhe waves her ebon wand,
Drencht in the dull Lethæan deep,
Behold the marble Paſſions ſtand
Abſorb'd in everlaſting ſleep !
Then from the waſte and barren mind
The Muſe's fairy-phantoms fly ;
They fly, nor leave a wreck behind
Of heaven-deſcended Poeſy :
Love's thrilling tumults then are felt no more,
Quencht is the generous heat, the rapturous throbs are o'er !

II. 2.

'Twas thou, O nymph, that ledd'ſt along
The fair Dione's wanton choir,
While to thy blitheſt, ſofteſt ſong;
Ten thouſand Cupids ſtrung the lyre :

Aloft in air the cherubs play'd,
What time, in Cypria's myrtle-ſhade,
Young Adonis ſlumbering lay
On a bed of bluſhing flowers,
Call'd to life by early May,
And the roſy-boſomed Hours :
The Queen of love beheld her darling boy,
In amorous mood ſhe neſtled to his ſide,
And thus, to melt his frozen breaſt to joy,
Her wanton art ſhe gayly-ſmiling try'd.

II. 3.

From the muſk-roſe, wet with dew,
And the lilly's opening bell,
From freſh eglantine ſhe drew
Sweets of aromatic ſmell :
Part of that honey next ſhe took,
Which [g] Cupid too adventurous ſtole,
When ſtung his throbbing hand he ſhook,
And felt the anguiſh to his ſoul ;
His mother laught to hear the elf complain,
Yet ſtill ſhe pity'd, and reliev'd his pain ;
She dreſt the wound with balm of ſovereign might,
And bath'd him in the well of dear delight :
Ah who would fear to be ſo bath'd in bliſs,
More agonizing ſmart, and deeper wounds than this ?

[g] Theocr.

Her

III. 1.

Her magic zone ſhe next unbound,
And wav'd it in the air around :
Then cull'd from ever-frolic ſmiles,
That live in Beauty's dimpled cheek,
Such ſweetneſs as the heart beguiles,
And turns the mighty ſtrong to weak:
To theſe ambroſial dew ſhe join'd,
And o'er the flame of warm deſire,
Fann'd by ſoft ſighs, Love's gentleſt wind,
Diſſolv'd, and made the charm entire ;
O'er her moiſt lips, that bluſh'd with heavenly red,
The Graces' friendly hand the bleſt ingredients ſpread.

III. 2.

Adonis wak'd—he ſaw the fair,
And felt unuſual tumults riſe ;
His boſom heav'd with amorous care,
And humid languor veil'd his eyes !
Driven by ſome ſtrong impulſive power,
He ſought the moſt ſequeſter'd bower,
Where diffus'd on Venus' breaſt,
Firſt he felt extatic bliſs,
Firſt her balmy lips he preſt,
And devour'd the new-made Kiſs :
But, O my Muſe, thy tattling tongue reſtrain,
Her ſacred rites what mortal dares to tell ?
She crowns the ſilent, leads the blabbing ſwain
To doubts, deſires, and fears, the feveriſh lover's hell.

III. 3.

Change then, ſweeteſt nymph of nine,
Change the ſong, and fraught with pleaſures,
String anew thy ſilver twine,
To the ſofteſt, Lydian meaſures!
My Cynthia calls, whoſe natal hour
Th' aſſiſtant Graces ſaw, and ſmil'd;
Then deign'd this Cyprian charm to pour
With laviſn bounty o'er the child:
Sithence where'er the Siren moves along,
In pleaſing wonder chain'd is every tongue;
Love's ſoft effuſion dims the aching eyes,
Love's ſubtleſt flame thro' every artery flies:
Our trembling limbs th' unequal pulſe betray,
We gaze in tranſport loſt—then faint, and die away,

ODE ON DESPAIR.

BY THE SAME.

SAVE me!—What means yon griſly ſhade,
Her ſtony eye-balls ſtaring wide;
In foul, and tatter'd patches clad,
With dirt, and gore, and venom dy'd?

A burning

A burning brand ſhe whirls around,
And ſtamps, and raves, and tears the ground,
And madly rends her clotted hair;
While thro' her canker'd breaſt are ſeen
Myriads of ſerpents bred within,
The curſed ſpawn of ſelf conſuming Care!—

'Twas thus, [h] O poor enamour'd maid,
The Stygian fiend approach'd the ſea-girt tower,
What time, in ſad misfortune's evil hour,
The faithleſs lamp Love's cynoſure decay'd.
"And why," the ghaſtly phantom cries,
"Wilt thou, deluded Hero, wait
"Leander's wiſh'd return, forbid by Fate?
"See floating on his watery bier he lies;
"Pale are his cheeks, where Love was wont to play,
"And clos'd thoſe radiant eyes, that late out-ſhone the day."

The woe-foreboding voice ſhe heard,
And wiſhing, trembling pray'd for morn—
When lo! the bleeding corſe appear'd,
By ſavage rocks all rudely torn!
Where were ye, Nymphs, O tell me where,
Daughters of Nereus, freſh and fair?
And why, ſweet ſilver-footed Queen,
Would'ſt thou not leave thy coral cave,
And ſooth the rough remorſeleſs wave,
Ere Death had ſeiz'd thy beſt, thy boldeſt ſwain?—

[h] Vide Muſæum καθ' Ἡρω και Λεανδρον.

With haggard eyes, all-ſtreaming blood,
Diſtracted Hero ſaw her lover ſlain,
And thrice indignant view'd the guilty main,
And thrice accus'd each mercileſs watry God:
Aye me in vain!—For "ſee, ſhe cry'd,
"My dear Leander's beckoning ſhade!
"And canſt thou live, O loſt, O wretched maid?
"Shall envious Fate ſo fond a pair divide?
"Forbid it, Love!"—Then head-long from the tower
Deep in the ruthleſs flood ſhe plung'd to riſe no more!

With ſcenes of woe, O curſed Power,
How are thy greedy eyes regal'd?
How did thy heart exult of yore,
When heaven's vindictive rod aſſail'd
[i] The Queen of arts?—With giant-ſtride
Contagion ſtalks, and lo the bride,
The virgin-bride unpity'd dies!
Claſpt to his daughter's throbbing breaſt,
The father breathes his ſoul to reſt,
And ſorrowing ſons compoſe the widow'd mother's eyes?

Scar'd by the Dæmon's ſpotted hand,
The eagle ſcream'd, the famiſh'd vulture fled,
The hungry wolf forſook th' unburied dead,
And pale diſeaſes ſhivering left the land!

[i] See the account, which is given by Thucydides, of the plague at Athens.

What

What cries, and piercing ſhrieks reſound
Thro' every ſtreet, at every fane?
Yet ah! they weep, they weary heaven in vain!
Death and Diſtraction ſtare on all around!
The wretched few, whom poiſonous Peſtilence ſpares,
Of moody madneſs die, and heart-diſtracting fears.

Theſe are thy deeds, O fell Deſpair,
Thou tyrant of the tortur'd ſoul,
[k] Siſter of pale-ey'd Grief, and Care,
At whoſe command impetuous roll
Paſſion's rough tides, and ſwelling high
Burſt thro' each dear, and ſacred tye,
And every pleaſing thought o'erwhelm;
Anon the crazy bark is born,
Of winds, and waves, and rocks the ſcorn,
For Reaſon ſhrinks appall'd, and trembling quits the helm!

O fly, thou firſt-born child of hell,
To ſome far diſtant, dreary, doleful plain,
Where ſtarting Fear, and agonizing Pain,
And black Remorſe, and ſullen Sorrows dwell:
Where arm'd with poiſon, racks, and death,
Stern Horror rears his Gorgon head;
And writhing dreadful on the iron bed,
The purple Furies grind their canker'd teeth;

[k] According to the table of Cebes, Αθυμια is the Siſter of Οδυρμος.

While

While percht on ſtubs of trees the ſhriek-owl ſings,
And ſcreaming deadly hoarſe night-ravens flap their wings !

Thither emboſt with varied woe,
Misfortune's pallid ſlave retires——
Hark, hark, he raves !—Thy tablet ſhew,
Charg'd with damn'd ghoſts, and ſulphurous fires.
Oh mercy, heaven !——Upſtarting ſtands
His griſly hair ; his nerveleſs hands
Shake ; o'er his face the curdled blood,
From his ſwoln heart, with tidings flies :
" Give me another horſe," he cries,
" Oh ! bring the poiſon'd bowl, let loofe Life's crimſon flood !"

Sad, ſacred wretch !--Thou Power divine,
Whoſe god-like word from chaos dark and dread,
Bad Diſcord fly, and Light ſweet-ſmiling ſpread
Her orient wing, controul this breaſt of mine !
And ſtill when gloomy thoughts prevail,
Oh ſhort, and partial be their ſway !
And beam'd from thee, let Pleaſure's gladſome ray
The mournful progeny of Grief diſpel.
So ſhall the checquer'd ſcenes of Life delight,
As morning brighter peers preceded ſtill by night.

ODE

ODE TO THE MUSE.

BY THE SAME.

I. 1.

YET once more, ſweeteſt Queen of Song,
Thy humble ſuppliant lead along,
Thro' Fancy's flowery plains:
Oh bear me to th' ideal grove,
Where hand in hand the Graces rove,
And ſooth me with ſeraphic ſtrains!
'Tis thine, harmonious maid, to cull
Delicious balm to heal our cares;
'Tis thine to take the priſon'd ſoul,
And lap it in Elyſian airs;
While quick as thought at thy divine command
The realms of Grace and Harmony expand.

I. 2.

And lo! before my raviſh'd eyes
The viſionary ſcenes ariſe!
I hear the tender lute complain,
While Sappho breathes her amorous pain;
(O guard me from ſuch fierce deſires,
Thou God of Raptures, God of Fires!)
I hear Anacreon's honey'd tongue
To Love and Wine repeat the ſong;

His

His flight ſublime the Theban ſwan prepares,
And louder muſic wakes the wondering ſpheres.

I. 3.

But hark! how ſweet the numbers ſwell,
While Homer waves his ſoul-enchanting wand!
Entranc'd the liſtening Paſſions ſtand,
Charm'd with the magic of his ſhell.
Whether to arms his trump reſounds,
The heart with martial ardor bounds;
Or ſprightly themes his hand employ,
Inſtant we catch the ſpreading joy;
Or when in notes majeſtic, deep, and ſlow,
He bids the ſolemn ſtreams of Sorrow flow,
Amaz'd we hear the ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain,
While tender anguiſh ſteals thro' every vein.

II. 1.

Father of Verſe, whoſe eagle flight
Fatigues the gazer's aching ſight,
And ſtrains th' aſpiring mind:
Teach me thy wonderous heights to view,
With trembling wings thy ſteps purſue,
And leave the leſſening world behind.
Fond, fooliſh wiſh!—Can human eyes
The rapid arrow's track deſcry?
Can groſs Mortality ariſe,
And ſpring beyond the vaulted ſky?
Loſt is the momentary path, and bound
By cumbrous chains we creep along the ground!

II. 2. Yet

II. 2.

Yet ſome there are with power endow'd
To ſoar above the groveling croud;
By thee, fair Fancy rapturous maid,
By thee, O ſweet enthuſiaſt, led,
Sublime beyond the milky way
With ſtrong ſeraphic plumes they ſtray;
Or pierce within the ſacred ſhade,
Where Nature's plaſtic forms are laid;
Then ſtrike with daring hand the magic ſtrings,
And warm to life a new creation ſprings.

II. 3.

Hail choſen few, whoſe happier birth
The Muſe beheld, and bad your due feet climb
Fame's ſlippery hill, and paths ſublime,
Untrod by vulgar ſons of earth!
When Virtue droops, all ſick and pale,
In bleak Misfortune's deſart vale,
'Tis yours to ſteal away her care,
And ſoftly ſooth the penſive fair:
'Tis yours to cull from Fancy's fairy ſtores,
The brighteſt gems, and ſweeteſt-breathing flowers.
Then bind with Dædal art ſuch wreaths divine,
As bloom ſecure on Truth's immortal ſhrine.

III. 1.

Haſte then!—for ſoft Eteſian gales
Supply the [1] pilot's welcome ſails,

[1] Pind.

And

And waſt him o'er the main:
And gentle ſhowers, the daughters fair
Of pregnant clouds, and balmy air,
Rejoice the faint, and thirſty plain:
O haſte, your ſweeteſt numbers ſhed,
Fraught with the genial dew of praiſe,
On Glory's favourite ſons, who tread
Unweary'd Danger's thorny maze;
Who tear freſh laurels from War's ghaſtly brow,
Or ſteer the ſtedfaſt bark, tho' tides of Faction flow.

III. 2.

But, O ye delegates of Jove,
Sent from the ſtarry realms above
To guard the clime, with dragon eyes,
When all the Muſe's treaſures riſe,
Should Gothic Ignorance invade
With lawleſs foot the virgin ſhade,
And too incontinent preſume
Raſhly to pluck the golden bloom;
Wide wave the flaming ſword, and ſend, O ſend
Your brighteſt ſhafts to quell the Stygian fiend!

III. 3.

With holy dread, ye guardians of her ſtore,
Fulfil your charge, not too profuſe of praiſe
Embalm, with her immortal lays,
The carrion corps of Pride, or Power!
Let Dulneſs her vain favours ſhed
On ſmiling Folly's kindred head;

Or

Or Vice, in tinſel trappings dreſt,
Promote the wretch who flatters beſt;
Diſdain the crew!—and in ſome diſtant grove,
To Worth afflicted, friendleſs, raiſe your voice;
So ſhall the Muſe your honeſt ſongs approve,
And deathleſs Fame reward your uncorrupted choice!

THE WISH: AN ELEGY.

TO URANIA.

BY THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D. D.

LET others travel, with inceſſant pain,
The wealth of earth and ocean to ſecure;
Then with fond hopes careſs the precious bane;
In grandeur abject, and in affluence poor.

But ſoon, too ſoon, in Fancy's timid eyes,
Wild waves ſhall roll, and conflagrations ſpread;
While bright in arms, and of gigantic ſize,
The fear-form'd robber haunts the thorny bed.

Let

Let me, in dreadleſs poverty retir'd,
The real joys of life, unenvied, ſhare:
Favour'd by Love, and by the Muſe inſpir'd,
I'll yield to Wealth its jealouſy and care.

On riſing ground, the proſpect to command,
Unting'd with ſmoke, where vernal breezes blow,
In rural neatneſs let my cottage ſtand;
Here wave a wood, and there a river flow.

Oft from the neighbouring hills and paſtures round,
Let ſheep with tender bleat ſalute my ear;
Nor fox inſidious haunt the guiltleſs ground,
Nor man purſue the trade of murder near:

Far hence, kind heaven! expel the ſavage train,
Inur'd to blood, and eager to deſtroy;
Who pointed ſteel with recent ſlaughter ſtain,
And place in groans and death their cruel joy.

Ye Powers of ſocial life and tender ſong!
To you devoted ſhall my fields remain;
Here undiſturb'd the peaceful day prolong,
Nor own a ſmart but Love's delightful pain.

For you, my trees ſhall wave their leafy ſhade;
For you, my gardens tinge the lenient air;
For you, be Autumn's bluſhing gifts diſplay'd,
And all that Nature yields of ſweet or fair.

But,

But, O! if plaints which love and grief inſpire,
In heavenly breaſts could e'er compaſſion find,
Grant me, ah! grant my heart's ſupreme deſire,
And teach my dear Urania to be kind.

For her, black Sadneſs clouds my brighteſt day;
For her, in tears the midnight vigils roll;
For her, cold horrors melt my powers away,
And chill the living vigour of my ſoul.

Beneath her ſcorn each youthful ardor dies,
Its joys, its wiſhes, and its hopes, expire!
In vain the fields of Science tempt my eyes;
In vain for me the Muſes ſtring the lyre.

O! let her oft my humble dwelling grace,
Humble no more, if there ſhe deign to ſhine;
For heaven, unlimited by time or place,
Still waits on god-like worth and charms divine.

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn,
How ſweet with her through lonely fields to ſtray!
Her charms the loveliest landſkip ſhall adorn,
And add new glories to the riſing day.

With her, all Nature ſhines in heighten'd bloom;
The ſilver ſtream in ſweeter muſic flows;
Odours more rich the fanning gales perfume;
And deeper tinctures paint the ſpreading roſe.

With her, the ſhades of night their horrors loſe,
  Its deepeſt ſilence charms if ſhe be by;
Her voice the muſic of the dawn renews,
  Its lambent radiance ſparkles in her eye.

How ſweet, with her, in Wiſdom's calm receſs,
  To brighten ſoft deſire with wit refin'd!
Kind Nature's laws with ſacred Aſhley trace,
  And view the faireſt features of the mind!

Or borne on Milton's flight, as heaven ſublime,
  View its full blaze in open proſpect glow;
Bleſs the firſt pair in Eden's happy clime,
  Or drop the human tear for endleſs woe.

And when, in virtue, and in peace grown old,
  No arts the languid lamp of life reſtore;
Her let me graſp with hands convuls'd and cold,
  Till every nerve relax'd can hold no more.

Long, long on her my dying eyes ſuſpend,
  Till the laſt beam ſhall vibrate on my ſight;
Then ſoar where only greater joys attend,
  And bear her image to eternal light.

Fond man, ah! whither would thy fancy rove?
  'Tis thine to languiſh in unpitied ſmart;
'Tis thine, alas! eternal ſcorn to prove,
  Nor feel one gleam of comfort warm thy heart.

But,

But, if my fair this cruel law impoſe,
  Pleas'd, to her will I all my ſoul reſign ;
To walk beneath the burden of my woes,
  Or ſink in death, nor at my fate repine.

Yet when, with woes unmingled and ſincere,
  To Earth's cold womb in ſilence I deſcend ;
Let her, to grace my obſequies, appear,
  And with the weeping throng her ſorrows blend.

Ah! no, be all her hours with pleaſure crown'd,
  And all her ſoul from every anguiſh free :
Should my ſad fate that gentle boſom wound,
  The joys of heaven would be no joys to me.

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The raven hoarſe, and boding owl,
To Hecate curſt anthems howl.
  Intent with execrable art,
To burn the veins, and tear the heart,
The witch, unhallowed bones to raiſe,
Through funeral vaults and charnels ſtrays;
Calls the damn'd ſhade from every cell,
And adds new labours to their hell.
  And, ſhield me, heaven! what hollow ſound,
Like Fate's dread knell, runs echoing round?
The bell ſtrikes one, that magic hour,
When riſing fiends exert their power.
And now, ſure now, ſome cauſe unbleſt
Breathes more than horror thro' my breaſt:
How deep the breeze! how dim the light!
What ſpectres ſwim before my ſight!
My frozen limbs pale Terror chains,
And in wild eddies wheels my brains:
My icy blood forgets to roll,
And Death e'en ſeems to ſeize my ſoul.
What ſacred power, what healing art,
Shall bid my ſoul herſelf aſſert;
Shall rouze th' immortal active flame,
And teach her whence her being came?
  O Fortitude! divinely bright,
O Virtue's child, and man's delight!
Deſcend, an amicable gueſt,
And with thy firmneſs ſteel my breaſt:

Deſcend,

Deſcend, propitious to my lays,
And, while my lyre reſounds thy praiſe,
With energy divinely ſtrong,
Exalt my ſoul, and warm my ſong.
When raving in eternal pains,
And loaded with ten thouſand chains,
Vice, deep in Phlegeton, yet lay,
Nor with her viſage blaſted day;
No fear to guiltleſs man was known,
For God and Virtue reign'd alone.
But, when from native flames and night,
The curſed monſter wing'd her flight,
Pale Fear, among her hideous train,
Chas'd ſweet Contentment from her reign;
Plac'd Death and Hell before each eye,
And wrapt in miſt the golden ſky;
Baniſh'd from day each dear delight,
And ſhook with conſcious ſtarts the night.
When, from th' imperial ſeats on high,
The Lord of Nature turn'd his eye,
To view the ſtate of things below;
Still bleſt to make his creatures ſo:
From earth he ſaw Aſtræa fly,
And ſeek her manſions in the ſky;
Peace, crown'd with olives, left her throne,
And white-rob'd Innocence was gone:
While Vice, reveal'd in open day,
Sole tyrant rul'd with iron ſway;

And Virtue veil'd her weeping charms,
And fled for refuge to his arms,
Her altars ſcorn'd, her ſhrines defac'd—
Whom thus th' Eſſential Good addreſs'd.
" Thou, whom my ſoul adores alone,
Effulgent ſharer of my throne,
Fair Empreſs of Eternity!
Who uncreated reign'ſt like me;
Whom I, who ſole and boundleſs ſway,
With pleaſure infinite obey:
To yon diurnal ſcenes below,
Who feel their folly in their woe,
Again propitious turn thy flight;
Again oppoſe yon tyrant's might;
To earth thy cloudleſs charms diſcloſe,
Revive thy friends, and blaſt thy foes:
Thy triumphs man ſhall raptur'd ſee,
Act, ſuffer, live, and die for thee.
But ſince all crimes their hell contain,
Since all muſt feel who merit pain,
Let Fortitude thy ſteps attend,
And be, like thee, to man a friend;
To urge him on the arduous road,
That leads to virtue, bliſs, and God,
To blunt the ſting of every grief,
And be to all a near relief."
He ſaid; and ſhe, with ſmiles divine,
Which made all heaven more brightly ſhine,

To

To earth return'd with all her train,
And brought the golden age again.
Since erring mortals, unconſtrain'd,
The God, that warms their breaſt, profan'd,
She guardian of their joys no more,
Could only leave them, and deplore:
They, now the eaſy prey of Pain,
Curſt in their wiſh, their choice obtain!
Till arm'd with heaven and fate, ſhe came
Her deſtin'd honours to reclaim.
Vice and her ſlaves beheld her flight,
And fled like birds obſcene from light,
Back to th' abode of plagues return,
To ſin and ſmart, blaſpheme and burn.
Thou, Goddeſs! ſince, with ſacred aid,
Haſt every grief and pain allay'd,
To joy converted every ſmart,
And plac'd a heaven in every heart:
By thee we act, by thee ſuſtain,
Thou ſacred antidote of Pain!
At thy great nod the [m] Alps ſubſide,
Reluctant rivers turn their tide;
With all thy force Alcides warm'd,
His hand againſt Oppreſſion arm'd:
By thee his mighty nerves were ſtrung,
By thee his ſtrength for ever young;

[m] Alluding to the hiſtory of Hannibal.

And whilſt on brutal force he preſs'd,
His vigour with his foes increas'd.
By thee, like Jove's almighty hand,
Ambition's havock to withſtand,
[n] Timoleon roſe, the ſcourge of fate,
And hurl'd a tyrant from his ſtate;
The brother in his ſoul ſubdu'd,
And warm'd the poniard in his blood;
A ſoul by ſo much virtue fir'd,
Not Greece alone, but heaven admir'd.
  But in theſe dregs of human kind,
Theſe days to guilt and fear reſign'd,
How rare ſuch views the heart elate!
To brave the laſt extremes of fate;
Like heaven's almighty power, ſerene,
With fix'd regard to view the ſcene,
When Nature quakes beneath the ſtorm,
And Horror wears its direſt form.
Tho' future worlds are now deſcry'd,
Though Paul has writ, and Jeſus dy'd,
Diſpell'd the dark infernal ſhade,
And all the heaven of heavens diſplay'd;
Curſt with unnumber'd groundleſs fears,
How pale yon ſhivering wretch appears!

[n] Timoleon, having long in vain importuned his brother to reſign the deſpotiſm of Corinth, at laſt reſtored the liberty of the people by ſtabbing him. Vid. Plut.

For

For him the day-light ſhines in vain,
For him the fields no joys contain ;
Nature's whole charms to him are loſt,
No more the woods their Muſic boaſt ;
No more the meads their vernal bloom,
No more the gales their rich perfume :
Impending miſts deform the ſky,
And beauty withers in his eye.
In hopes his terror to elude,
By day he mingles with the croud ;
Yet finds his ſoul to fears a prey,
In buſy crouds, and open day.
If night his lonely walk ſurprize,
What horrid viſions round him riſe !
That blaſted oak, which meets his way,
Shown by the meteor's ſudden ray,
The midnight murderer's known retreat,
Felt heaven's avengeful bolt of late ;
The claſhing chain, the groan profound,
Loud from yon ruin'd tower reſound ;
And now the ſpot he ſeems to tread,
Where ſome ſelf-ſlaughter'd corſe was laid :
He feels fixt Earth beneath him bend,
Deep murmurs from her caves aſcend ;
Till all his ſoul, by fancy ſway'd,
Sees lurid phantoms croud the ſhade ;
While ſhrouded manes palely ſtare,
And beckoning wiſh to breathe their care :

Thus

Thus real woes from falſe he bears,
And feels the death, the hell he fears.
O thou ! whoſe ſpirit warms my ſong,
With energy divinely ſtrong,
Erect his ſoul, confirm his breaſt,
And let him know the ſweets of reſt;
Till every human pain and care,
All that may be, and all that are,
But falſe imagin'd ills appear,
Beneath our hope, our grief, or fear.
And, if I right invoke thy aid,
By thee be all my woes allay'd;
With ſcorn inſtruct me to defy
Impoſing fear, and lawleſs joy;
To ſtruggle thro' this ſcene of ſtriſe,
The pains of death, the pangs of life,
With conſtant brow to meet my fate,
And meet ſtill more, Euanthe's hate.
And when ſome ſwain her charms ſhall claim,
Who feels not half my generous flame,
Whoſe cares her angel-voice beguiles,
On whom ſhe bends her heavenly ſmiles;
For whom ſhe weeps, for whom ſhe glows,
On whom her treaſur'd ſoul beſtows;
When perfect mutual joy they ſhare,
Ah ! joy enhanc'd by my deſpair !
Mix beings in each flaming kiſs,
And bleſt, ſtill riſe to higher bliſs:

Then,

Then, then, exert my utmoſt power,
And teach me being to endure;
Leſt reaſon from the helm ſhould ſtart,
And lawleſs fury rule my heart;
Leſt madneſs all my ſoul ſubdue,
To aſk her Maker, What doſt thou?
Yet, couldſt thou in that dreadful hour,
On my rack'd ſoul all Lethe pour,
Or fan me with the gelid breeze,
That chains in ice th' indignant ſeas;
Or wrap my heart in tenfold ſteel,
I ſtill am man, and ſtill muſt feel.

***

Thy planet was remote, when I was born;
'Twas Mercury that rul'd my natal morn,
What time the ſun exerts his genial ray,
And ripens for enjoyment every growing day;
When to exiſt is but to love and ſing,
And ſprightly Aries ſmiles upon the ſpring.

II.

There in yon loneſome heath,
Which Flora, or Sylvanus never knew,
Where never vegetable drank the dew,
Or beaſt, or fowl attempts to breathe;
Where Nature's pencil has no colours laid;
But all is blank, and univerſal ſhade;
Contraſt to figure, motion, life and light,
There may'ſt thou vent thy ſpight,
For ever curſing, and for ever curs'd,
Of all th' infernal crew the worſt;
The worſt in genius, meaſure and degree;
For envy, hatred, malice, are but parts of thee.

III.

Or would'ſt thou change the ſcene, and quit thy den,
Behold the heaven-deſerted fen,
Where ſpleen, by vapours denſe begot and bred,
Hardneſs of heart, and heavineſs of head,
Have rais'd their darkſome walls, and plac'd their thorny bed;
There may'ſt thou all thy bitterneſs unload,
There may'ſt thou croak, in concert with the toad,

With

With thee the hollow howling winds ſhall join,
Nor ſhall the bittern her baſe throat deny,
The querulous frogs ſhall mix their dirge with thine,
Th' ear-piercing hern, and plover ſcreaming high,
While million humming gnats ſit œſtrum ſhall ſupply.

IV.

Away—away—behold an hideous band,
An herd of all thy minions are at hand :
Suſpicion firſt with jealous caution ſtalks,
And ever looks around her as ſhe walks,
With bibulous ear imperfect ſounds to catch,
And prompt to liſten at her neighbour's latch.
Next Scandal's meagre ſhade,
Foe to the virgins, and the Poet's fame,
A wither'd, time-deflower'd old maid,
That ne'er enjoy'd Love's ever ſacred flame.
Hypocriſy ſucceeds with ſaint-like look,
And elevates her hands, and plods upon her book.
Next comes illiberal ſcambling Avarice,
Then Vanity and Affectation nice—
See, ſhe ſalutes her ſhadow with a bow,
As in ſhort Gallic trips ſhe minces by,
Starting Antipathy is in her eye,
And ſqueamiſhly ſhe knits her ſcornful brow.
To thee, Ill-nature, all the numerous group
With lowly reverence ſtoop—
They wait thy call, and mourn thy long delay,
Away—thou art infectious—haſte away,

ODE

ODE ON St. CECILIA's DAY.

BY THE SAME.

I.

FROM your lyre-enchanted towers,
Ye muſically myſtic Powers,
Ye, that inform the tuneful ſpheres,
Inaudible to mortal ears,
While each orb in ether ſwims
Accordant to th' inſpiring hymns;
Hither Paradiſe remove,
Spirits of Harmony and Love!
Thou too, divine Urania, deign to appear,
And with thy ſweetly-ſolemn lute
To the grand argument the numbers ſuit;
Such as ſublime and clear,
Replete with heavenly love,
Charm th' inraptur'd ſouls above.
Diſdainful of fantaſtic play,
Mix on your ambroſial tongue
Weight of ſenſe with ſound of ſong,
And be angelically gay.

II. And

II.

And you, ye ſons of Harmony below,
How little leſs than angels, when ye ſing!
With Emulation's kindling warmth ſhall glow,
And from your mellow-modulating throats
The tribute of your grateful notes
In union of piety ſhall bring.
Shall Echo from her vocal cave
Repay each note the ſhepherd gave,
And ſhall not we our miſtreſs praiſe,
And give her back the borrow'd lays?
But farther ſtill our praiſes we purſue;
For ev'n Cecilia, mighty maid,
Confeſs'd ſhe had ſuperior aid——
She did——and other rites to greater Powers are due:
Higher ſwell the ſound and higher:
Let the winged numbers climb:
To the heaven of heavens aſpire,
Solemn, ſacred, and ſublime:
From heaven Muſic took its riſe,
Return it to its native ſkies.

III.

Muſic's a celeſtial art;
Ceaſe to wonder at its power,
Tho' liſeleſs rocks to motion ſtart,
Tho' trees dance lightly from the bower,
Tho' rolling floods in ſweet ſuſpence
Are held, and liſten into ſenſe.

In

In Penſhurſt's plains, when Waller, ſick with love,
Has found ſome ſilent, ſolitary grove,
Where the vague moon-beams pour a ſilver flood
Of tremulous light athwart th' unſhaven wood,
Within an hoary moſs-grown cell,
He lays his careleſs limbs without reſerve,
And ſtrikes, impetuous ſtrikes each querulous nerve
Of his reſounding ſhell.
In all the woods, in all the plains,
Around a lively ſtillneſs reigns;
The deer approach the ſecret ſcene,
And weave their way thro' labyrinths green;
While Philomela learns the lay,
And anſwers from the neighbouring bay.
But Medway, melancholy mute,
Gently on his urn reclines,
And all-attentive to the lute,
In uncomplaining anguiſh pines:
The cryſtal waters weep away,
And bear the tidings to the ſea:
Neptune in the boiſterous ſeas
Spreads the placid bed of peace,
While each blaſt,
Or breathes its laſt,
Or juſt does ſigh a ſymphony and ceaſe.

IV.

Behold Arion—on the ſtern he ſtands,
Pall'd in theatrical attire,

To

To the mute ſtrings he moves th' enlivening hands,
Great in diſtreſs, and wakes the golden lyre:
While in a tender Orthian ſtrain
He thus accoſts the miſtreſs of the main:
By the bright beams of Cynthia's eyes,
Thro' which your waves attracted riſe,
And actuate the hoary deep;
By the ſecret coral cell,
Where Love, and Joy, and Neptune dwell,
And peaceful floods in ſilence ſleep;
By the ſea-flowers, that immerge
Their heads around the grotto's verge,
Dependent from the ſtooping ſtem;
By each roof-ſuſpended drop,
That lightly lingers on the top,
And heſitates into a gem;
By thy kindred watery gods,
The lakes, the rivulets, founts and floods,
And all the Powers that live unſeen
Underneath the liquid green;
Great Amphitrite (for thou canſt bind
The ſtorm, and regulate the wind)
Hence waft me, fair Goddeſs, oh waft me away,
Secure from the men, and the monſters of prey!

V.

He ſung—The winds are charm'd to ſleep,
Soft ſtillneſs ſteals along the deep,

The Tritons and the Nereids ſigh
In ſoul-reflecting ſympathy,
And all the audience of waters weep.
But Amphitrite her dolphin ſends—the ſame,
Which erſt to Neptune brought the nobly perjur'd dame. —
Pleas'd to obey, the beauteous monſter flies,
And on his ſcales as the gilt ſun-beams play,
Ten thouſand variegated dies
In copious ſtreams of luſtre riſe,
Riſe o'er the level main, and ſignify his way.—
And now the joyous Bard, in triumph bore,
Rides the voluminous wave, and makes the wiſh'd-for ſhore.
Come, ye feſtive, ſocial throng,
Who ſweep the lyre, or pour the ſong,
Your nobleſt melody employ,
Such as becomes the mouth of Joy;
Bring the ſky-aſpiring thought,
With bright expreſſion richly wrought;
And hail the Muſe aſcending on her throne,
The main at length ſubdu'd, and all the world her own.

VI.

But o'er th' affections too ſhe claims the ſway,
Pierces the human heart, and ſteals the ſoul away;
And as attractive ſounds move high or low,
Th' obedient ductile paſſions ebb and flow.
Has any nymph her faithful lover loſt,
And in the viſions of the night,
And all the day-dreams of the light,
In Sorrow's tempeſt turbulently toſt—

From

From her cheeks the roſes die,
The radiations vaniſh from her ſun-bright eye,
And her breaſt, the throne of love,
Can hardly, hardly, hardly move,
To ſend th' ambroſial ſigh.
But let the ſkilful Bard appear,
And pour the ſounds medicinal in her ear:
Sing ſome ſad, ſome plaintive ditty,
Steept in tears that endleſs flow,
Melancholy notes of pity,
Notes that mean a worldof woe;
She too ſhall ſympathize, ſhe too ſhall moan,
And pitying others ſorrows ſigh away her own.

VII.

Wake, wake the kettle-drum, prolong
The ſwelling trumpet's ſilver ſong,
And let the kindred accents paſs
Thro' the horn's meandering braſs.
Ariſe—The patriot Muſe invites to war,
And mounts Bellona's brazen car;
While Harmony, terrific maid!
Appears in martial pomp array'd:
The ſword, the target, and the lance
She wields, and as ſhe moves, exalts the Pyrrhic dance.
Trembles the earth, reſound the ſkies—
Swift o'er the fleet, the camp ſhe flies
With thunder in her voice, and lightning in her eyes.

The gallant warriors engage
With inextinguiſhable rage,
And hearts unchill'd with fear;
Fame numbers all the choſen bands,
Full in the front fair Victory ſtands,
And Triumph crowns the rear.

VIII.

But hark the temple's hollow'd roof reſounds,
And Purcell lives along the ſolemn ſounds.—
Mellifluous, yet manly too,
He pours his ſtrains along,
As from the lion Sampſon ſlew,
Comes ſweetneſs from the ſtrong.
Not like the ſoft Italian ſwains,
He trills the weak enervate ſtrains,
Where Senſe and Muſic are at ſtrife;
His vigorous notes with meaning teem,
With fire, with force explain the theme,
And ſing the ſubject into life.
Attend—he ſings Cecilia—matchleſs dame!
'Tis ſhe—'tis ſhe,—fond to extend her fame,
On the loud chords the notes conſpire to ſtay,
And ſweetly ſwell into a long delay,
And dwell delighted on her name.
Blow on, ye ſacred organs, blow,
In tones magnificently ſlow;
Such is the muſic, ſuch the lays
Which ſuit your fair inventreſs' praiſe:

While

While round religious ſilence reigns,
And loitering winds expect the ſtrains.
Hail majeſtic mournful meaſure,
Source of many a penſive pleaſure!
Bleſt pledge of love to mortals given,
As pattern of the reſt of heaven!
And thou, chief honor of the veil,
Hail, harmonious virgin, hail!
When Death ſhall blot out every name,
And Time ſhall break the trump of Fame,
Angels may liſten to thy lute:
Thy power ſhall laſt, thy bays ſhall bloom,
When tongues ſhall ceaſe, and worlds conſume,
And all the tuneful ſpheres be mute.

THE SEASONS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

BY MOSES MENDEZ, ESQ.

SPRING,

ERE yet I ſing the round revolving year,
And ſhow the toils and paſtime of the ſwain,
At * Alcon's grave I drop a pious tear;
Right well he knew to raiſe his learned ſtrain,
And, like his Milton, ſcorn'd the rhiming chain.
Ah! cruel Fate, to tear him from our eyes;
Receive this wreath, albe the tribute's vain;
From the green ſod may flowers immortal riſe,
To mark the ſacred ſpot where the ſweet Poet lies!

It is the Cuckoo that announceth Spring,
And with his P wreakful tale the ſpouſe doth fray;
Mean while the Finches harmleſs ditties ſing,
And hop, in buxom youth, from ſpray to ſpray,

* Mr. Thomſon, author of the Seaſons. P Revengeful.

Proud

Proud as Sir Paridel of rich array.
The little wantons that draw Venus team,
Chirp amorous thro' the grove in beavies gay;
And he, who erſt gain'd Leda's fond eſteem,
Now ſails on Thamis' tide, the glory of the ſtream!

Proud as the Turkiſh ſoldan, chaunticleer
Sees, with delight, his numerous race around:
He grants freſh favours to each female near;
For love as well as cheriſaunce renown'd.
The waddling dame that did the Gauls confound,
Her tawny ſons doth lead to rivers cold;
While Juno's [q] dearling, with majeſtic bound,
To charm his [r] leman doth his train unfold,
That glows with vivid green, that flames with burning gold.

The balmy cowſlip gilds the ſmiling plain,
The virgin ſnow-drop boaſts her ſilver hue,
An hundred tints the gaudy daiſy ſtain,
And the meek violet, in amis blue
Creeps low to earth, and hides from public view:
But the rank nettle rears her creſt on high;
So ribaulds looſe their front unbluſhing ſhew,
While modeſt merit doth neglected lie,
And pines in lonely ſhade unſeen of vulgar eye.

[q] Darling. [r] Lover.

See! all around the gall-lefs [s] culvers bill,
  Mean while the nightingale's becalming lays
Mix with the plaintive mufic of the rill,
  The which in various [t] gyres the meadow [u] bays.
  Behold! the welkin burfts into a blaze!
Faft by the car of light the nimble Hours,
  In fongs of triumph, hail his genial rays,
And, as they [x] wend to Thetis cooling bowers,
They bound along the fky, and ftrew the heavens with flowers.

And now the human bofom melts to love;
  The raptur'd Bard awakes his fkilful lyre,
By running ftreams, or in the laurel grove,
  He tunes to amorous notes his founding wire:
  All, all is harmony, and all defire.
The happy numbers charm the blooming maid;
  Her blufhing cheeks pronounce her heart on fire,
She now confents, then fhuns th' embowering fhade,
With faint reluctance yields; defirous, yet afraid.

Now ruftic Cuddy, with untutor'd throat,
  (Tho' much admir'd, I ween, of nymph and fwain)
By various fongs would various ends promote.
  Seeks he to prove that woman's vows are vain!
  He Bateman's fortune tells, a baleful ftrain!

[s] Doves. [t] Circles, or windings. [u] Bathes. [x] Go.

And

And if to honour Britain he be led,
  He ſings a 'prentice bold, in londs profane,
Who, all unarm'd, did ſtrike two lions dead,
Tore forth their ſavage hearts, and did a princeſs wed.

But hark! the bag-pipe ſummons to the green,
  The jocund bag-pipe, that awaketh ſport;
The blitheſome laſſes, as the morning ſheen,
  Around the flower-crown'd may-pole quick reſort:
  The Gods of pleaſure here have fix'd their court.
Quick on the wing the flying moment ſeize,
  Nor build up ample ſchemes, for life is ſhort,
Short as the whiſper of the paſſing breeze.
Yet, ah! in vain I preach—mine heart is ill at eaſe.

S U M M E R.

BENEATH yon [y] ſnubby oak's extended ſhade
  Safe let me hide me from the eye of day;
Nor ſhall the dog-ſtar this retreat invade,
  As thro' the heavens he ſpeeds his burning way:
  The ſultry lion rages for his prey.
Ah Phœbus, quench thy wild deſtroying fire,
  Each flower, each ſhrub doth ſink beneath thy ray,
Save the freſh laurel, that ſhall ne'er expire.
The leaves that crown a bard may brave celeſtial ire.

[y] Knotty.

Or ſhall I hie to mine own hermitage,
  Round which the wanton vine her arms doth wind,
There may I lonely turn the ſacred page,
  Improve my reaſon, and amend my mind;
  Here 'gainſt Life's ills a remedy I find.
An hundred flowers emboſs the verdant ground;
  A little brook doth my ſweet cottage bind,
Its waters yield a melancholy ſound,
And ſooth to ſtudy deep, or lull to ſleep profound.

The playful inſect hopping in the graſs
  Doth tire the hearer with his ſonnet ſhrill;
The pool-ſprung gnat on ſounding wing doth paſs,
  And on the [z] ramping ſteed doth ſuck his fill;
  Ah me, can little creatures work ſuch ill!
The patient cow doth, to eſchew the heat,
  Her body ſteep within the neighbouring rill;
And while the lambs in fainter voices bleat,
Their mothers hang their head, in doleful plight I weet.

[a] Rechleſs of ſeaſons, ſee the luſty ſwains
  Along the meadow ſpread the tawny hay;
The maidens too undaunted ſeek the plains,
  Ne fear to ſhow their faces to the ray;
  But all the honeſt badge of toil diſplay.

[z] Starting, flying-out. [a] Careleſs.

See

See how they mould the haycock's rising head;
While wanton Colin, full of amorous play,
Down throweth Susan, who doth shriek for dread.
Fear not——thou canst be hurt upon so soft a bed.

At length the sun doth hasten to repose,
And all the vault of heaven is streak'd with light;
In flamy gold the ruddy welkin glows,
And, for the noon-day heat, our pains doth [b] quite,
For all is calm, serene, and passing bright:
Favonius gentle skims along the grove,
And sheds sweet odours from his pennons light.
The little bat in giddy orbs doth rove,
And loud the screech-owl shrieks, to rouse her blue-ey'd love.

Menalcas came to taste the evening gale,
His cheeks impurpled with the rose of youth;
He won each damsel with his piteous tale,
They thought they listen'd to the words of truth,
Yet their belief did work them muchel [c] ruth.
His oaths were light as gossimer, or air,
His tongue was poisonous as an aspic's tooth.
Ah! cease to promise joy, and give despair:
'Tis brave to smite the foe; 'tis base to wrong the fair.

[b] Requite. [c] Sorrow.

The

The gentle Thyrſis, mild as opening morn,
  Came to the lawn, and Marian there was found;
Marian whom many huſwife arts adorn:
  Right well ſhe knew the apple to ſurround
  With dulcet cruſt: and Thomalin renown'd
For prow[d] atchievements in the wreſtling ring;
  He held at nought the vantage of the ground,
But prone to earth the hardieſt wight would fling;
Such was Alcides erſt, if poets[e] ſooth do ſing.

From tree-crown'd hill, from flower-enamel'd vale,
  The mild inhabitants in crouds appear
To tread a meaſure; while Night's regent pale
  Doth thro' the ſky her ſilver chariot ſteer,
  Whoſe lucid wheels were deck'd with dew-drops clear;
The which, like pearls, deſcended on the plain.
  Now every youth doth claſp his miſtreſs dear,
And every nymph rewards her conſtant ſwain.
Thrice happy he who loves, and is belov'd again.

[d] Hardy, valiant. [e] Truth.

A U T U M N.

SEE jolly Autumn, clad in hunter's green,
In wholesome [f] lusty-hed doth mount the sphere;
A leafy girlond binds her temples sheen,
Instudded richly with the spiky ear.
Her right hand bears a vine-incircled spear;
Such as the crew did wield whom Bacchus lad,
When to the Ganges he his course did steer;
And in her left a bugle-horn she had,
On which she [g] eft did blow, and made the heart right glad.

In slow procession moves the tottering wain,
The sun-burnt hinds their finish'd toil [h] ensue;
Now in the barn they house the glittering grain,
And there the cries of "harvest home" renew.
The honest farmer does his friends [i] salew;
And them with jugs of ale his wife doth treat,
Which for that purpose she at home did brew;
They laugh, they sport, and homely jests repeat,
Then smack their lasses lips, their lips as honey sweet.

[f] Vigour. [g] Often.
[h] Follow. [i] Salute.

On

On every hill the purple blushing vine
  Beneath her leaves her racy fruit doth hide:
[k] Albe the pour not floods of foaming wine,
  Yet are we not potations bland denied;
  See where the pear-tree doth in earth abide!
Bruise her rich fruitage, and the grape disdain;
  The apple too will grant a generous tide,
To sing whose honours Thenot rais'd his strain,
Whose soul-inchanting lays still charm the listening plain.

Thro' greyish mists behold Aurora dawns,
  And to his sport the wary fowler hies;
Crouching to earth his guileful pointer fawns,
  Now the thick stubble, now the clover tries,
  To find where, with his race, the partridge lies.
Ah! luckless sire, ah! luckless race, I ween,
  Whom force compels or subtle arts surprize;
More [l] uncles wait to cause thee dolorous [m] teen,
Doom'd to escape the deep, and perish on the green.

The full-mouth'd hounds pursue the timorous hare,
  And the hills echo to the joyful cry;
Ah! borrow the light pennons of the hare,
  If you're [n] arraught, you die, poor wretch, you die.

[k] Although.

[l] Dædalus envying Perdix his nephew's skill in mechanics, threw him into the sea. He escaped death by being changed into a partridge.

[m] Anguish, pain. [n] Reach'd, overtaken.

Nought

Nought will avail the pity-pleading eye,
For our good ſquire doth much againſt you rail,
And ſaith you often magic arts do try;
At times you wave Grimalkin's ſooty tail,
Or on a beeſom vild you thro' the welkin ſail.

The ſtag is rous'd; he ſtems the threatening flood,
That ſhall ere long his matchleſs ſwiftneſs quell;
And, to avoid the tumult of the wood,
Amongſt his well-known [o] pheers attempts to [p] mell:
With horn and hoof his purpoſe they repell.
Thus, ſhould a maid from Virtue's lore yſtray,
Your ſex, my Daphne, ſhow their vengeance fell;
Your cruel ſelves with gall the ſhaft [q] embay,
And laſh from Pardon's ſhrine the penitent away.

Now ſilence charms the ſages of the gown,
To purer air doth ſpeed each crafty wight;
The well-ſqueez'd client quits the duſty town,
Grown grey in the aſſerting of his right,
With head yfraught with law, and pockets light,
Well pleas'd he wanders o'er the fallow lea,
And views each rural object with delight.
Ne'er be my lot the brawling courts to ſee;
Who truſts to lawyer's tongue doth much [r] miſween, perdy.

o Companions.
p Mix.
q Bathe.
r Judges ill.

Right

Right bleſs'd the man who free from bitter [s] bale,
  Doth in the little peaceful hamlet dwell,
No loud contention doth his ears aſſail,
  Save when the tempeſt whiſtles o'er his cell :
  The fruitful down, the flower-depainted dell,
To pleaſe his eyne are variouſly array'd ;
  And when in roundelay his flame he'd tell,
He gains a ſmile from his beloved maid ;
By ſuch a gentle ſmile an age of pain's repaid.

W I N T E R.

THE little brook that erſt my cot did lave,
  And o'er its flinty pavement ſweetly ſung,
Doth now forget to roll her wanton wave,
  For Winter hoar her icy chain has flung,
  And ſtill'd the babbling muſic of her tongue.
The lonely woodcock ſeeks the ſplaſhy glen,
  Each mountain head with fleecy ſnow is hung ;
The ſnipe and duck enjoy the mooriſh fen,
Like [t] Eremites they live, and ſhun the ſight of men.

s Sorrow. t Hermits.

The

The [u] wareleſs ſheep no longer bite the mead,
  No more the plough-boy turns the ſtubborn ground,
At the full crib the horned labourers feed,
  Their noſtrils caſt black clouds of ſmoak around;
  A ſqualid coat doth the lean ſteed ſurround.
The wily fox doth prowl abroad for prey,
  Rechleſs of ſnares, or of th' avenging hound;
And truſty Lightfoot, now no longer gay,
Sleeps at the kitchen hearth his cheerleſs hours away.

Where erſt the boat, and ſlowly moving barge,
  Did with delight cut thro' the dimpling plain,
Now wanton boys and men do roam at large;
  The river-gods quit their uſurp'd domain,
  And of the wrong at Neptune's court complain.
There mote you ſee mild Avon crown'd with flowers,
  And milky Wey withouten ſpot or ſtain;
There the fair ſtream that waſhes Hampton's bowers,
And Iſis who with pride beholds her learned towers.

Intent on ſport, the ever jocund throng
  Quit their warm cots, and for the game prepare;
Behold the reſtleſs foot-ball whirls along,
  Now near the earth, now mounted high in air.
  Thus often men, in life's wild lottery fare,
Who quit true bliſs to graſp an empty toy.
  Our honeſt ſwains for wealth nor titles care,
But luſty health in exerciſe employ.
The diſtant village hears the rude tumultuous joy.

[u] Stupified.

The careful hedger looks the fields around,
  To ſee what labour may his ſkill demand ;
He mends the fence, repairs the ſinking mound,
  Or in long drains he cuts the lower land,
  That ſhall henceforth all ſudden floods withſtand.
Mean while at home his dame, with ſilver hair,
  Doth ſit incircled by a goodly band
Of lovely maids, who various works prepare,
All chaſte as Jove's wife child, as Cupid's mother fair.

She them diſcourſes not of faſhions nice,
  Nor of the trilling notes which eunuchs ſing ;
Allurements vain, that prompt the ſoul to vice!
  Ne tells ſhe them of Keſar or of king ;
  Too great the ſubject for ſo mean a ring.
Her leſſons teach to ſwell the capon's ſize ;
  To make the hen a numerous offspring bring ;
Or how the way-ward mother to chaſtiſe,
When from her vetchy neſt the weetleſs vagrant hies.

When gliſtering ſpangles deck the robe of night,
  And all their kine in pens avoid the cold,
The buxom troops, ſtill eager of delight,
  Round Damon's eyne a [x] drapet white infold,
  He darkling gropes till he ſome one can hold.

x A lin nen c loth.

Next

Next Cori hides his head, and muſt impart
  What wanton fair-one ſmote his hand ſo bold.
He Delia names, nor did from truth depart;
For well he knew her touch, who long had fir'd his heart.

Stay, I conjure you by your hopes of bliſs,
  Truſt not, my Daphne, the rough-biting air,
Let not rude winds thoſe lips of ſoftneſs kiſs;
  Will Eurus ſtern the charms of beauty ſpare?
  No, he will hurt my roſy-featur'd fair,
If aught ſo bright dares rugged carl invade,
  Too tender thou ſuch rough aſſaults to bear;
The mountain aſh may ſtand tho' ſtripp'd of ſhade,
But at the ſlighteſt wound the ſilken flowers will fade.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

BY DR. JOSEPH WARTON.

O Goddeſs, on whoſe ſteps attend
  Pleaſure and laughter-loving Health,
White-mantled Peace with olive-wand,
Young Joy, and diamond-ſcepter'd Wealth,
Blithe Plenty, with her loaded horn,
With Science bright-ey'd as the morn,

In Britain, which for ages paſt
Has been thy choiceſt darling care,
Who mad'ſt her wiſe, and ſtrong, and fair,
May thy beſt bleſſings ever laſt.

For thee, the pining priſoner mourns,
Depriv'd of food, of mirth, of light;
For thee pale ſlaves to galleys chain'd,
That ply tough oars from morn to night;
Thee the proud Sultan's beauteous train,
By eunuchs guarded, weep in vain,
Tearing the roſes from their locks;
And Guinea's captive kings lament,
By Chriſtian lords to labour ſent,
Whipt like the dull, unfeeling ox.

Inſpir'd by thee, deaf to fond Nature's cries,
Stern Brutus, when Rome's Genius loudly ſpoke,
Gave her the matchleſs filial ſacrifice,
Nor turn'd, nor trembled at the deathful ſtroke!
And he of later age, but equal fame,
Dar'd ſtab the tyrant, tho' he lov'd the friend.
How burnt the [y]Spartan with warm patriot-flame,
In thy great cauſe his valorous life to end!
How burſt Guſtavus from the Swediſh mine!
Like light from chaos dark, eternally to ſhine.

[y] Leonidas.

When

When heaven to all thy joys beſtows,
And graves upon our hearts—Be free—
Shall coward man thoſe joys reſign,
And dare reverſe this great decree ?
Submit him to ſome idol-king,
Some ſelfiſh, paſſion-guided thing,
Abhorring man, by man abhorr'd,
Around whoſe throne ſtands trembling Doubt,
Whoſe jealous eyes ſtill rowl about,
And Murder with his reeking ſword ?

Where trampling Tyranny with Fate
And black Revenge gigantic goes :
Hark, how the dying infants ſhriek,
How hopeleſs Age is ſunk in woes !
Fly, mortals, from that fated land,
Tho' rivers roll o'er golden ſand :
Tho' birds in ſhades of Caſſia ſing,
Harveſts and fruits ſpontaneous riſe,
No ſtorms diſturb the ſmiling ſkies,
And each ſoft breeze rich odours bring.

Britannia, watch !—remember peerleſs Rome,
Her high-tower'd head daſh'd meanly to the ground ;
Remember, Freedom's guardian, Grecia's doom,
Whom weeping the deſpotic Turk has bound :
May ne'er thy oak-crown'd hills, rich meads and downs,
(Fame, Virtue, Courage, Poverty, forgot)

Thy peaceful villages, and bufy towns,
Be doom'd fome death-difpenfing tyrant's lot;
On deep foundations may thy freedom ftand,
Long as the furge fhall lafh thy fea-encircled land.

***

O lovely queen of mirth and eaſe,
Whom abſent, beauty, banquets, wine,
Wit, muſic, pomp, nor ſcience pleaſe,
And kings on ivory couches pine ;
Nature's kind nurſe, to whom by gracious heaven
To ſooth the pangs of toilſome life 'tis given;

To aid a languid wretch repair,
Let pale-ey'd Grief thy preſence fly,
The reſtleſs demon gloomy Care,
And meagre Melancholy die ;
Drive to ſome lonely rock the giant Pain,
And bind him howling with a triple chain !

O come, reſtore my aking ſight,
Yet let me not on Laura gaze,
Soon muſt I quit that dear delight,
O'erpower'd by Beauty's piercing rays ;
Support my feeble feet, and largely ſhed
The oil of gladneſs on my fainting head.

How nearly had my ſpirit paſt,
Till ſtopt by Metcalf's ſkilful hand,
To Death's dark regions wide and waſt,
And the black-river's mournful ſtrand ;
Or to thoſe vales of joy and meadows bleſt,
Where ſages, heroes, patriots, poets reſt ;

Where Maro and Muſæus ſit
Liſtening to Milton's loftier ſong,
With ſacred ſilent wonder ſinit;
While, monarch of the tuneful throng,
Homer in rapture throws his trumpet down,
And to the Briton gives his amaranthine crown.

ODE TO SUPERSTITION.

BY THE SAME.

HENCE to ſome convent's gloomy iſles,
Where chearful day-light never ſmiles,
Tyrant, from Albion haſte to ſlaviſh Rome;
There by dim tapers livid light,
At the ſtill ſolemn hours of night,
In penſive muſings walk o'er many a ſounding tomb.

Thy clanking chains, thy crimſon ſteel,
Thy venom'd darts, and barbarous wheel,
Malignant fiend, bear from this iſle away,
Nor dare in Error's fetters bind
One active, freeborn, Britiſh mind,
That ſtrongly ſtrives to ſpring indignant from thy ſway.

Thou

Thou bad'ſt grim Moloch's frowning prieſt
Snatch ſcreaming infants from the breaſt,
Regardleſs of the frantic mother's woes ;
Thou led'ſt the ruthleſs ſons of Spain
To wondering India's golden plain,
From deluges of blood where tenfold harveſts roſe.

But lo ! how ſwiftly art thou fled,
When Reaſon lifts his radiant head ;
When his reſounding, awful voice they hear,
Blind Ignorance, thy doating ſire,
Thy daughter, trembling Fear, retire ;
And all thy ghaſtly train of terrors diſappear.

So by the Magi hail'd from far,
When Phœbus mounts his early car,
The ſhrieking ghoſts to their dark charnels flock ;
The full-gorg'd wolves retreat, no more
The prowling lioneſſes roar,
But haſten with their prey to ſome deep cavern'd rock.

Hail then, ye friends of Reaſon hail,
Ye foes to Myſtery's odious veil,
To Truth's high temple guide my ſteps aright,
Where Clarke and Wollaſton reſide,
With Locke and Newton by their ſide,
While Plato ſits above enthron'd in endleſs light.

ODE

ODE TO A GENTLEMAN UPON HIS TRAVELS THROUGH ITALY.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE I with fond officious care
For you my chorded ſhell prepare;
And not unmindful frame an humble lay;
Where ſhall this verſe my Cynthio find?
What ſcene of art now charms your mind?
Say, on what ſacred ſpot of Roman ground you ſtray?

Perhaps you cull each valley's bloom,
To ſtrew o'er Virgil's laurell'd tomb,
Whence oft at midnight echoing voices ſound;
For at that hour of ſilence, there
The ſhades of ancient Bards repair,
To join in choral ſong his hallow'd urn around:

Or wander in the cooling ſhade
Of Sabine bowers, where Horace ſtray'd,
And oft repeat in eager thought elate,
(As round in claſſic ſearch you trace
With curious eye the pleaſing place)
"That fount he lov'd, and there beneath that hill he ſate."

How

How longs my raptur'd breaſt with you
Great Raphael's magic ſtrokes to view,
To whoſe bleſt hand each charm the Graces gave!
Whence each fair form with beauty glows,
Like that of Venus, when ſhe roſe
Naked in bluſhing charms from Ocean's hoary wave.

As oft by roving fancy led
To ſmooth Clitumnus' banks you tread,
What awful thoughts his fabled waters raiſe!
While the low-thoughted ſwain, whoſe flock
Grazes around, from ſome ſteep rock
With vulgar diſregard his mazy courſe ſurveys.

Now thro' the ruin'd domes my Muſe
Your ſteps with eager flight purſues,
That their cleft piles on Tyber's plains preſent,
Among whoſe hollow-winding cells
Forlorn and wild Rome's Genius dwells,
His golden ſceptre broke, and purple mantle rent.

Oft to thoſe moſſy mouldering walls,
Thoſe caverns dark, and ſilent halls,
Let me repair by midnight's paly fires;
There muſe on Empire's fallen ſtate,
And frail Ambition's haplefs fate,
While more than mortal thoughts the ſolemn ſcene inſpires.

What

What luſt of power from the cold North
Could tempt thoſe Vandal-robbers forth,
Fair Italy, thy vine-clad vales to waſt!
Whoſe hands profane, with hoſtile blade,
Thy ſtory'd temples dar'd invade,
And all thy Parian ſeats of Attic art defac'd.

They, weeping Art in fetters bound,
And gor'd her breaſt with many a wound,
And veil'd her charms in clouds of thickeſt night;
Sad Poeſy, much-injur'd maid,
They drove to ſome dim convent's ſhade,
And quench'd in gloomy miſt her lamp's reſplendent light.

There long ſhe wept, to darkneſs doom'd,
'Till Coſmo's hand her light relum'd,
That once again in loſty Taſſo ſhone;
Since has ſweet Spenſer caught her fire,
She breath'd once more in Milton's lyre,
And warm'd the ſoul divine of Shakeſpear, Fancy's ſon.

Nor ſhe, mild queen, will ceaſe to ſmile
On her Britannia's much-lov'd iſle,
Where theſe her beſt, her favourite three were born,
While [z] Theron warbles Græcian ſtrains,
Or poliſh'd Dodington remains,
The drooping train of Arts to cheriſh and adorn.

[z] The author of the Pleaſures of Imagination.

ODE

ODE AGAINST DESPAIR.

BY THE SAME.

FArewell thou dimpled cherub Joy,
Thou rose-crown'd, ever-smiling boy,
Wont thy sister Hope to lead
To dance along the primrose mead!
No more, bereft of happy hours,
I seek thy lute-resounding bowers,
But to yon ruin'd tower repair,
To meet the God of groans, Despair;
Who, on that ivy-darken'd ground,
Still takes at eve his silent round,
Or sits yon new-made grave beside,
Where lies a frantic Suicide:
While labouring sighs my heart-strings break,
Thus to the sullen Power I speak:

"Haste, with thy poison'd dagger, haste,
"To pierce this sorrow-laden breast;
"Or lead me at the dead of night,
"To some sea-beat mountain's height,
"Whence with headlong haste I'll leap
"To the dark bosom of the deep;

Or

" Or ſhew me far from human eye,
" Some cave to muſe in, ſtarve, and die,
" No weeping friend or brother near,
" My laſt fond, faultering words to hear?"

'Twas thus with weight of woes oppreſt,
I ſought to eaſe my bruiſed breaſt:
When ſtraight more gloomy grew the ſhade,
And lo! a tall majeſtic maid!
Her limbs, not delicately fair,
Robuſt, and of a martial air;
She bore of ſteel a poliſh'd ſhield,
Where highly-ſculptur'd I beheld
Th' Athenian [a] martyr ſmiling ſtand,
The baleful goblet in his hand;
Sparkled her eyes with lively flame,
And Patience was the ſeraph's name;
Sternly ſhe look'd, and ſtern began——
" Thy ſorrows ceaſe, complaining man,
" Rouſe thy weak ſoul, appeaſe thy moan,
" Soon are the clouds of ſadneſs gone;
" Tho' now in Grief's dark groves you walk,
" Where grieſly fiends around you ſtalk,
" Beyond, a bliſsful city lies,
" Far from whoſe gates each anguiſh flies:
" Take thou this ſhield, which once of yore
" Ulyſſes and Alcides wore,

a Socrates.

" And

" And which in later days I gave
" To Regulus and Raleigh brave ;
" In exile or in dungeon drear
" Their mighty minds could baniſh fear ;
" Thy heart no tenfold woes ſhall ſeel,
" 'Twas Virtue temper'd the rough ſteel,
" And, by her heavenly fingers wrought,
" To me the precious preſent brought."

ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY THE SAME.

O Thou, that to the moon-light vale
Warbleſt oft thy plaintive tale,
What time the village murmurs ceaſe,
And the ſtill eye is huſh'd to peace,
When now no buſy ſound is heard,
Contemplation's favourite bird !

Chauntreſs of Night, whoſe amorous ſong
Firſt heard the tufted groves among,
Warns wanton Mabba to begin
Her revels on the circled green,
Whene'er by meditation led,
I nightly ſeek ſome diſtant mead,

A ſhort

A ſhort repoſe of cares to find,
And ſoothe my love-diſtracted mind,
O fail not then, ſweet Philomel,
Thy ſadly-warbled woes to tell;
In ſympathetic numbers join
Thy pangs of luckleſs love with mine!

So may no ſwain's rude hand infeſt
Thy tender young, and rob thy neſt;
Nor ruthleſs fowler's guileful ſnare
Lure thee to leave the fields of air,
No more to viſit vale or ſhade,
Some barbarous virgin's captive made.

ODE TO A LADY WHO HATES THE COUNTRY.

BY THE SAME.

NOW Summer, daughter of the Sun,
O'er the gay fields comes dancing on,
And earth o'erflows with joys;
Too long in routs and drawing-rooms,
The taſteleſs hours my fair conſumes
'Midſt folly, flattery, noiſe.

Come

Come hear mild Zephyr bid the rose
Her balmy-breathing buds disclose,
Come hear the falling rill;
Observe the honey-loaded Bee,
The beech-embower'd cottage see,
Beside yon' sloping hill.

By Health awoke at early morn,
We'll brush sweet dews from every thorn,
And help unpen the fold;
Hence to yon hollow oak we'll stray,
Where dwelt, as village-fables say,
An holy Druid old.

Come wildly rove thro' desart dales
To listen how lone Nightingales
In liquid lays complain;
Adieu, the tender thrilling note,
That pants in Monticelli's throat,
And Handel's stronger strain.

" Insipid pleasures these! you cry,
" Must I from dear assemblies fly,
" To see rude peasants toil?
" For operas listen to a bird?
" Shall [b] Sydney's fables be preferr'd
" To my sagacious Hoyle?

[b] Arcadia.

O falſly fond of what ſeems great,
Of purple pomp and robes of ſtate,
And all life's tinſel glare!
Rather with humble violets bind,
Or give to wanton in the wind
Your length of ſable hair.

Soon as you reach the rural ſhade,
Will Mirth, the ſprightly mountain maid,
Your days and nights attend;
She'll bring fantaſtic Sport and Song,
Nor Cupid will be abſent long,
Your true ally and friend.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

BY THE SAME.

THOU, that at deep dead of night
Walk'ſt forth beneath the pale moon's light,
In robe of flowing black array'd,
While cypreſs-leaves thy brows o'erſhade;
Liſtening to the crowing cock,
And the diſtant ſounding clock;
Or ſitting in thy cavern low,
Do'ſt hear the bleak winds loudly blow,

Or

Or the hoarſe death-boding owl,
Or village maiſtiff's wakeful howl,
While through thy melancholy room
A dim lamp caſts an awful gloom;
Thou, that on the meadow green,
Or daiſy'd upland art not ſeen,
But wandering by the duſky nooks,
And the penſive-falling brooks,
Or near ſome rugged, herbleſs rock,
Where no ſhepherd keeps his flock!
Muſing maid, to thee I come,
Hating the tradeful city's hum;
O let me calmly dwell with thee,
From noiſy mirth and buſineſs free,
With meditation ſeek the ſkies,
This folly-fetter'd world deſpiſe!

HOLKHAM[c]. A POEM.

BY MR. POTTER.

THE lofty beeches, and their ſacred ſhade
O'er Penſhurſt's flower embroider'd vale diſplay'd,
Have yet their glory: not that Sidney's hand
"Marſhall'd in even ranks th' obſequious band;"

c A ſeat belonging to the earl of Leiceſter in the county of Norfolk.

Or his freſh garlands in theſe bowers entwin'd,
Whilſt all Arcadia open'd on his mind:
But here ſweet Waller breath'd his amorous flame,
And taught the groves his Sachariſſa's name;
Here met the Muſe, "while gentle Love was by,
"That tun'd his lute, and wound the ſtrings ſo high:"
Still with th' enraptur'd ſtrains the valleys ring,
And the groves flouriſh in eternal Spring.

Eternal Spring ſmiles in thoſe green retreats,
"No more the Monarch's, ſtill the Muſe's ſeats,"
Where crown'd with towers majeſtic Windſor ſtands,
And the wide world beneath her feet commands:
Not that her regal rampires boaſt the fame
Of each great Edward's, each great Henry's name;
Not that, in days of high-atchiev'd renown,
There Britain's Genius fix'd his aweful throne,
Encircled with that glorious blaze that ſprings
From conquer'd nations, and from captive kings:
When each proud trophy moulders from the wall,
And e'en the imperial dome itſelf ſhall fall:
When thoſe great names, the Warrior and the Sage,
Lie clouded in the dark hiſtoric page;
Then ſhall the heaven-born Muſe (to whom belong
The more than mortal-making powers of Song)
Thro' Time's deep ſhades her ſacred light diſplay,
And pour the beam of Fame's eternal day.

Queen of ſweet numbers and melodious ſtrains,
If yet thou deign to viſit Britain's plains;

If

If yet thy hallow'd haunts partake thy love,
Clear ſpring, enamel'd vale, or bowery grove;
O come, and range with me th' aſpiring glades,
Where Leiceſter ſpreads the lawns and forms the ſhades,
On Holkham's plains bid Græcian ſtructures riſe,
And the tall column ſhoot into the ſkies;
Beneath whoſe proud ſurvey, extended wide,
New ſcenes, new beauties charm on every ſide:
Here, crown'd with woods, the ſhaded hills aſcend,
In open light there the low vales extend;
Here in rich harveſts waves the ripen'd grain,
And there freſh verdure cloaths the paſtur'd plain,
Sweetly intermix'd, and lovely to behold,
As the green emerald enchas'd in gold.
  See where the limpid lake thro' pendant ſhades,
The hills between, her liquid treaſures leads;
And to the boughs, that fringe her criſped ſides,
Holds the clear mirror of her cryſtal tides:
Her cryſtal tides reflect the waving ſcene,
Their ſilvery ſurface darkening into green;
As on the ſteep banks, bending o'er the flood,
Groteſque and wild up ſprings th' o'erſhadowing wood;
Or the ſlope margent, with a ſofter riſe,
Shade above ſhade, and rank o'er rank ſupplies;
The verdant baſis of yon' champain mound,
Its hallow'd head with God's own temple crown'd:
The home-bound mariner from far deſcries,
Emerging from the waves the tall tower riſe;

With tranſport bids the ſolemn ſtructure hail,
And wing'd for Britain ſpeeds the flying ſail.
In nearer view, 'midſt the lawn's wide extent,
That gently ſwells with an unforc'd aſcent,
In juſt proportion riſing on the ſight,
The ſtately manſion lifts its towery height,
And glitters o'er the groves. An oak beneath,
That calls the cool gales thro' its boughs to breathe,
Where the ſun darts his fervid rays in vain,
Like the great patriarch on Mamre's plain
The princely Leiceſter ſits : the pageant pride
Of cumbrous greatneſs baniſh'd from his ſide,
In theſe bleſt bowers he plans the great deſign ;
With heighten'd charms bids modeſt nature ſhine ;
Shows us magnificence allied to uſe ;
Tho' rich, yet chaſte ; tho' ſplendid, not profuſe ;
Calls forth each beauty that from order ſprings ;
From its lov'd Greece each honour'd Science brings ;
O'er Art's fair train extends his generous care ;
And bids each poliſh'd Grace inhabit here.
Nor theſe alone : here Virtue loves to dwell,
No cold recluſe ſelf-cavern'd in a cell ;
Active and warm ſhe breathes a noble part,
Glows in the breaſt, and opens all the heart ;
To generous deeds ſhe fires th' empaſſion'd mind,
The ſubſtitute of heaven to bleſs mankind ;
She thro' deſponding Miſery's chearleſs gloom
pours joy, and gives neglected Worth to bloom ;

She

She in each bosom stills the rising sigh,
And wipes off every tear from every eye;
She to yon' alms-house, bosom'd in the grove,
From toil and cares bids Age and Want remove;
There the tir'd eve of labour'd life to rest,
Fed by her hand, and by her bounty blest.
  These, these are rays that round true greatness shine,
And thine, bright Clifford! the full blaze is thine.
Bring the green bay, the fragrant myrtle bring,
The violet glowing in the lap of spring;
Bid the sweet vallies send each honied flower,
Each herb, each leaf of aromatic power;
The Muse's hand shall their mix'd odours spread,
And strew the ground where Clifford deigns to tread.
  In distant prospect, sinking from the eye,
Low in the tufted dales the hamlets lie;
Where virgin Innocence, and meek-ey'd Peace,
With calm Content, the straw-roof'd cottage bless:
And strong-nerv'd Industry in purest flow
Spreads o'er the vermeil cheek Health's roseate glow.
  More distant yet the throng'd commercial town,
That makes the wealth of other worlds her own,
Lifts her proud head, and sees with every tide
Rich-freighted navies croud her harbour'd side:
Or bids the parting vessel spread the sail
Loose to the wind, and catch the rising gale:
Whilst the vast ocean, Albion's utmost bound,
Rolls its broad wave, a world of waters, round.

In ſweet aſtoniſhment th' impatient Mind
Bids her free powers expatiate unconfin'd;
From ſcene to ſcene in rapid progreſs flies,
Glances from earth to ſeas, from ſeas to ſkies;
Delights to feel the great ideas roll,
Swell on the ſenſe, and fill up all the ſoul.

Not ſuch the ſcene, when o'er th' uncultur'd wild
No harveſt roſe, no chearful verdure ſmil'd;
On the bare hill no tree was ſeen to ſpread
The graceful foliage of its waving head;
No breathing hedge-row form'd the broider'd bound,
Nor hawthorn bloſſom'd on th' unſightly ground;
Joy was not here; no bird of finer note
Pour'd the thick warblings of his dulcet throat;
E'en Hope was fled; and o'er the chearleſs plain,
A waſte of ſand, Want held her unbleſs'd reign.

Lo, Leiceſter comes! Before his maſtering hand
Flies the rude Genius of the ſavage land;
The ruſſet lawns a ſudden verdure wear;
Starts from the wondering fields the golden ear;
Up riſe the waving woods, and haſte to crown
The hill's bare brow, and ſhade the ſultry down:
The ſhelter'd traveller ſees, with glad ſurpriſe,
O'er trackleſs wilds th' extended rows ariſe;
And, as their hoſpitable branches ſpread,
Bleſſes the friendly hand that form'd the ſhade:
Joy blooms around, and chears the peaſant's toil,
As ſmiling plenty decks the cultur'd ſoil;

The

The brightning ſcenes a kinder Genius own,
And Nature finiſhes what Art begun.
  But can the verſe, tho' Philomela deign
To breathe the ſweet notes thro' the warbled ſtrain;
Tho' every Muſe and every Grace ſhould ſmile,
And raptures raiſe the honey-ſteeped ſtyle;
Can the verſe paint like Nature? Can the power
That wakes to life free Fancy's imag'd ſtore,
Boaſt charms like her's? or the creative hand
In blended tints ſuch beauteous ſcenes command,
Tho' learned Pouſſin gives each grace to flow,
And bright Lorrain's ethereal colours glow?
Yet peerleſs is the power of ſacred ſong,
That burſts in tranſport from the Muſe's tongue:
And hark! methinks her hallow'd voice I hear,
In notes mellifluous ſtealing on the ear;
Now clearer, and yet clearer trills the ſtrain,
Swells thro' the grove, and melts along the plain.
"Ye nymphs, that love to range the lillied vale,
"Where ſtreams the ſilver fount of Acidale;
"Ye, that in Pindus' laurel'd groves abide,
"Or haunt Cyllene's cypreſs-ſhaded ſide;
"Or braid your fine wreaths in the pearly caves,
"Where fam'd Iliſſus rolls his Attic waves;
"Whilſt the barbarian's rude unletter'd race
"Profane your grottos, and your bowers deface,
"See Leiceſter courts you to th' Icenian ſhore,
"Studious your long-loſt honours to reſtore!

See,

" See, the fair rival of your native ſeats,
" Aonian Holkham opens all its ſweets ;
" Deign then, ye ſacred ſiſters ! deign to tread
" The rich embroidery of yon velvet mead,
" As freſh, as lovely as your lilied vale,
" Where ſtreams the ſilver fount of Acidale :
" If old Cyllene's cypreſs-ſhaded bower,
" Or Pindus' laurel'd mount delight you more ;
" Go, ſweet enthuſiaſts ! ſoftly-ſilent rove
" The ſtudious mazes of the twilight grove ;
" Or, at the foot of ſome hoar elm reclin'd,
" Wake the high thought that ſwells the raptur'd mind
" Or penſive liſten to the ſolemn roar
" Of whitening billows breaking on the ſhore :
" If the majeſtic domes, whoſe towery pride
" Glitter o'er fam'd Iliſſus' Attic tide,
" Your ſteps detain ; yon' princely ſtructure view,
" Grac'd with each finer art your Athens knew !
" Each finer art to juſt perfection brought,
" All that Vitruvius and Palladio thought ;
" The trophied arch ; the porphyry-pillar'd hall ;
" The ſculptur'd forms that breathe along the wall ;
" Lycæan Pan ; the faun's Arcadian race ;
" The huntreſs-queen's inimitable grace ;
" Athenian Pallas clad in radiant arms ;
" Heaven's empreſs conſcious of her ſlighted charms ;
" Your own Apollo, on whoſe poliſh'd brow
" Youth blooms, and grace, and candor's brightning glow ;

" Gods,

" Gods, heroes, ſages, an illuſtrious train,
" Court you to Holkham's conſecrated plain.
" Haſte then, ye ſacred ſiſters! haſte, and bring
" The laurel ſteep'd in the Caſtalian ſpring;
" On the choice bough a purer fragrance breathe,
" And twine for Leiceſter's brow th' unfading wreath."
She ceas'd the raptur'd ſtrain; and dear to fame,
Flows the proud verſe inſcrib'd with Leiceſter's name.

THE POOR MAN's PRAYER.

WRITTEN 1766. ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

AMIDST the more important toils of ſtate,
The counſels labouring in thy patriot ſoul,
Tho' Europe from thy voice expect her fate,
And thy keen glance extend from pole to pole;

O Chatham, nurs'd in ancient Virtue's lore,
To theſe ſad ſtrains incline a favouring ear;
Think on the God, whom thou, and I adore,
Nor turn unpitying from the poor man's prayer.

Ah me! how bleſt was once a peaſant's life!
No lawleſs paſſion ſwell'd my even breaſt;
Far from the ſtormy waves of civil ſtrife,
Sound were my ſlumbers, and my heart at reſt.

I ne'er

I ne'er for guilty, painful pleaſures rov'd,
  But taught by Nature, and by choice to wed,
From all the hamlet cull'd whom beſt I lov'd,
  With her I ſtaid my heart, with her my bed.

To gild her worth I aſk'd no wealthy power,
  My toil could feed her, and my arm defend;
In youth, or age, in pain, or pleaſure's hour,
  The ſame fond huſband, father, brother, friend.

And ſhe, the faithful partner of my care,
  When ruddy evening ſtreak'd the weſtern ſky,
Look'd towards the uplands, if her mate was there,
  Or thro' the beech-wood caſt an anxious eye.

Then, careful matron, heap'd the maple board
  With ſavoury herbs, and pick'd the nicer part
From ſuch plain food as Nature could afford,
  Ere ſimple Nature was debauch'd by Art.

While I, contented with my homely cheer,
  Saw round my knees my prattling children play;
And oft with pleas'd attention ſat to hear
  The little hiſtory of their idle day.

But ah! how chang'd the ſcene! On the cold ſtones,
  Where wont at night to blaze the chearful fire,
Pale Famine ſits and counts her naked bones,
  Still ſighs for food, ſtill pines with vain deſire.

My

My faithful wife with ever-ſtreaming eyes
  Hangs on my boſom her dejected head ;
My helpleſs infants raiſe their feeble cries,
  And from their father claim their daily bread.

Dear tender pledges of my honeſt love,
  On that bare bed behold your brother lie ;
Three tedious days with pinching want he ſtrove,
  The fourth, I ſaw the helpleſs cherub die.

Nor long ſhall ye remain. With viſage ſour
  Our tyrant lord commands us from our home ;
And arm'd with cruel Law's coercive power,
  Bids me and mine o'er barren mountains roam.

Yet never, Chatham, have I paſs'd a day
  In Riot's orgies, or in idle eaſe ;
Ne'er have I ſacrific'd to ſport and play,
  Or wiſh'd a pamper'd appetite to pleaſe.

Hard was my fare, and conſtant was my toil,
  Still with the morning's orient light I roſe,
Fell'd the ſtout oak, or rais'd the lofty pile,
  Parch'd in the ſun, in dark December froze.

Is it that Nature with a niggard hand
  Witholds her gifts from theſe once favour'd plains ?
Has God, in vengeance to a guilty land,
  Sent Dearth and Famine to her labouring ſwains ?

Ah

Ah no; yon hill, where daily ſweats my brow,
  A thouſand flocks, a thouſand herds adorn;
Yon field, where late I drove the painful plow,
  Feels all her acres crown'd with wavy corn.

But what avails that o'er the furrow'd ſoil
  In Autumn's heat the yellow harveſts riſe,
If artificial want elude my toil,
  Untaſted plenty wound my craving eyes?

What profits, that at diſtance I behold
  My wealthy neighbour's fragrant ſmoke aſcend,
If ſtill the griping cormorants withold
  The fruits which rain and genial ſeaſons ſend?

If thoſe fell vipers of the public weal
  Yet unrelenting on our bowels prey;
If ſtill the curſe of penury we feel,
  And in the midſt of plenty pine away?

In every port the veſſel rides ſecure,
  That waſts our harveſt to a foreign ſhore;
While we the pangs of preſſing want endure,
  The ſons of ſtrangers riot on our ſtore.

O generous Chatham, ſtop thoſe fatal ſails,
  Once more with out-ſtretch'd arm thy Britons ſave;
The unheeding crew but wait for favouring gales,
  O ſtop them, ere they ſtem Italia's wave.

From

From thee alone I hope for inſtant aid,
'Tis thou alone canſt ſave my childrens breath;
O deem not little of our cruel meed,
O haſte to help us, for delay is death.

So may nor Spleen, nor Envy blaſt thy name,
Nor voice profane thy patriot acts deride;
Still may'ſt thou ſtand the firſt in honeſt fame,
Unſtung by Folly, Vanity, or Pride.

So may thy languid limbs with ſtrength be brac'd,
And glowing Health ſupport thy active ſoul;
With fair renown thy public virtue grac'd,
Far as thou bad'ſt Britannia's thunder roll.

Then joy to thee, and to thy children peace,
The grateful hind ſhall drink from Plenty's horn:
And while they ſhare the cultur'd land's increaſe,
The poor ſhall bleſs the day when Pitt was born.

FIVE PASTORAL[d] ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

LYCAS AND ALPHON.

ALPHON.

ARISE, my Lycas: in yon' woody wilds
From a rough rock in deep enclosure hid
Of thickest oaks, a gushing fountain falls,
And pours its airy stream with torrent pure:
Which late returning from the field at eve
I found, invited by its dashing sound,
As thro' the gloom it struck my passing ear.
Thither I mean to drive our languid flocks;
Fit place to cool their thirst in mid-day hour.
Due west it rises from that blasted beech;
The way but short:—come, Lycas, rouze thy dog;
Let us be gone.

LYCAS.

Alas, my friend, of flock,
Of spring, or shepherd's lore, to me is vain
To tell: my favourite lamb, the solace dear
Of these grey locks, my sweet and sole delight,

[d] The scenes of these eclogues are supposed to lie among the shepherds oppressed by the war in Germany.

Is ſnatch'd by cruel fate! An armed band,
On neighing ſteeds elate, in wide array
Trampled the youngling, as the vale along
At eve they paſs'd, beneath their whelming march.

ALPHON.

Such throng I heard, as in the neighbouring wood
I wander'd to reduce a ſtraggling ewe
Eſcap'd the ſold: what time the grieſly owl
Her ſhrieks began, and at the wonted elm
The cows awaiting ſtood Lucilla's hand.
When ſtrait with ſudden fear alarm'd I ſtart,
And liſtening to the diſtant-echoing ſteps
Of unſeen horſemen with attentive ear,
I ſtand aloof. But why this deep-felt grief?
Merits ſuch loſs theſe tears and black deſpair?

LYCAS.

Alphon, no more to Lycas now remains,
Since he my laſt and lateſt care is loſt!
Thou know'ſt my little flock; three tender ewes
Were all my mean ambition wiſh'd or ſought.
Even now nine days, and nine revolving nights
Are paſt, ſince theſe the Moldaw's raging flood
Swept with their wattled cotes, as o'er its banks
It roſe redundant, ſwoln with beating rains,
And deep immers'd beneath its whirling wave.
I wak'd at early dawn, and to the field
I iſſu'd to purſue my wonted toil,
When lo! nor flocks, nor wattled cotes I ſaw;

 But

But all that met my wondering eyes around,
Was defolation ſad. Here ſtatelieſt oaks
Torn from their roots, with broken branches lay
In hideous ruin: there the fields, that laugh'd
With ripening corn, of all their charms deſpoil'd,
With oozy fragments ſcatter'd waſte and wild
Were ſeen. I curſt the wicked Spirit drear,
That in the ruin'd abbey's darkeſt cell,
(That ſtands immur'd amid yon' loneſome piles)
I bound with triple chains: his magic power
Oft-times with howling ſtorms, and thunder loud,
Deforms the night, and blackens Nature's face.
His tempeſts ſwell'd the Moldaw's riſing ſtreams,
And thus o'erwhelm'd my flock.—But this my heart
Had learn'd to bear; at length to Comfort's voice
It had obey'd, and all its woes forgot;
When ah! too ſoon returning woes invade
My breaſt, juſt riſing from its former ſtroke;
When this, the ſole ſurvivor of my flock,
Follows his loſt companions; while a wretch
I here remain, deſerted and forlorn!
He too had dy'd beneath the whelming ſurge,
Had not the ſhelter of my low-roof'd cott
That fatal night preſerv'd him; where at eve
I hap'ly plac'd him with providing care,
Leſt the fell ſtorm, which yet from ſouthern clouds
Threaten'd deſtruction, and to lour began,
Might violate his tender-blooming age.

ALPHON.

ALPHON.

With piteous eye, and ſympathizing heart,
Thy tears I view.—Theſe ſcenes of war and blood,
The calm repoſe of every field invade !
Myſelf had fallen a victim to their rage,
As in deep dead of night my cave beneath
I lay diſſolv'd in ſleep, with warning voice
Had not my dog alarm'd with wondering ear.
When ſtraight approach'd the cave a ſavage throng
With barbarous arms, and habit fierce and wild,
With ſtern demeanour and defying look
Terrify ; which the moon's pale-glimmering rays
Preſented to my ſight, as in the boughs,
Cloſe ſhrouded, of a neighbouring pine I ſat
(Where ſudden fear had driven me to evade
Impending fate, unconſcious and amaz'd)
Secure, but trembling, and in chilly damps
My limbs bedew'd.—The monſters as they paſt,
With dire confuſion all the cavern fill'd ;
Hurl'd to the ground my ſcrip, and beechen cup,
Diſpers'd the ſhaggy ſkins that form my bed,
And o'er the trampled floor had ſcatter'd wide
A hoard of choiceſt cheſnuts, which I cull'd
With nice-diſcerning care; and had deſign'd
A preſent to my beauteous Roſalind.
Alas ! with them her love had been obtain'd,
And me to Myron ſhe had then preferr'd !

LYCON.

Shepherd, on thee has Fortune kindly ſmil'd;
Tis mine to feel her grief inflicting hand!
Alas! each object that I view around
Recalls my periſh'd darling to my ſight,
And mocks me with his loſs! See there the ſpring
Where oft he wont to ſlake his eager thirſt!
And there the beech, beneath whoſe breezy ſhade
He lov'd to lie, cloſe covert from the ſun!
See yet the bark ſmooth-worn and bare remains,
Where oft the youngling rubb'd his tender ſide!
Ah! what avail'd my care, and foreſight vain?
That day he fell oppreſs'd by whelming ſteeds,
This hand had built a bower of thickeſt boughs
Compos'd, and wove with intermingling leaves,
Impervious to the ſun; and ſtrew'd the floor
With choiceſt hay, that in the ſecret ſhade
He might repoſe, nor feel the dog-ſtar's beam!
But why this ſad, repeated track of woe
I ſtill purſue? Farewel, my Alphon dear,
To diſtant fields, and paſtures will I go,
Where impious War, and Diſcord, nurſe of blood,
Shall ne'er profane the ſilence of the groves.

E C L O G U E II.

ACIS AND ALCYON.

ACIS.

WHILE in the bosom of this deep recess
The voice of war has lost its madding shouts,
Let us improve the transient hour of peace,
And calm our troubled minds with mutual songs;
While this recess conspiring with the Muse
Invites to peaceful thoughts; this cavern deep,
And these tall pines that nodding from the rock
Wave o'er its mouth their umbrage black, and cast
A venerable gloom, with this clear fount
That cleaves the riven stone, and fills the cave
With hollow-tinkling sounds. Repeat the song
Which late, Alcyon, from thy mouth I heard,
As to the spring we drove our thirsting flocks;
It tells the charms of grateful Evening mild:
Begin, Alcyon: Acis in return
Shall sing the praises of the dawning Morn.

ALCYON.

Behind the hills when sinks the western sun,
And falling dews breathe fragrance thro' the air,
Refreshing every field with coolness mild:

Then let me walk the twilight meadows green,
Or breezy up-lands, near thick-branching elms,
While the ſtill landſcape ſooths my ſoul to reſt,
And every care ſubſides to calmeſt peace :
The miſts ſlow-riſing from the rivers dank,
The woods ſcarce ſtirring at the whiſpering wind,
The ſtreaky clouds, that tinge their darken'd tops
With ruſſet hues, and fainter gleams of light,
The ſolitude that all around becalms
The peaceful air, conſpire to wrap my ſoul
In muſings mild: and nought the ſolemn ſcene
And the ſtill ſilence breaks, but diſtant ſounds
Of bleating flocks, that to their deſtin'd fold
The ſhepherd drives; mean-time the ſhrill-tun'd bell
Of ſome lone ewe that wanders from the reſt,
Tinkles far off, with ſolitary ſound:
The lowing cows that wait the milker's hand,
The cottage-maſtiff's bark, the joyous ſhouts
Of ſwains that meet to wreſtle on the green,
Are heard around. But ah! ſince ruthleſs war
Has ravag'd in theſe fields, ſo tranquil once,
Too oft alas, the din of claſhing arms
And diſcord fell diſturbs the ſofter ſcene!
Thy ſweet approach delights the wearied ox,
While in looſe traces from the furrow'd field
He comes: thy dawn the weary reaper loves,
Who long had fainted in the mid-day ſun,
Pleas'd with the cooler hour, along the vale

Whiſtling

Whiſtling he home returns to kiſs his babes,
With joyful heart, his labour's ſweet reward!
But ah! what ſudden fears amaze his ſoul,
When near approaching, all before he ſees
His lowly cottage and the village 'round
Swept into ruin by the hand of war,
Diſpers'd his children, and his much-lov'd wiſe,
No more to glad his breaſt with home felt-joys!
I too, when in my wattled cotes are laid
My ſupping flock, rejoice to meet my dear,
My fair Lauretta, at the wonted oak;
Or haply as her miking-pail ſhe bears
Returning from the field, to eaſe her arm,
(Sweet office!) and impart my aiding hand!
Thy charms (O beauteous Evening!) ſhall be ſung,
As long as theſe tall pines ſhall wave their heads,
Or this clear fountain cleave the riven ſtone!

ACIS.

Sweet are the dews of Eve; her fragrance ſweet;
Sweet are the pine-topt hills at ſultry noon;
Sweet is the ſhelter of the friendly grot
To ſheep, and ſhepherd, at impending ſtorms;
But ah! leſs ſweet the fragrant dews of Eve;
Leſs ſweet the pine-topt hills at ſultry noon;
Leſs ſweet the ſhelter of the friendly grots,
Than when the riſing ſun with roſy beam
Peeps o'er the village-top, and o'er the fields,
The woods, the hills, the ſtreams, and level meads,

Scatters bright ſplendors and diffuſive joy!
As to his flock the ſhepherd iſſues forth,
Printing new footſteps in the dewy vale,
Each object of the joyous ſcene around
Vernal delight inſpires, and glads his heart,
Unknowing of the cauſe, with new-felt glee!
The chaunt of early birds on every buſh,
The ſteaming odours of the freſh-blown flowers—

ALCYON.

Ceaſe, Acis, ceaſe thy ſong:—from yonder hill,
Whoſe lofty ſides incloſe this ſecret ſeat,
Our flocks, that graze along its verdurous brow,
Tumultuous ruſh, as ſtruck with ſudden fright:
And hark, methinks I hear the deathful ſounds
Of war approaching, and its thunders roar!

ACIS.

Kind heaven preſerve my wife and children dear!
Alas! I fear the ſound, that louder now
Swells in the wind, and comes with ſailer din,
Is near my cottage; which, thou know'ſt, my friend,
Stands at the ſpring, that iſſues from beneath
That riſing hill, faſt by the branching elm!

ALCYON.

See, ſee, my friend, what darkſome ſpires ariſe
Of wreathing ſmoak, and blacken all the ſky!—
Nearer and nearer comes the threatening voice,
And more diſtinguiſh'd ſtrikes our trembling ear!

But lo! the foes advance above the hill;
I see their glittering arms begin to gleam!
Come let us flie, and in the deepest nook,
The inmost cavern of this winding grott,
Close shroud ourselves, lest in the general stream
Of thousands thronging down, we fall oppreſt.

E C L O G U E III.

WHEN sable midnight on the fields and woods
Had spread her mantle dark, then wander'd forth
The pensive Alcon, and the bosom deep
Of a wild wood with solitary steps,
There to lament his wretched fate, he sought.
Him, late as o'er the vale at coming eve
Joyful he walk'd with his Lucilla dear,
A soldier stern advancing on his steed,
Robb'd of his love, and tore the beauteous maid
With brutal hand from his contending arms,
Weeping in vain, and shrieking for his aid,
And frowning bore the precious prize away.
The wood, whose shades the plaintive shepherd sought,
Was dark and pathless, and by neighbouring feet
Long time untrod: for there in ancient days
Two knights of bold emprise, and high renown,
Met in fierce combat, to dispute the prize

Of

Of beauty bright, whoſe valiant arm ſhould win
A virgin fair, whoſe fair-emblazon'd charms
With equal love had ſmote their rival breaſts.
The knight who fell beneath the victor's ſword,
Unhears'd and reſtleſs, from that fatal day
Wanders the hated ſhades, a ſpectre pale;
And each revolving night, are heard to ſound
Far from the inmoſt bower of the deep wood,
Loud ſhrieks, and hollow groans, and rattling chains.
When the dark ſecrets of the grove he gain'd,
Beneath an ancient oak his weary limbs
He laid adown, and thus to plain began.
This midnight deep to plaintive love accords;
This loneſome ſilence, and theſe hideous ſhades,
That in this darkſome hour I dare to tread,
And all the horrors of this fearful place,
Will ſuit a wretch, abandon'd to deſpair!—
But ah!—what means this ſudden fear, that creeps
In chilly ſweats o'er all my trembling limbs?—
What hollow whiſpering ſounds are thoſe I hear
From yonder glade?—Do not I hear his voice?
Does not the knight, that in theſe ſhades was ſlain,
Call me to come, and beckon with his hand?
Do not I ſee his viſionary ſword
Wav'd in bright circles thro' the murky air?—
Does not he point his wounds?—Be ſtill, my fears:
'Tis vain illuſion all, and phantaſie.
Theſe fears my love-diſtemper'd brain ſuggeſts:

Alas,

Alas, they will not bring me back my love!—
Who now, perhaps, amid the thronging camp
On earth's cold breaſt reclines her weary head,
A helpleſs virgin, ſubject to the will
Of each rude raviſher, and diſtant far
From her dear Alcon, and her native fields.--
Ill will the hardſhips of inclement ſkies
Suit with her tender limbs; the various toils
Of painful marches; her unwonted ears
How bear the trumpet, and the ſounds of war:
This taſk is hard indeed—but ſoon, alas!
At will her ſavage lord may caſt her off,
And leave her to ſucceeding ſcenes of woe!
I ſee my dear Lucilla, once my own,
Naked and hungry, tread the penſive ſteps
Of Deſolation, doom'd to wander o'er,
Helpleſs and vagabond, the friendleſs earth!
I hear her ſigh for Alcon and her home;
And aſk for bread at ſome proud palace-gate
With unavailing voice! This toilſome ſcene,
Alas, how different from the ſmoother paths
Of rural life my dear was wont to tread!
Forth to the field to bear the milking-pail
Was all her wont; to tread the tedded graſs,
To tend her father's flock, beneath the oak
To ſnatch her dinner ſweet, and on the green
With the companions of her age to ſport!
In vain I now expect the coming on

Of

Of dew-bath'd Eve, to meet my wonted love;
No more I hear the wood-girt vallies ring
With her blythe voice, that oft has bleſt mine ear,
As in the diſtant ſhade I ſat unſeen;
No more I meet her at the wonted ſpring,
Where each revolving noon ſhe daily went
To fill her pitcher with the cryſtal flood!—
If in her native fields the hand of death
Had ſnatch'd her from my arms, I could have born
The fatal ſhock with leſs repining heart;
For then I could have had one parting kiſs;
I could have ſtrewn her hearſe with faireſt flowers,
And paid the laſt ſad office to my dear!—
Return, my ſweet Lucilla, to my arms;
At thy return, all Nature will rejoice.
Together will we walk the verdant vales,
And mingle ſweet diſcourſe with kiſſes ſweet.
Come, I will climb for thee the knotted oak,
To rob the ſtock-dove of his feathery young;
I'll ſhew thee where the ſofteſt cowſlips ſpring,
And cluſtering nuts their laden branches bend;
Together will we taſte the dews of morn;
Together ſeek the grotts at ſultry noon;
Together from the field at eve return.—
What have I ſaid? what painted ſcenes of bliſs
My vain imagination has diſplay'd!
Alas, ſhe's gone, ah, never to return!
Farewell my paſtoral pipe, and my dear flock;

Farewell

Farewell my faithful dog; my once-lov'd haunts
Farewell; or cave, or fountain, or freſh ſhade,
Farewell; and thou, my low-roof'd cott, farewell!—
Here will I lie, and felleſt wolves, that roam
This ſavage foreſt, ſhall devour my limbs,
Unwept, unburied, in a place unknown!"

***

And to the ſun expos'd its darkſome bowers:
The diſtant villages, and blue-topt hills,
The far-ſtretch'd meads appear, and meet mine eyes,
That erſt were intercepted by the grove.

MYCON.

How is the wonted face of all things chang'd!
Thoſe trees, by whoſe aſpiring tops we knew
The ſun's aſcent at noon, unerring mark,
No more are ſeen to tell the coming hour.
How naked does the winding rill appear,
Whoſe banks its pendant umbrage deep-imbrown'd,
And far-inveſted with its arborous roof,
As by its ſide it roll'd its ſecret ſtreams!
How oft, alas! thoſe ſhadowy banks along
(Cloſe ſolitude!) my Roſalind and I
Have walk'd in converſe ſweet, and link'd in love!
But tell me, dear Philanthes, are the fields,
Which late you left, like ours by war oppreſt,
Alike in tumult and confuſion wrapt?

PHILANTHES.

Mycon, I'll tell thee wonders paſt belief.
It happ'd one morn, when firſt the dawning ſun
Began to chear the light-enliven'd earth,
Caught with ſo bright a ſcene, I ſought the fields
Before my wonted hour, and roving wide
Among the vales, the villages and woods,
Where'er my fancy led, or pleaſure call'd,
I chanc'd upon a neighbouring hill to ſtray,

To

To view the glittering prospect from its top
Of the broad Rhine, that roll'd his waves beneath,
Amid the level of extended meads;
When [d] lo! ere yet I gain'd its lofty brow,
The sound of dashing floods, and dashing arms,
And neighing steeds, confusive struck mine ear.
Studious to know what tumult was at hand,
With step adventurous I advanc'd, and gain'd
With timorous care and cautious ken its top.
Sudden a burst of brightness smote my sight,
From arms, and all th' imblazonrie of war
Reflected far, while steeds, and men, and arms
Seem'd floating wide, and stretch'd in vast array
O'er the broad bosom of the big-swoln flood,
That dashing roll'd its beamy waves between.
The banks promiscuous swarm'd with thronging troops;
These on the flood embarking, those appear'd
Crowding the adverse shore, already past.
All was confusion, all tumultuous din.
I trembled as I look'd, tho' far above,
And in one blaze their arms were blended bright
With the broad stream, while all the glistening scene
The morn illum'd, and in one splendor clad.
Struck at the sight, I left with headlong haste
The steep-brow'd hill, and o'er th' extended vales,

[d] It may be supposed that in these lines the shepherd is giving an account of Prince Charles's passing the Rhine,

The

The wood-girt lawns I ran, nor ſlack'd my pace,
Till at my flock thick-panting I arriv'd,
And drove far off, beneath a deep-arch'd cave.
But come, my friend, inform me in return,
Since this my abſence what has here fell out.

MYCON.

Doſt thou remember at the river ſide
That ſolitary convent, all behind
Hid by the covert of a mantling wood?—
One night, when all was wrapt in darkneſs deep,
An armed troop, on rage and rapine bent,
Pour'd o'er the fields and ravag'd all they met;
Nor did that ſacred pile eſcape their arms,
Whoſe walls the murderous band to ruin ſwept,
And fill'd its caverns deep with armed throngs
Greedy of ſpoil, and ſnatch'd their treaſures old
From their dark ſeats: the ſhrieking ſiſters fled
Diſpers'd and naked thro' the fields and woods,
While ſable night conceal'd their wandering ſteps.
Part in my moſs-grown cottage ſhelter ſought,
Which haply ſcap'd their rage, in ſecret glade
Immerſed deep.—I roſe at early morn,
With fearful heart to view the ruin'd dome,
Where all was deſolation, all appear'd
The ſeat of horror, and devouring war.
The deep receſſes, and the gloomy nooks,
The vaulted iſles, and ſhrines of imag'd ſaints,
The caverns worn by holy knees appear'd,
And to the ſun were op'd.—In muſing thought

I ſaid

I ſaid, as on the pile I bent my brow—
" This ſeat to future ages will appear,
" Like that which ſtands faſt by the piny rock ;
" Theſe ſilent walls with ivy ſhall be hung,
" And diſtant times ſhall view the ſacred pile,
" Unknowing how it fell, with pious awe !
" The pilgrim here ſhall viſit, and the ſwain
" Returning from the field at twilight grey,
" Shall ſhun to paſs this way, ſubdued by fear,
" And ſlant his courſe acroſs the adverſe vale !"

PHILANTHES.

Mycon, thou ſee'ſt that cow, which ſtands in cool
Amid yon ruſhy lake, beneath the ſhade
Of willow green, and ruminates at eaſe
The watry herbage that around her floats.
That way my buſineſs leads. I go to greet
My father, and my wonted cottage dear.

MYCON.

Come, let us go : my path is that way too.
Come, my Philanthes, and may piteous heaven
Indulge more happy days, and calm our griefs !
Alas ! I thought ſome trouble was at hand,
And long before preſag'd the coming ſtorm,
Even when the lightning one diſaſtrous night
Blaſted the hoary oak, whoſe ample boughs
Imbower my cottage ; and as on the graſs
At noon I ſlept, a ſerpent's ſudden hiſs,
Broke my ſweet reſt !—But come, let us be gone,
The ſun begins to welk in ruddy weſt.

ECLOGUE V.

CORIN AND CALISTAN.

CORIN.

WHICH way, Caliſtan, whither doſt thou lead
That lamb, whom yet his mother ſcarce has wean'd?

CALISTAN.

His mother, Corin, as ſhe wandering fed,
With this tender youngling by her ſide,
Fell by a ſhot which from the battle came,
That in the neighbouring fields ſo lately rag'd.

CORIN.

Alas! what woes that fatal day involv'd
Our ſuffering village, and the fields around!
But come, Caliſtan, on this riſing bank,
Come, let us ſit, and on the danger paſt
Converſe ſecure, and number all our griefs.
See how the flaunting woodbine ſhades the bank,
And weaves a mantling canopy above!

CALISTAN.

Corin, that day I chanc'd at earlier hour
To riſe, and drove far-off my flock unpent;
To waſh them in a ſpring that late I mark'd.
There the firſt motions of the deathful day

I heard,

I heard, as liſtening to the trickling wave
I ſtood attentive: when like riſing ſtorms,
Hoarſe, hollow murmurs from afar I heard,
And undiſtinguiſh'd ſounds of diſtant din.
Alarm'd I ſtood, unknowing whence it came;
And from the ſount my flock unwaſh'd I drove
Suſpecting danger: when as nearer yet,
I came advancing, all was tumult loud,
All was tempeſtuous din on every ſide,
And all around the roar of war was up,
From rock to rock retoſt, from wood to wood.
Not half ſo loud the tumbling cataract
Is heard to roar, that from the pine-clad cliff
Precipitates its waves; whoſe diſtant ſounds
I oft have liſten'd, as at twilight grey
I pent my flocks within their wattled cotes.

CORIN.

For three revolving days, nor voice of bird
Melodious chaunting, or the bleat of ſheep,
Or lowing oxen, near the fatal place
Were heard to ſound; but all was ſilence ſad!
The ancient grove of elms deſerted ſtood,
Where long had dwelt an aged race of rooks,
That with their neſts had crowded every branch.
We oft have heard them at the duſk of eve
In troops returning to their well-known home,
In mingled clamours ſounding from on high!

CALISTAN.

Corin, thou know'ſt the fir-inveſted cave,
Where late we ſhelter'd from a gathering ſtorm,
Our flocks together driven: beneath its ſhade
I had appointed at ſweet even-tide
To meet my Delia homeward as ſhe paſs'd,
Bearing her milking-pail: Alas! the thoughts
Of that ſweet congreſs, the preceding night
Soften'd my dreams, and all my ſenſes lull'd,
And with more joyful heart at morn I roſe.
But ah! that tumult cropt my blooming hopes,
And in confuſion wrapt my love and me.

CORIN.

That day, nor in the fold my flock I pent,
Or walk'd at eve the vales, or on the turf
Beneath the wonted oak my dinner took,
Or ſlept at noon amid my languid ſheep,
Repos'd at eaſe on the green meadow's bed.
When ſable night came on, for not even yet
The tumult had ſubſided into peace,
Even then low ſounds, aud interrupted burſts
Of war we heard, and cries of dying men,
And a confus'd hum of the ceaſing ſtorm.
All night cloſe-ſhrouded in a foreſt thick
Wakeful I ſat, my flock around me laid;
And of neglected boughs I kindled up
A ſcanty flame, whoſe darkly-gleaming blaze
Among th' enlighten'd trees form'd hideous ſhapes,

And

And ſpectres pale, to my diſtemper'd mind.
How oft I look'd behind with cautious fear,
And trembled at each motion of the wind !—
But where did you, Caliſtan, ſhelter ſeek ?
What dark retreat conceal'd your wandering ſteps ?

CALISTAN.

Corin, thou know'ſt the fur-clad Hermit's cell,
Deep-arch'd beneath a rock among the wilds ;
Thither I bent my flight, a welcome gueſt,
And not unknown ; for when my flock I fed
Of late beneath the neighbouring paſtures green,
I oft was wont, invited at his call,
At noon beneath his cavern to retire
From the ſun's heat, where all the paſſing hours
The good old man improv'd with converſe high,
And in my breaſt enkindled Virtue's love ;
Nor ſeldom would his hoſpitable hand
Afford a ſhort repaſt of berries cool,
Which o'er the wilds (his ſcanty food) he pluck'd :
Here was my refuge.—All the live-long night
Penſive by one pale loneſome lamp we ſat,
And liſten'd to the bleak winds whiſtling loud,
And the ſhrill craſh of foreſts from without.
Soon as the morning dawn'd, the craggy height
Of the ſteep rock I climb'd, on whoſe wild top
His ruſtic temple ſtood, and moſs-grown croſs
(The ſacred object of his pious prayers)
Form'd of a tall fir's thunder-blaſted trunk :

Where all beneath th' expanſive plains I ſaw
With white pavilions hid, in deep array.
There too my little fold, which late I left
Standing at eve, amid the warlike ſcene
With tearful eyes affrighted, I beheld.
Alas, how chang'd the ſcene! when there I pitch'd
Thoſe hurdled cotes, the night was calm and mild,
And all was peaceful. I remember well,
While there within that fold my flock I pent,
How blythe I heard my beauteous Delia ſing!
Her diſtant echoing voice how ſweetly rung,
And all my raviſh'd ſenſes wrapt in bliſs!

CORIN.

Haſt thou not ſeen the fatal plain of death,
Where rag'd the conflict? There, they ſay, at eve
Grim ghoſts are ſeen of men that there were ſlain,
Pointing their wounds, and ſhrieking to their mates,
Still doom'd to haunt the fields on which they fell.

CALISTAN.

Corin, no more. This lamb demands my ſpeed.
See how the youngling hangs his ſickly head,
Tender, and fainting for his wonted food!
I haſte to place him in my ſheltering cot,
Fed from my hand, and cheriſh'd by my care.——
And ſee, my friend, far off in darken'd weſt
A cloud comes on, and threatens ſudden rains:
Corin, farewell, the ſtorm begins to lower.

ON THE PEACE OF AIX LA CHAPELLE, MDCCXLVIII.

BY MR. HURD.

BE ſtill my fears, ſuggeſt no falſe alarms;
The Poet's rapture and the lyric fire
Are vain: enough that inclination warms;
No foreign influence needs the willing Muſe inſpire.

The willing Muſe, adventurous in her flight,
To thee, lov'd Peace, ſhall raiſe the untaught ſtrain;
Her thy fair triumphs and thy arts delight,
Thy feſtive branch ſhe bears and joins thy ſocial train.

High on ſome wave-worn cliff ſhe views ſerene,
Safe on the deep, the freighted navies ride;
Old Ocean joys to ſee the peaceful ſcene,
And bids his billows roll with an exulting tide.

Or, where Auguſta's turrets cleave the ſkies,
She loves to mix with Art's inventive band,
Sees Induſtry in forms unnumber'd riſe,
To ſcatter bleſſings wide, and civilize the land;

Or flies, with transport, to her native plain,
Sees corn-clad fields, fresh lawns, and pastures fair,
Sees Plenty vindicate her ancient reign,
And pour forth all her charms to crown the various year.

But chief the Muse to Academic groves
Her kindred train and best-lov'd arts invite;
Thro' Cam's o'ershadowing bowers intranc'd she roves,
Whence sacred Science streams, and Genius spreads his light.

"Here will I rest, she cry'd; my laurel here
"Eternal blooms; here hangs my golden lyre,
"Which erst my Spenser tun'd to shepherd's ear,
"And loftiest Milton smote with genuine epic fire.

"And O! if aught my fond presages shew,
"On these lov'd bowers while Peace her influence sheds,
"Some hand again shall snatch it from the bough,
"Wake each high-sounding string, and charm the echoing glades.

"Then shall be sung the glorious deeds of war,
"How Virtue strove, where envious Fortune fail'd:
"Expecting Fame the conflict view'd from far,
"And Britain's valour crown'd, tho' Gallia's host prevail'd.

"Yet then, even then [th' indignant verse shall tell)
"A surer vengeance rose to whelm the foe;
"When hell-born Faction issu'd from her cell,
"And on her impious head drew half the destin'd blow.

"But,

" But, hark ! the loud triumphant ſtrains declare,
" How Britain's majeſty unrivall'd roſe,
" When all the glories of the naval war
" Beam'd round her conquering flag, and circled Anſon's brows."

Till thus the Power by Freedom's ſons obey'd :
" Let blood-ſtain'd glory ſwell the tyrant's breaſt ;
" Be mine Compaſſion's healing wing to ſpread,
" To ſheath the waſting ſword, and give the nations reſt :

" Then (as the Muſe inraptur'd ſhall diſplay)
" War's impious roar, and Faction's murmurs ceaſe ;
" His gracious eye ſheds luſtre on the day,
" And lends the quickening beam to chear the arts of Peace."

LAURA :

LAURA:

OR, THE COMPLAINT.

AN ELEGY.

BY JAMES MARRIOTT, L. L. D.

YE groves, with venerable moſs array'd,
That o'er yon caverns ſtretch your pendent ſhade;
Where ſacred Silence lulls the rural vale,
And Love in whiſpers tells his tender tale,
Ye lonely rocks, ye ſtreams that ever flow,
Still as my tears, and conſtant as my woe,
To you behold the wretched Laura flies,
And haunts thoſe ſeats from whence her ſorrows riſe;
Where, loſt to love, how often has ſhe ſtray'd?
When the fond lover led his bluſhing maid,
When his ſoft lips, too eloquent his art,
Pour'd the warm wiſh, and breath'd out all his heart.
Ah once lov'd ſeats, your pleaſing ſcenes are o'er,
Nor you can charm, ſince he can love no more;
Tho' ſmile your lawns with vernal glories crown'd,
In vain gay Nature paints th' enamel'd ground;

While

While through your ſolitary paths I rove,
A prey to grief, to ſickneſs, and to love.
Tho' gentle Zephyrs fan the bending bowers,
Tho' breathes the incenſe of your opening flowers,
Nor opening flowers, nor gentle Zephyrs charm,
Nor beauteous ſcenes a grief like mine diſarm;
Fade every flower, and languiſh every ſenſe,
Ye have no ſweets for fallen innocence.

Torn by remorſe, ſad victim of Deſpair,
Where ſhall I turn? or where addreſs my prayer?
Far as the morn its early beam diſplays,
Or where the ſtar of evening darts its rays;
Far as wide earth is ſtretch'd, or oceans roll,
Where blow the winds, or heaven inveſts the pole,
In vain my fluttering ſoul would wing its way;
Stern Care purſues, where'er the wretched ſtray.

Soft God of Sleep, whoſe ever-peaceful reign
Lulls earth, and heaven, and all the extended main,
Powerful to give the labouring heart to reſt,
To wipe the tear, and heal the wounded breaſt,
Say, by what crime offended, flies from me,
Invok'd, thy unpropitious Deity?
Or dooms, on racks of wildeſt Fancy torn,
In dreams my agonizing ſoul to mourn?
Why am I oft on angry billows toſt,
Now in ſome wide and dreary deſart loſt?
Why yet in life infernal tortures feel,
Bound by fierce demons to ſome rapid wheel?

Now

Now ſeem to climb, while hills on hills ariſe,
In vain: or fall in tempeſts from the ſkies;
Tread burning plains, or ſwim in ſeas of fire,
Juſt reach the ſhore, then ſee the ſhore retire?
As oft, dear youth! thy pleaſing form appears;
I ſtretch my arms, and wake diſſolv'd in tears;
Yet waking Fancy all that loſs ſupplies,
And ſtill I view thee with a lover's eyes;
Entranc'd, in thought, o'er all thy charms I gaze,
See thy bright eyes diffuſe their ſofteſt rays,
Hang on thy hand, and on thy breaſt reclin'd,
Play with thy locks that waver with the wind,
Joy in thy joy, or in thy ſorrows join,
And on thy lips my ſpirit mix with thine.
Now o'er dark wilds, or rugged rocks we ſtray,
Love lights the gloom, and ſmooths the dreary way;
Now on ſoft banks our weary limbs repoſe,
Where every flower of vernal beauty glows;
But light as air each pleaſing viſion flew,
Swift as the ſun diſpels the morning dew;
While with the day returns the ſenſe of woe,
We wake more wretched when the cheat we know.
Imagination! miſtreſs of the ſoul,
What powers unſeen the active mind controul?
And fill the waking thought, or buſy ſleep?
When not a breeze diſturbs the tranquil deep,
Nor lofty pines through all the foreſt move,
Why ſtir the motions of reſiſtleſs love?

Urg'd

Urg'd by the golden morn, the night recedes,
And year to year in changeful courſe ſucceeds;
Nor night, nor morn, nor years to me reſtore
The peace which Laura's heart poſſeſs'd before;
Involv'd in clouds one darkſome ſcene I view;
Bleed the ſame wounds, and all my pains renew.

O boaſt of Laura's long-forgotten praiſe!
Paſt are the triumphs of my happier days,
When plac'd ſupreme on Beauty's radiant throne,
I ſaw with conſcious pride each heart my own;
Where'er I turn'd, a thouſand nymphs admir'd;
Whene'er I ſmil'd, a thouſand ſwains expir'd:
I ſpoke, 'twas muſic dwelt upon my tongue;
I mov'd a goddeſs, and an angel ſung.
My careleſs ſteps in joys were taught to rove;
Each voice was flattery, and each look was love;
But Beauty's power, too mighty long to laſt,
Fled on the wings of rapid Time is paſt.

As ſome proud veſſel to the proſperous gale
Her ſtreamer waves, and ſpreads the ſilken ſail,
While ſilver oars to flutes ſoft breathing ſweep
With meaſur'd ſtrokes the ſcarcely heaving deep,
But ſoon tempeſtuous clouds the ſcene deform,
And the loud ſurge remurmurs to the ſtorm;
Thus big with hope, from dark ſuſpicion free,
I ſail'd with tranſport on Life's ſummer ſea;
The gay attendants of my happy ſtate,
The Smiles, the Graces round were ſeen to waiſt,

And

And all the moments, as they ſwiftly flew,
Shower'd down ſoft joys, and pleaſures ever new.
How chang'd this fleeting image of a day?
How ſets in awful gloom the evening ray?
While, fixt on earth her eye in ſad ſuſpence,
Pours the deep ſigh inceſſant Penitence.

If youthful charms decay with age or pain,
Beauty, thy crouded worſhippers how vain!
Why then ſuch crowds of incenſe round aſcend?
Why proſtrate monarchs at thy altars bend?
Why earth's and ocean's mighty bounds explore
At once to win thee, and increaſe thy power?
Let ſad example Reaſon's dictates aid;
Here ſee what ruin Grief and Love have made;
Even Love, who lives by Beauty's ſmiles careſt,
Baſks in her eyes, and wantons on her breaſt,
With cruel force the fatal ſhaft employs,
And ſooneſt what he moſt adores deſtroys.

How cold I feel Life's idle current flow,
Where once the dancing ſpirits lov'd to glow!
No more theſe eyes with youthful rapture ſhine,
Nor cheeks ſoft bluſhing ſpeak a warmth divine;
Graceful no more amid the feſtive dance
My ſteps with eaſy dignity advance,
And all the gloſſy locks, whoſe ringlets ſpread,
O'er my fair neck, the honours of my head,
Ceaſe the neat labours of my hand to know;
Ill ſuits the care of elegance with woe!

Why

Why did not Nature, when ſhe gave to charm,
With unrelenting pride my boſom arm?
Why was my ſoul its tender pity taught,
Each ſoft affection, and each generous thought?
Hence ſpring my ſorrows, hence with ſighs I prove
How feeble woman, and how fierce is love.
In unavailing ſtreams my tears are ſhed;
Sad Laura's bliſs is with Lorenzo fled.
For thee, falſe youth, was every joy reſign'd,
Young health, ſweet peace, and innocence of mind;
Are theſe the conſtant vows thy tongue profeſt,
When firſt thy arms my yielding beauties preſt?
Thus did thy kiſs diſpel my empty fears,
Or winning voice delight my raptur'd ears;
Thus ſwore thy lips, by ocean, earth, and ſky;
By hell's dread powers, and heaven's all-piercing eye?
Yawns not the grave for thee? Why ſleeps the ſtorm
To blaſt thy limbs, and rend thy perjur'd form?
Unmov'd, O faithleſs, canſt thou hear my pain,
Like the proud rocks which brave th' unwearied main?
Sooner the ſhip-wreck'd pilot ſhall appeaſe
With ſighs the howling winds, with tears the ſeas,
Than Laura's prayers thy heart unfeeling move,
O loſt to fame, to honour, and to love.
Nurſt in dark caverns on ſome mountain wild
To cruel manhood grew the daring child,
No female breaſt ſupplied thy infant food,
But tygers growling o'er their ſavage brood.

Curs'd

Curs'd be that fatal hour thy charms were ſeen,
While yet this mind was guiltleſs, and ſerene.
With thee, falſe man, I urg'd my haſty flight,
And dar'd the horrors of tempeſtuous night,
Nor fear'd with thee through plains unknown to rove,
Deaf to the dictates of paternal love.
In vain for me a parent's tears were ſhed,
And to the grave deſcends his hoary head.
When at my feet entranc'd my lover lay,
And pour'd in tender ſighs his ſoul away,
Fond, fooliſh heart! to think the tale divine;
Why ſtarted not my hands when preſt in thine?
Too well Remembrance paints the fatal hour
When Love, great conqueror, ſummon'd all his power;
When bolder grown, your glances flaſh'd with fire,
And your pale lips all trembled with deſire;
Back to my heart my blood tumultuous flew,
From every pore diſtill'd the chilling dew,
When Shame preſaging ſpoke each future pain,
And ſtruggling Virtue arm'd my ſoul in vain.
But O let ſilence all my weakneſs veil,
And burning bluſhes only tell the tale.
Ah! faithleſs man! and thou more wretched maid,
To guilt, and grief, and miſery betray'd!
Far flies thy lover: to ſome diſtant plain
Now cleaves his bounding bark the peaceful main;
Avenging heaven, that heard the vows he ſwore,
Bid howl the blackening ſtorm, and thunder roar.

'Till

'Till waves on waves in tumbling mountains roll;
Now ſink to hell, and now aſcend the pole ;
Then on ſome plank o'er foaming billows borne,
Trembling, his perjur'd faith the wretch ſhall mourn;
But mourn in vain : his vigorous arm ſhall fail,
Guilt ſink him down, and angry heaven prevail ;
No friendly hand to earth his limbs convey,
But dogs and vultures tear the bloated prey.
Yet, ah! fond heart! avert, kind heaven, the ſtroke,
My heart denies what trembling lips have ſpoke:
The varying accents real nature prove,
And only ſhew how wild a thing is love.
Go, much lov'd youth, with every bleſſing crown'd,
And Laura's wiſhes ever guard thee round.
Me to the ſilent ſhades and ſad retreat,
Where love's expiring flames forget their heat,
Death wooes all-powerful : ere he parts the clew,
Once more thy Laura bids her love adieu :
Bids health and affluence every bliſs afford,
Bids thee be lov'd, be happy, and ador'd ;
In eaſe, in mirth, glide each glad hour away ;
No pain to ſpot thy Fortune's cloudleſs day ;
Nor ſigh to ſwell, no tear to flow for me :
O grant, heaven, all ; but grant thee conſtancy.
Yet from my hand this laſt addreſs receive,
This laſt addreſs is all that hand can give.
In vain thy bark with ſpreading canvas flies,
If theſe ſad lines ſhall meet thy conſcious eyes,

And, taught with winning eloquence to move,
The winds and waters waft the voice of love;
That voice, O grant what dying lips implore,
Asks but one tear from thee; and asks no more.
Then world, farewel; farewel life's fond desires,
False flattering hopes, and love's tormenting fires.
Already, Death, before my closing eyes
Thy airy forms and glimmering shades arise.
Hark! hear I not for me yon' passing bell
Toll forth, with frequent pause, its sullen knell?
Waits not for me yon' sexton on his spade,
Blythe whistling o'er the grave his toil has made?
Say, why in lengthened pomp yon' sable train,
With measur'd steps, slow, stalk along the plain?
Say, why yon' hearse with fading flowers is crown'd,
And midnight gales the deep-mouth'd dirge resound?
Hail, sister worms, and thou my kindred dust,
Secure to you my weary limbs I trust.
Dim burns life's lamp; O Death, thy work compleat,
And give my soul to gain her last retreat.
Such as before the birth of Nature sway'd,
Ere springing light the first great word obey'd,
Let silence reign—come, Fate, exert thy might;
And darkness wrap me in eternal night.

RINALDO

RINALDO AND ARMIDA:

TO A LADY SINGING.

BY THE SAME.

THE goldfinch ſwells his little throat,
And loudly pours his rural note;
High poiz'd above his neſt in air,
The ſhrill lark chaunts his matins clear;
At evening brown, in woodland dale
Soft gurgling trills her amorous tale
The ſolitary nightingale;
But what avails, ye feather'd throng
Of warblers wild, your feeble ſong?
Our varying paſſions can ye move
With warmer hope, or fonder love?
Or run your notes th' enchanting round
Through all the labyrinths of ſound?
As breathes ſome ſoft angelic ſtrain,
When Midnight ſpreads her ſolemn reign,
Entranc'd the lonely hermit lies,
And taſtes ideal paradiſe,
When at Armida's feet he lay,
So ſigh'd Rinaldo's ſoul away;
His tongue in mute attention bound,
His ear in rapture drank the ſound,

While magic numbers lull'd the ſenſe,
And held ſwift thought in ſweet ſuſpence.
The mimic voice repeat the gales
That ſigh along the flowery vales;
The flowery vales, the falling floods,
The riſing rocks, and waving woods
To the ſighing gales reply,
Redoubling all the harmony.
The Zephyrs, ever mild and fair,
Who lightly fan the vernal air,
Learn from Armida's voice the ſtrain,
And whiſpering tell it to the main.
Whene'er, the foaming billows flowing,
The wintry ſtorms are fiercely blowing,
When ſable clouds invade the pole,
And lightnings dart, and thunders roll,
Th' enchantreſs can the rage appeaſe,
And clear the ſkies, and ſmooth the ſeas.
When hurried to th' infernal coaſt,
His beauteous bride the Thracian loſt,
Sure, hapleſs youth! ſo ſweet a ſpell
Once more had charm'd the powers of hell;
Or if ſuch had been the ſong
Which warbled erſt the ſyren throng,
For councils ſage the chief renown'd
His warrior limbs had vainly bound;
His eyes by love entranc'd, no more
Had ſeen with joy their native ſhore;
The cords had loos'd; the magic tale
Had ſtay'd his oars, and furl'd his ſail.

SACRED

SACRED ODE.

BY THE SAME.

HARK! thro' yon' fretted vaults and lofty ſpires
Peal the deep organs to the ſacred quires;
And now, the full, the loud hoſannas riſe,
Float in the winds, and roll along the ſkies:
The ſolemn ſounds Devotion's ardour raiſe;
Now mounts the ſpirit with diviner blaze:
Heaven opens: earth recedes: and Nature feels
The ray that fir'd the prophet's glowing wheels:
In fiery pomp bright ſeraphs quit the ſky,
And wrap the ſoul in holy extaſy;
While round the ſaphire throne th' ethereal train
Adoring proſtrate raiſe the lofty ſtrain:

I.

Ariſe, O Lord, ariſe;
In all thy awful glory ſtand confeſt;
In thee for ever bleſt,
Behold thy ſervants veil their dazzled eyes.
Night hath for thee no ſhades;
Alike to thee appears the orient day;
While one vaſt light, one inexhauſted ray
Of thy effulgent power the whole pervades.
Then whither ſhall we ſtray,

Where of thy forming hand no trace is found?
Above, beneath, around,
The mighty voice is heard;
Where'er the hills are rear'd,
Where ſpreads the vaulted ſky,
Or foams the deep profound;
Thro' Nature's utmoſt bound
To us her works reply,
Proclaim a parent God, a preſent Deity.

II.

Creation's praiſe is leaſt;
Nature's Reſtorer, to preſerve is thine;
Whoſe awful voice divine
Created all: when Diſcord heard, and ceas'd;
For it is thine to bind
The moral chain of Order's perfect law,
And to their courſe the ſwerving motions draw
Of changeful things, and erring human kind.
Death with inſatiate jaw
Gnaſh'd oft his iron phang, and by his ſide
Stalking with ample ſtride
Vice rear'd his giant ſize
Up-towering to the ſkies.
The mourning earth was waſte;
Confuſion roll'd her tide;
When down the Virtues glide;
Soft Mercies urg'd their haſte,
And o'er the bleeding world the ſacred mantle caſt.

III. Beyond

III.

Beyond created ſenſe
Myſterious goodneſs, hid in deepeſt night!
In vain our feeble ſight
Would pierce the gloom, O mighty Providence.
Where the deep mazes meet
Beneath thy awful throne no eye hath ſeen,
Where wrapt in darkneſs ſits thy power ſerene,
And the loud thunders roll beneath thy feet.
O, when ſhall cloſe the ſcene?
And Hope be loſt in Truth's wide burſting ray?
O haſte, auſpicious day.
O haſte to light on earth
Great Nature's ſecond birth;
New inmate of the ſkies,
When man renew'd ſhall ſhine
With innocence divine;
And bleſt Obedience riſe
To ſnatch the palm that crowns her faithful victories.

INSCRIPTION UPON A HERMITAGE.

BY THE SAME.

BENEATH this rural cell
Sweet-ſmiling Peace and calm Content
Far from the buſy crowd ſequeſter'd dwell.
Mortal, approaching near,
The hallow'd ſeat revere,
Nor bring the loud tumultuous Paſſions here;
For not for theſe is meant
The ſacred ſilence of the ſtream,
Nor cave prophetic prompting Fancy's dream;
If, with preſumption rude,
Thy daring ſteps intrude,
Know, that with jealous eye
Peace and Content will fly;
The thoughtful Genius of the lone abode,
And Guardian Spirit of this ſolemn wood,
Will ſure revenge the ſacrilegious wrong;
Reflection's tear will then in ſecret flow,
And all the haunted ſolitude belong
To Melancholy's train,
Who point the ſting of pain
With keen remorſe, and oft redoubled woe.

CANZO

CANZONETTA.

BY THE SAME.

SOFT ſlept the ſea within its ſilver bed.
To the ſcarce breathing gale
The ſilken ſail
With venturous hands I ſpread,
And ſaw the rocks, and paſs'd; yet felt no fear;
All danger diſtant ſeem'd, which was alas! too near.

Love, calm deceiver, ſeated by my ſide,
His ſecret fraud enjoy'd,
Too oft employ'd
In ſport my bark to guide.
We reach'd the port: the little pilot ſmil'd.
Can Love deceive! I ſaid: and kiſs'd the laughing child.

He clapp'd his wings, and lightly thro' the air
Flew from my longing eyes.
The ſtorms ariſe,
And back my veſſel bear.
Secure what port can haplefs lovers meet:
We blame the winds and ſeas, yet claſp the dear deceit.

THE

THE LOVER AND THE FRIEND.

ENDUED with all that could adorn
Or bless thee, first and fairest born!
A soul! that looks superior down,
Let giddy Fortune smile or frown;
With Age's wisdom, not her years,
Stella, all excellence appears;
Then, who can blame me if I blend
The name of Lover with the Friend.

Like Noah's dove, my busy breast
Has rov'd to find a place of rest!
Some faithful bosom, to repose,
And hush the family of woes.
Then, do I dream? or have I found
The fair and hospitable ground?
Ah! quit your sex's rules, and lend
A Lover's wishes to the Friend.

Absence I try'd,—but try'd in vain!
It heals not, but upbraids my pain;
For thee! I'd bear the reaper's toil;
For thee! consume the midnight oil;
Then, to your judgment wou'd I owe
All that I read, and write, and know.

Can

Can thoſe who wiſh like me, pretend
To part the Lover and the Friend ?

Come, then, and let us dare to prove

THE ENTHUSIAST: AN ODE.

BY WM. WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

ONCE, I remember well the day,
'Twas ere the blooming ſweets of May
Had loſt their freſheſt hues,
When every flower on every hill,
In every vale, had drank its fill
Of ſunſhine, and of dews.

In ſhort, 'twas that ſweet ſeaſon's prime
When Spring gives up the reins of Time
To Summer's glowing hand,
And doubting mortals hardly know,
By whoſe command the breezes blow
Which fan the ſmiling land.

'Twas then, beſide a green-wood ſhade,
Which cloath'd a lawn's aſpiring head
I urg'd my devious way,
With loitering ſteps regardleſs where,
So ſoft, ſo genial was the air,
So wonderous bright the day.

And

And now my eyes with transport rove
O'er all the blue expanse above,
Unbroken by a cloud!
And now beneath delighted pass,
Where winding thro' the deep-green grass
A full-brim'd river flow'd.

I stop, I gaze; in accents rude,
To thee, serenest Solitude,
Burst forth th' unbidden lay;
"Begone, vile world, the learn'd, the wise,
The great, the busy I despise,
And pity e'en the gay.

These, these are joys alone, I cry;
'Tis here, divine Philosophy,
Thou deign'st to fix thy throne!
Here Contemplation points the road
Thro' Nature's charms to Nature's God!
These, these are joys alone!

Adieu, ye vain low-thoughted cares,
Ye human hopes, and human fears,
Ye pleasures and ye pains!"
While thus I spake, o'er all my soul
A philosophic calmness stole,
A stoic stillness reigns.

The tyrant paſſions all ſubſide,
Fear, anger, pity, ſhame and pride
No more my boſom move ;
Yet ſtill I felt, or ſeem'd to feel
A kind of viſionary zeal
Of univerſal love.

When lo ! a voice, a voice I hear !
'Twas Reaſon whiſper'd in my ear
Theſe monitory ſtrains :
What mean'ſt thou, man ? would'ſt thou unbind
The ties which conſtitute thy kind,
The pleaſures and the pains ?

The ſame Almighty Power unſeen,
Who ſpreads the gay or ſolemn ſcene
To Contemplation's eye,
Fix'd every movement of the ſoul,
Taught every wiſh its deſtin'd goal,
And quicken'd every joy.

He bids the tyrant paſſions rage,
He bids them war eternal wage,
And combat each his foe :
Till from diſſenſions concords riſe,
And beauties from deformities,
And happineſs from woe.

Art thou not man, and dar'ſt thou find
A bliſs which leans not to mankind?
Preſumptuous thought and vain!
Each bliſs unſhar'd is unenjoy'd,
Each power is weak unleſs employ'd
Some ſocial good to gain.

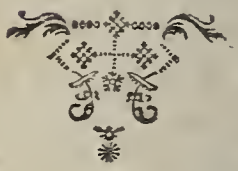
Shall light and ſhade, and warmth and air,
With thoſe exalted joys compare,
Which active Virtue feels!
When on ſhe drags, as lawful prize,
Contempt, and Indolence, and Vice,
At her triumphant wheels.

As reſt to labour ſtill ſucceeds
To man, whilſt Virtue's glorious deeds
Employ his toilſome day;
This fair variety of things,
Are merely Life's refreſhing ſprings,
To ſooth him on his way.

Enthuſiaſt go, unſtring thy lyre,
In vain thou ſing'ſt, if none admire,
How ſweet ſoe'er the ſtrain.
And is not thy o'erflowing mind,
Unleſs thou mixeſt with thy kind,
Benevolent in vain?

Enthuſiaſt go, try every ſenſe,
If not thy bliſs, thy excellence,
Thou yet haſt learn'd to ſcan;
At leaſt thy wants, thy weakneſs know,
And ſee them all uniting ſhow,
That man was made for man."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



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